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IN PRAISE OF AUSTRALIA

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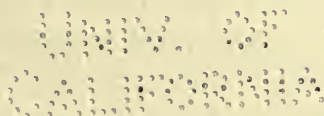
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IN PRAISE OF AUSTRALIA

AN ANTHOLOGY
IN PROSE AND VERSE

COMPILED BY
FLORENCE GAY



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TO THE
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PREFACE

I THANK, very heartily, the authors and publishers who have so kindly allowed me to quote from their books. Apologies are offered for any omissions which may possibly have occurred in acknowledging copyright. Much care has been taken in the matter, and it is hoped that mistakes have been avoided. Among the many sources from which I have obtained information, I should like to mention that Mr. Bertram Stevens's Anthology of Australian Verse afforded me great assistance in making my selections of Australian verse. A marginal reference has been made pointing out those singers who are, both by birth and education, Australian.

F. G.

P R O E M

WHEN the idea presented itself to me that I should construct a volume 'In Praise of Australia,' no maker of books concerning any subject could have been more impressed with a sense of the felicity of a title. What fuller privilege than a special licence to paint in glowing colours the picture of a dear, native land? Moreover, I was sensible of the pleasing conviction that the allotted task would be as easy as it was grateful: to fly for metaphor to my own beloved Bush, I felt a rush of joy and freedom akin to that of some half-trained 'clear-skin' given his head for a gallop in the scrub.

Yet, no sooner were the reins, as I believed, thrown loose on my neck than I discovered to my eternal discomfiture that the very ensign of my freedom constituted in itself a most potent and effectual curb. Time after time my superscription became, likewise, my accusation. I was perpetually checked in my transports by the three warning words, 'In Praise of.' When, seeking passion and inspiration in passages concerning the stony heart and melancholy wilds of my southern land, I exulted over treasures which should give savour to my pages, I remembered to my sorrow that I was pledged to weave my garland of thornless roses. Stirred by some tragic picture recalling the fiery breath and arid deserts of a drought-stricken continent—a veritable vision of dry bones—the masterpiece had, perforce, to be cast by, lest my readers should complain of threnody in place of pæan. Much splendid material has been rejected because, considered in the sheer abstract, it could not be regarded as strictly 'In Praise of Australia.' The loss of such darker passages is the more to be regretted as the very essence of Australia consists in burning light and shade, wild extremes, and unimaginable paradoxes. Even in the reading of her story we are confronted by that opposition of qualities,

distinctive of the continent of the Antipodes. Such world-history as is manifested by archaic flora and fauna renders more absolute the modernity of all concerning the white man. Further : we are given the spectacle of a northern race settling down and multiplying in a southern land. An insular people, after two thousand years of battling with cold and storm and lack of sunshine, suddenly transported to a great sun-saturated continent ; there, faced with new difficulties of heat and drought, new possibilities in the vastness and wealth of their surroundings. Some would have us believe that the strong northern nature has weakened, under softer conditions, into a state of *dolce far niente* ; but, in the face of present happenings, it is more reasonable to believe that the British character has mellowed and quickened in the southern sunshine, and is bearing fine fruit both in thought and aspiration. So indeed it would seem. For the new country has a message for the old ; and its import is conveyed to us both by word and deed.

As I made my anthology, as I culled the flowers for my garland, I was perpetually reminded of that message : to bind together, to unite, to put the many into one. To combine, to federate, is the duty towards them asked of the British people by our kinsmen overseas, and they have sounded anew for us the world-note of power, Empire, Empire, Empire ! The Imperial Movement which is shaping us to its ends was practically inaugurated by the Commonwealth's Act of Federation in 1901. The genius of the Australians is for Unity ; and for two thousand years unity has been the ideal beyond the grasp of the British people. Science and philosophy have vainly tried to aid them in its conception. Splits and divisions have barred our progress ever since the days when Tacitus wrote of our forefathers, 'they are distracted by parties and factions amongst their chiefs, and the want of common counsel is most useful to us. An agreement between two or three states to resist a common danger is rare : so while they fight singly the whole are defeated.' But in the Britain of the Antipodes such is the belief in the efficacy of union that they have merged all their differences in the model of such a perfect state that it can only be likened to that of the great philosopher of unity and idealism—Plato's Ideal Commonwealth. And this ideal has not

evolved from any advanced study of the science of Sociology, it is rather the outcome of the happy southern imagination. Although the sojourn in the south has quickened the imagination, it has not detracted from the practical side of the Briton overseas ; having conceived his ideal of unity, and that to support it England must strengthen the bonds of Empire, he will use every effort in his power to help the Mother Country to her Imperial destiny. In the following pages comment has been made on the sheer accidentalism of Britain's relations with Australia ; the saner view is to see in those strange past chances the touch of destiny. It was fore-ordained that Britons should multiply in the south. That in the enlarging of their vision by the sojourn overseas, and the advantage of being sufficiently removed to view things in their true proportions, our people abroad can direct our movements with a safer touch than their home-keeping brethren.

More than a century and a half ago, a celebrated Frenchman gave the world a sketch of the Ideal Youth. Young Australia, at the present time, actually presents us with a literal impersonation of Rousseau's *Emile* : he was hardly to have known the meaning of a book at twelve years of age, to read and write at fifteen would be quite sufficient, and he must on no account speak more than one language. His strength is fully developed, his education complete, because he has 'wasted time wisely.' Now, says Rousseau, is the season to begin his life-work ; to put before him world-problems and see what he makes of them. His first study should be history : those of us who are but little in accord with Rousseau are arrested here, for it is only within the last few decades that we have recognised the study of history as part of the structure, and not a mere ornament, of education. And those who naturally resent the identification of Young Australia with Rousseau's utter young savage must confess that the case becomes interesting. That Britain shall make good her Imperial claims is the conclusion arrived at by a young, strong, uncultured nation living at close touch with Nature and isolated from the artificial life of the Old World. This, then, is the lesson derived from history by *Emile's* transcript, and we begin to wonder if, after all, there is something in Rousseau's theory, for such a conclusion on the part of Young Australia shows he has intuitively a profounder grasp on the verities

of history than had been deemed possible ; and reminds thinkers of the golden rule of searching thoroughly in the past for the origins of the institutions of the present. Whence came this Empire idea of ours? Was England never the seat of Empire until Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress under the Royal Titles Act in 1876? Empire is the great key-note to which the world's temporal power has sounded ever since the old Roman Empire was founded. The Holy Roman, or Romano-Germanic, Empire came to an end when Francis II. resigned the Imperial Crown in 1806. The present German Empire is not a continuation of the Romano-Germanic Empire. Various European nations have, from time to time, laid claim to the ancient Imperial title. England has never come forward ; but she could show, if she chose, that Britain was the seat of the Imperial power as far back as the third century, when Carausius forced this country to own him master and then was elected Emperor. Seven years later Allectus, a Briton, wrested the title from him and continued the Imperial rule. A fact seldom brought forward is that Maximian acquiesced in this usurpation of his title of Augustus. Another link in the chain of Empire is to be found in the coin of Ethelbert of Kent, bearing on one side his name and on the other the Roman design of the she-wolf suckling the twin-boys—indubitable evidence that the idea of world-power was cherished by the earliest English.

Lightly and imperfectly I have grouped, in the earlier part of this volume, lines from various writers which show that the spirit shaping the history of our race at the Antipodes is the very embodiment of English tradition and loyalty. The circumstance that, at one time, a separatist policy shaped itself has only been touched upon to give greater prominence to the tremendous fact that Australia, in her love and loyalty, slew the monster on her path. Cynics may shake their heads and prate of expediency, but they are wide of the mark. Australians, it is true, are clear-headed enough to see the danger of isolation ; but no one can gainsay the passionate tokens of affection which brought the daughter to the Mother Country in the hour of need. And when mischief-makers in these isles would stir up ancient feuds between Albion and Hibernia, between Catholic and Protestant, in Australia love of Empire fuses dissentient factions into one brotherhood. On that first notable

occasion upon which a British colony sent armed forces outside its own boundaries to aid the Mother Country—when in 1885 New South Wales on her own initiative sent a contingent to the Sudan—and contributions of money came pouring in, let it be remembered that Archbishop Moran representing Irish loyalty headed the list with a hundred pounds. Who, then, can say old wounds are not healing in the new country? Ever since her first action in resisting transportation, Australia's history has been a story of devotion to British ideals and determination to preserve them. She demanded—she fought for—a Constitution similar to that of Great Britain; she introduced a protective tariff as a preliminary step to that Zollverein which would keep Britain's trade in the first ranks; and her stringent laws against aliens are but the virtual determination to preserve at all costs the British nationality. In instinct, in action, and in word, Australians have been true to the people of these isles; now they ask Britons to be true to them. To remember that the branches are every whit as much a part of the tree as the trunk: not to forget that our interests are the same; and, above all, that a strong and united British Empire might reign secure during all the rubs and changes of the world. One of Australia's foremost statesmen has immortalised himself by charging us to remember 'The crimson thread of kinship running through us all.' This is the spirit, then, working at the Antipodes for the future of the British race. European history has shown the transference of world-power from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic; there are ominous signs of the transference of that power from the Atlantic to the Pacific; in whose hands is that power to be? In those of an awakened China, or an Austral Britain? Shall not the perfect flower of the hardy northern plant blossom in the south? Not on three islets, but on one whole continent, must Britons grow and multiply.

World-power, then, is the heritage of the English. It is a sacred trust, given not sought. We cannot be too clear upon this point. The Imperial extension of our rule is part of the natural and peaceful progress of the world. No other Empire can make such a claim. Take Germany, for example. Her territories she owes to the sword. War, not peace, has enriched her; any further extension of her power will jeopard the peace of the world, but the

world's peace and well-being depends on the maintenance of British prestige.

For the exemplar of such an instrument for universal weal as our Empire should be, we look in vain adown the ages. A great Christian world-empire, comparable to the vision of the poet Dante, is the ideal for which we strive. And if towards the consummation of a like mighty unity Australia has helped to lay the foundation-stones, greater works than we dream of may owe their inception to her inspiration. What part may she not play in that spiritual unity coupled by the poet with the vision of Empire? Let me repeat, the genius of the Australians is for Unity, and a suggestion of some such apotheosis of their ideal is conveyed in the closing passages of this Anthology; to be found in the converging aims of Anglican and Roman, and to the testimony both make to the need for the Greater Britain to be possessed of an 'Imperial mind and a Catholic heart.' May we—dare we—look to the Southern Continent to take the first step towards the Unity of Christendom? And, some day, will some other in praise of Australia frame the highest of all panegyrics—a Doxology?

FLORENCE GAY.

HASLEMERE,
St. George's Day, 1912.

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BOOK I

RUDE SKETCH OF AUSTRALIA'S STORY



IN PRAISE OF AUSTRALIA

I

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

O LAND of widest hope, of promise boundless !
Why wert thou left upon a dark, strange sea,
To wait through ages fruitless, scentless, soundless,
Till from thy slumber men should waken thee ?
Why didst thou lie with ear that never hearkened
The sounds without—the cries of strife and play,
As some sweet child within a chamber darkened,
Left sleeping long into a troubled day ?

What opiate sealed thine eyes till all the others
Grew tired and faint in East and West and North ?
Why didst thou dream until thy joyful brothers
Found where thou wert, and led thee smiling forth ?
Why didst thou mask the radiant smile thou wearest ?
Why wert thou veiled from all the eager eyes ?
Why left so long, O first of lands and fairest,
Beneath thy tent of unconjectured skies ?

O dear and fair ! awakened from thy sleeping
So late ! The world is breaking into noon ;
The eyes that all the morn were dim with weeping
Smile through the tears that will cease dropping soon !
Thine have no tears in them for olden sorrow,
Thou hast no heartache for a ruined past ;
From bright to-day to many a bright to-morrow
Shall be thy way, O first of lands and last !

John Farrell,
educated in
Australia.

God make us worthy now ! The bitter mornings
Of nations struggling from the blind long night
Of Wrong, set high before our eyes, are warnings,
And finger-posts to guide us on to Right ! . . .

John Farrell.
Australia.

Angus and Robertson. By permission.

**The Southern
Continent.**

WHAT we designate the continent of Australia has not always been known by so euphonious and appropriate a name. To our forefathers of the last century it was spoken of as New Holland. Before that, the Dutch called it Terra Australis. The Spaniards had had a share in its nomenclature previously, and had called it Terra Australis del Espiritu Sancto ; and in the earliest known maps it has the name of Jave la Grande. It was Captain Flinders who settled its present appellation ; and certainly this is not the least debt the country owes him. The name is well known enough in the present day ; for the land which bears it has already had a large influence in the destinies of the world, and its future greatness is already dimly foreseen. It has even been called the empire of the antipodes . . . and yet, great as it is, its discoverer is unknown, and the date of the discovery only guessed at. There are two reasons to be assigned for this. The early voyages to the continent were made by the Portuguese and Dutch. What the Spanish did was very little, and they carefully concealed it. What the Portuguese did has unaccountably become lost. It seems that the latter were most jealous of their discoveries, probably lest other nations should monopolise them ; and it is asserted that the punishment of death was threatened against any one who should export certain charts from the kingdom. No wonder, then, that we can get no record from them. But with the Dutch the case is different. It used to be asserted that they most selfishly kept their geographical knowledge to themselves ; but it appears that this is untrue. Many geographical works were published under the direction of the Dutch East India Company in the commencement of the seventeenth century, and any new voyage of interest was freely made public. Discoveries of smaller importance were not made known, probably for the same reason that some stupid books are not published now. They would not sell. The most enthusiastic admirer of Australia must admit that all of the coast which the Dutch were likely to have seen—namely, from Sharks' Bay round to Cape Leveque—would not form a theme for any lively description. The shore is almost an uninterrupted succession of low, barren sand-hills, destitute of grass or water,

without any higher land appearing over them. Neither were the natives particularly interesting. They were naked and extremely shy ; so that if a Dutchman did succeed in labouring over the sand-hills to get a nearer view of the savages, he only got some of their rude implements of warfare, and these were thrown at him. No wonder, then, that such voyages were not published. Many of them still remain buried in the archives of the East India Company, or contained in that huge mausoleum of papers which that once famous institution has left at the Hague as a monument to its memory.

Some suspicion of a southern land would seem to have existed among the ancients, from remarkable passages in the writings of Seneca, Theopompus, and Manilius. The first merely speaks of later days when Oceanus shall relax the bonds of the universe, and a new earth and new orbs shall be discovered. Theopompus relates a conversation between a demi-god and a mortal, the former of whom speaks of lands existing outside the ocean which circumscribes Europe, Asia, and Libya, where men are twice our stature, and there are big animals and mighty beasts. Manilius distinctly speaks of a habitable part of the southern hemisphere, which part, he says, lies under our feet. What makes this quotation more remarkable is, that in it he is speaking of the spherical form of the earth.

There was an early Chaldean tradition concerning an Austral Land south of India.

Rev. Julian E. Tenison-Woods.

Discovery and Exploration of Australia.

Sampson Low Son and Marston. By permission.

. . . HERE in blest isles beyond the stormy Cape,
Where man the new land dowers with the old,
Are neither marble shapes nor fruit of gold,
Nor white-limbed maidens, queened enchantress-wise ;
Here, Nature's beauties no vast ruins enfold,
No glamour fills her, such as 'wilderling lies
Where Mediterranean waters laugh to Grecian skies.

J. C. Andersen,
sen, educated
in New
Zealand.

Johannes Carl Andersen.

Maui Victor: The Otago Witness. By permission.

SETTLERS

If the gods of Hellas do not tread our shaggy mountains—
Stately, white and golden, with unfathomable eyes :—
Yet the lesser spirits haunt our forests and our fountains,
Seas and green-brown river-pools no thirsty summer dries.

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Never through the tangled scrub we see Diana glisten,
Silver-limbed and crescent-crowned and swift to hear and
turn,

When the chase is hottest and the woods are waked to listen,
While her maidens follow running knee-deep in the fern.

Of the great gods only Pan walks hourly here—Pan only,
In the warm, dark gullies, in the thin, clear, upland air,
On the windy sea-cliffs and the plains apart and lonely,
By the tingling silence you may know that he is there.

But the sea-nymphs make our shores shine gay with light and
laughter,

At the sunset when the waves are mingled milk and fire,
You may see them very plain, and in the darkness after,
You may hear them singing with the stars' great golden choir.

When the earth is mad with song some blue September morning,
In the grove of myall trees that rustle green and grey,
Through the plumes of trailing leaves hung meet for her
adorning,

See a dark-browed Dryad peep, and swiftly draw away !

In the deep-cut river-beds set thick with moss-grown boulders,
Where the wagtails come to drink and balance lest they fall,
You may see the gleaming of a Naiad's slippery shoulders,
And the water sliding cool and quiet over all.

Through the narrow gorges where the flying foxes muster,
Hanging from the kurrajongs like monstrous magic grapes,
Something spreads a sudden fear that breaks each heavy
cluster—

See the furry prick-eared faun that chuckles and escapes !

Marble-smooth and marble-pale the blue gums guard the clearing,
Where the winter fern is gold among the silver grass,
And the shy bush creatures watching bright-eyed and unfearing,
See the slender Oreads while we unheeding pass.

Wreathed with starry clematis these tread the grassy spaces,
When the moon sails up beyond the highest screening tree,
All the forest dances, and the furthest hidden places
Are astir with beauty—but we may not often see.

Centuries before the golden vision came to find us,
 Showing us the Southern lands, these Grecians settled here :
 Now they throng the country ; but our little hurries blind us,
 And we must be reverent ere the least of them appear.

Dorothea Mackellar.

The Closed Door.

By permission of H. H. Champion,
 Australasian Authors' Agency, Melbourne.

Dorothea
 Mackellar,
 born and
 educated in
 Australia.

For a long time the world was accustomed to believe that the continent was first seen by Abel Tasman in 1642, and this is asserted in nearly every work upon the subject, published up to the time of Flinders. A better acquaintance with geographical writers made the public aware that the date of the discovery was some years earlier. At last it seemed to be agreed that the Gulf of Carpentaria was the first part of Australia seen by the Dutch, sometime about the month of March 1606, beating the Spaniard Torres (of Quiros' expedition) by five months only. Then the inquiry was thought to be set at rest. Probably it would have ended there but for Mr. Major, whose investigations have placed the discovery still further back, and given the honour to the Portuguese. The facts are briefly as follows:—Six very ancient maps are in existence, on which, immediately below Java, and separated from it by a narrow strait (evidently an imaginary and not a surveyed line), a large continent is laid down, whose general outline in some degree corresponds with the coast of Australia. The earliest of these maps is in the British Museum, presented thereto by Sir Joseph Banks. It formerly belonged to Harley, Earl of Oxford. Two of the others are also in the British Museum, and all the six seem to be copies of a French one ; but the names of the geographical features where they are marked are, with few exceptions, Portuguese.

Some of the charts bear the clearest internal evidence of having been made prior to the year 1540, and therefore the discovery referred to must have preceded that time. The names of the geographical terms being in Portuguese, leaves very little doubt as to the country of the discoverers, but it has not been clearly ascertained why all the maps extant on the subject should have come from French sources.

No one, however, can look at the maps without being struck with the discrepancy between the Australia there depicted and what we know it to be in fact. The explanation of this is best given by Mr. Major, who says : 'With respect to longitude it may be advanced, that with all the discrepancies observed in the maps

The discovery
 of the Austral
 Land probably
 as constant a
 theme in the
 Middle Ages
 as the North
 Pole in our
 own day.

The oldest
 globe in the
 world (Martin
 Behaims'),
 made in 1492,
 also shows
 part of
 Australia's
 coastline.

here presented, there is no other country but Australia, lying between the same parallel and of the same extent, between the east coast of Africa and the west coast of America, and that Australia does in reality lie between the same meridians as the great mass of the country here laid down.'

It may therefore be considered established that Australia was discovered by the Portuguese prior to 1540, and was known among them as Great Java or Terra Australis. Lest any doubt should remain upon this head, Mr. Major cites also the following passage from C. Wytfliet's *Descriptionis Ptolemaicæ Augmentum Louain*, 1598: 'The Australis Terra is the most southern of all lands, and is separated from New Guinea by a narrow strait. Its shores are hitherto but little known, since after one voyage and another that route has been deserted, and seldom is the country visited, unless when sailors are driven there by storms. *The Australis Terra begins at two or three degrees from the equator, and is ascertained by some to be of so great an extent that if it were thoroughly explored it would be regarded as a fifth part of the world.*'

Marco Polo, 1254-1324, referred to a land, Java Major, which no doubt was Australia.

Rev. Julian E. Tenison-Woods.
Discovery and Exploration of Australia.
Sampson Low Son and Marston. By permission.

THUS, sweet Australia, fell his benediction
Of sleep upon thee where no wandering breath
Might come to tell thee of the loud affliction
Of cursing tongues, and clamouring hosts of death.
So with the peace of His great love around thee,
And rest that clashing ages could not break,
Strong, prying eyes of English seekers found thee;
Strong English voices cried to thee 'Awake!'

For them a continent undreamed of, peerless—
A realm for happier sons of theirs to be,
One spot preserved, unspotted, bloodless, tearless,
Beyond the rim of an enchanted sea
Lay folded in the soft compelling languor
Of warm south airs, as an awaiting bride,
While strife and hate, and culminating anger
Raged through the far-off nations battle-dyed.

John Farrell.
Australia.

Angus and Robertson. By permission.

THE first explorer who breaks this long silence is Captain William Dampier. . . . In 1683 he went on a voyage round the world under Captain Harvey, but it was not until 1688 that he visited Australia. . . .

His first care after anchoring was to seek a conference with the natives, who were anxiously watching his proceedings; but they fled when the boat neared the land. Three days were spent searching for their houses, 'being in hopes,' says Dampier, 'to allure them with toys to a commerce.' But no houses were found. This was a great disappointment for Dampier's captain, who anticipated refitting his ship on these shores. He accordingly gave the land a bad character, and makes out a very strong case of poverty against the natives. . . . Dampier says that the produce of the day's fishing is taken home to the families, who lie behind a few boughs stuck up to keep the wind from them. He also describes their weapons very correctly, adding that they must have been made with stone hatchets like those he had seen in the West Indies. He winds up his description by speaking of their thin bodies and leanness, which he said he judged came from their want of food.

A.D. 1688.

The English were the first to publish openly authentic information concerning the Austral Land.

William Dampier, 1652-1712, b. in Somersetshire.

For seventy years the coast of Australia now remained undisturbed. The desolation of the north and west coast had destroyed all interest in the great south land as far as the Dutch were concerned; and the east side remained a mysterious secret. In those seventy years very important changes had taken place in the world's civilisation, and those changes very much affected navigation. The Dutch were no longer sole masters of the east. The Spaniards and Portuguese had sluggishly let their possessions fall into decay, and then, little by little, abandoned them. Their place was not, however, vacant: even then two powers, the French and English, were striving for the mastery in those seas. In the meantime ships were being altered and improved; their size was growing larger and their crews were growing smaller, rendering long voyages cheaper, more easy, and less destructive of health. An amazing activity had taken place in all departments of scientific discovery: voyages for the sole purposes of science were now not uncommon, and the names of Byron, Wallis, Carteret, and Bourgainville, testify to the zeal displayed at this time. This was the century in which Australia was to wake up; after slumbering so long, it was now to arise like a giant prepared to run his course:

The Dutch reject the Rough Diamond.

the sleeping beauty was to have the spell broken and receive her crown.

Rev. Julian E. Tenison-Woods.
Discovery and Exploration of Australia.
Sampson Low Son and Marston. By permission.

SHE is not yet ; but he whose ear
Thrills to that finer atmosphere
Where foot-falls of appointed things,
Reverberant of days to be,
Are heard in forecast echoings,
Like wave-beats from a viewless sea—
Hears in the voiceful tremors of the sky
Auroral heralds whispering, 'She is nigh.'

James Brunton Stephens.
The Dominion of Australia.
Watson Ferguson. By permission.

II

ACCIDENTALISM OF BRITAIN'S RELATIONS WITH AUSTRALIA

IN 1767, the Royal Society resolved to send to the South Sea an expedition to observe the transit of Venus. They contemplated nothing more at the time; but owing to the connection between great events and little causes, this transit of Venus was the means of placing Australia in the possession of Great Britain. The Royal Society, it should be observed, were not in a position to undertake the enterprise, and they therefore petitioned the king for funds to carry it out. The petition was immediately complied with. At first it was suggested that Alexander Dalrymple should have the command of the ship; but the selection was afterwards made of James Cook, who was then distinguished in the navy for his scientific acquirements.

A.D. 1767.

James Cook,
1728-1779, b.
in Yorkshire,
killed by a
savage at
Hawaii.
Navigator
and scientist.

Cook showed his judgment first in the choice of a vessel for the expedition. At a time when most naval men were of opinion that exploration could only be properly conducted in an East Indiaman or a three-decker, Cook chose a bark of 370 tons burden; she was called the *Endeavour*, and fitted with eighteen months' provisions and twenty-two guns. She was manned by a crew of eighty-five persons, amongst whom were Mr. Joseph Banks, and Dr. Solander.

Cook sailed in July 1768. With the first part of his voyage this work has nothing to do; it will be sufficient to say that the astronomical observations were made, and then the time was taken up in exploring until April 1770. At that date they set sail from New Zealand on a north-west course, and thus came upon the south-east coast of Australia.

The first land that was seen was in lat. 38° , long. $148^{\circ} 53'$. It was discovered by Lieutenant Hicks, who was the first Englishman to see this part of Australia. The point he descried was named after him, but it is seldom to be found on any maps; and yet, poor fellow! he deserves some little recognition for his services

in Australia, as they cost him his life. He died of consumption before he reached home. . . .

In lat. $34^{\circ} 39'$, long. $151^{\circ} 15'$, Red Point was named, and near it were some remarkably white cliffs which rose perpendicularly from the sea to a considerable height. Four natives were seen here carrying a canoe upon their shoulders, and following the ship along the beach. Cook concluded that they were coming off to the vessel; but this they seemed afraid to do. Placing, therefore, in the yawl as many men as it would carry, he pulled off towards them at a place where there were four canoes lying near the water's edge. The natives sat down upon the rocks and seemed to wait their landing; but when within a quarter of a mile they ran away into the wood. There was too much surf to think of landing anywhere, and after a little delay the yawl returned to the ship.

Next day an eligible harbour was found, to the great delight of all the crew. While the master was sounding the entrance the ship lay off and observed some natives, who were upon the shore, watching them. As the vessel neared, they retired to the top of a little eminence. Soon after, the pinnace, which was employed in sounding, came close to them, and the natives did all they could to induce the master to land. But they were all armed this time with 'long pikes and wooden scimitars' (boomerangs), as the master said, and therefore he returned to the ship. The natives, who had not followed the boat, seeing the ship approach, used many threatening gestures and brandished their weapons. They were all painted for battle, as the custom is amongst them. The paint generally consists of white pipeclay smeared all over the face and along the arms, across the ribs, and, in fact, in every sort of pattern, according to taste, making them look exactly like skeletons. The weapon like a scimitar, which was evidently a boomerang, they brandished the most of all, and they seemed, says Cook, to talk to each other with great earnestness. Well they might. . . .

Notwithstanding all this the *Endeavour* continued to sail up the bay, and early in the afternoon anchored under the south shore, about two miles within the entrance. As they came in they saw on either side of the bay a few huts of the usual wretched character of the Australian dwelling, and several natives sitting near them. Under the south head they saw four canoes, with one man in each. They were striking fish with a long spear. They ventured very near the surf in their fragile barks, and were so engaged in their employment that they did not see the ship go by them, though it passed within a quarter of a mile. Opposite to

where they anchored the ship there were seven or eight huts. While they were hauling out the boat, an old woman and three children were seen to come out of the forest with firewood. Several children in the huts came out to meet her at the same time. She looked very attentively at the ship, but did not seem very anxious about it. She then kindled a fire; whereupon the four fishermen rowed on to the land, hauled up their boats, and commenced to dress the fish for their meal. They none of them seemed the least anxious about the ship. It did not excite their astonishment in the least. This apathy, it may be remarked, is one of the most distinctive features in the character of the Australian savage.

Preparations having been completed on board the *Endeavour*, the crew prepared to land. They proposed doing so where the huts were, and hoped that as they cared so little about the ship, the natives would remain and communicate with them. In this they were disappointed. As soon as the boat approached the rocks two of the men came down to dispute the landing, and the rest ran away. Each of the two champions were armed with a lance about ten feet long and a woomra, or throwing-stick. They brandished their weapons in a very daring way, though they were only two to forty, and called continually in a strange, harsh language what was evidently a warning to the explorers not to land. Cook, admiring their courage, ordered his men to lie upon the oars while he tried to pacify them. He threw them beads and ornaments, which they seized eagerly, and seemed well pleased with them. But all inducement to allow the boat's crew to land was thrown away. They tried to intimate to them that nothing but water was wanted; but it was no use; they seemed resolved to defend their country from invasion. One was a mere lad, and the other about middle age; and yet there they stood before their huts, confronting forty men, rather than yield their ground. A musket was fired between them. At the report one dropped his bundle of spears, but recollected himself in a moment, and stood again on the defensive. A charge of small shot was now fired at the legs of the elder. Upon this he retreated to the huts, and Cook and his men immediately landed. But the battle was not over. Scarcely had they set their feet upon the sand when the savage returned. He was armed with a shield this time, hoping thus to protect his now bleeding legs. Both savages threw spears where the men stood thickest, but they easily avoided them. Another charge of small shot was given. This completed the victory. Native legs could stand it no longer, so they were immediately put to another

A.D. 1770.
On the 23rd
August Great
Britain
laid the
foundations
of the
Australian
Common-
wealth.

use. They would have been pursued, and the retreat turned to a rout, but Mr. Banks suggested that their spears might be poisoned. Thus ended the Battle of Botany Bay. Perhaps Cæsar's victories over the British savages were not much more glorious. . . .

As Cook was now about to quit the coast of New Holland, which he had coasted along from lat. 38° . . . he took formal possession of it in the name of His Majesty King George III., by the name of New South Wales.

A.D. 1788.

In this January, 1788, a great sight broke upon the view of the Botany Bay tribe. Ships they had perhaps seen before, but so many sailing in at once, and such large ones, was more than they had ever seen. . . .

For not only were ships anchoring in their bay in number beyond all precedent, but boats were descending, and seemed determined to possess the land, while the ships possessed the water. The first boat came nearer and nearer, and all the crew made such demonstrations of peace and good intentions, that they forgot their right to the land; forgot the legend about the small shot in their countryman's legs, and fraternised with the intruders. The leader of the company who stood before them in the full splendour of naval cocked-hat and gold braid, was no less a person than Captain Phillip, or Governor Phillip, who was charged by the Home Government to take away the land from the blacks, and give it to the men he had with him; who were principally sent out from England because they would not let other people's property alone. It was thought that they would thus reform.

The expedition was a very large one: it consisted of one thousand souls with suitable stores all packed up in three men-of-war, six convict ships, and three store ships. The colonists were selected in the most miscellaneous manner. Some, probably the majority, were political offenders, or sent out for offences of so slight a nature that society would have risked nothing by keeping them at home.

Rev. Julian E. Tenison-Woods.

Discovery and Exploration of Australia.

Sampson Low Son and Marston. By permission.

III

FOUNDATIONS

ON July 25th, 1839, a large full-rigged ship, one of the old build, with square stern, high poop, and bluff bows, worked her way up the harbour of Port Jackson, and anchored off Neutral Bay. It was the good ship *Strathfieldsaye*, commanded by Captain Spence, one hundred and nine days from Plymouth with immigrants. I was one among that floating crowd of adventurers. I had spent my twenty-fourth birthday on the voyage, and my young wife had given birth to a child a few days before our arrival. Of necessity we had to remain on board some days. In these wearisome days of vague hope, fitful despondency and youthful impatience, many hours of the morning I spent hanging over the ship's side, looking out upon the monotonous, sullen, and almost unbroken woods which then thickly clothed the north shore of the harbour, my thoughts busily employed in speculating on the fortunes which that unknown land concealed to me. I knew no single human creature in that strange new land; I had brought no letter of introduction to unlock any door for me; and in this state of absolute friendlessness, I and my wife and child landed in Sydney, which great city I was thirteen years afterwards destined to represent in the Legislature. One of the last books I had bought in London was a cheap edition of *Campbell's Poems*, and I had committed to memory the 'Lines on the Departure of Emigrants to New South Wales,' and often then, and in the sad succeeding years of struggle and suffering, when my heart sank within me, I drew fresh inspiration of strength and hope from passages of that, my favourite poem :

A.D. 1839.

**The coming of
the Father of
the Common-
wealth, Henry
Parkes, 1815-
1896, b. in
Warwick-
shire. States-
man, orator
and poet.**

'The deep drawn wish when children crown our hearth,
To hear the cherub chorus of their mirth,
Undamped by dread that want may e'er unhouse,
Or servile misery knit those smiling brows :
The pride to rear an independent shed
And give the lips we love unborrowed bread ;

To see a world, from shadowy forests won,
 In youthful beauty wedded to the sun ;
 To skirt our home with harvests widely sown
 And call the blooming landscape all our own,
 Our children's heritage in prospect long.'

Sir Henry Parkes.

Fifty Years in the Making of Australian History.

Longmans. By permission.

It was plain Henry Parkes then, once keeper of a toy-shop in Sydney, afterwards journalist, and a poor one, pecuniarily, at that. Now it is Sir Henry Parkes, K.C.M.G., and Knight Commander of the Crown of Italy.

Sir Gilbert Parker.

Round the Compass in Australia.

Hutchinson. By permission.

The Port
 Phillip
 District of
 New South
 Wales—now
 known as
 Victoria.

A.D. 1840.

STANDING in the gathering winterly twilight, at the intersection of Elizabeth and Flinders Street, one instinctively remarks the long, crowded, suburban trains, laden with homeward-bound passengers quitting the city and care for the night's charmed interval. All the streets of busy Melbourne are yet thronged, in spite of the apparently rapid diminution which is proceeding. The indefinable hum—noticeable in large urban populations at the close of the day, as the lamps are lit, which mark for most men the boundary between work and recreation—is increasingly audible. The grand outlines of the larger public buildings become suggestively indistinct. If your ear be good, you may hear the steam-whistle and the roar of the country trains at Spencer Street station. The senses of the musing spectator are filled to saturation with the sights and sounds proper to the largest, the most highly civilised, the most prosperous city in the world, for the years of its existence. Stranger than fiction does it not seem, that in the month of April, in the year of grace 1840, we should have migrated *en famille* from Sydney to assist in the colonisation of Port Phillip, in the founding of this city of Melbourne? The moderate-sized schooner which carried us safely hither in a few hours under a week had been chartered by paterfamilias, so that we were unrestricted as to many matters not usually left to the discretion of the passengers. It was a floating home. Colonists of ten years' standing, we had many things to bear with us, which under other circumstances of transit must have been left behind. There were carriage horses and cows, the boys' ponies, the children's canaries, poultry and pigeons, dogs and cats, babies and nurses, furniture, flower-pots, workmen, house servants—

all the component portions of a large household shifted bodily from a suburban home, and ready to be transferred to the first suitable dwelling in the new settlement. One can easily imagine to what a state of misery and confusion such a freight would have been reduced had bad weather come on. But the winds and the waves were kind, and on Saturday afternoon the harbour-master of Williamstown partook of some slight alcoholic refreshment on board and welcomed us to Port Phillip. Well is remembered, even now, the richly-green appearance of the under-stocked grassy flat upon which the particularly small village of Williamstown stood. A few cottages, more huts—with certain public-houses, of course—made up the township.

Rolf Boldrewood, b. in England. Went in childhood to Australia with his father, Captain Sylvester Browne.

Rolf Boldrewood.
Old Melbourne Memories.
Macmillan. By permission.

IN Melbourne I had a conversation with the novelist who is known all over the world as 'Rolf Boldrewood.' . . . He had lived the fullest possible life, first as a squatter, then as police magistrate and warden of gold-fields in the most stirring times of Australian history, and had written his numerous books, like Anthony Trollope, in the intervals of his work, rising at three in the morning if necessary, and riding perhaps fifty miles between getting up from his desk and sitting down to it again, but keeping on steadily because he had a large family to bring up, and he had discovered, somewhat to his surprise, that people liked his books and he could make money by them. He was the most modest of men, with an air of old-world courtesy that is not uncommon amongst the older generation of Australians.

Archibald Marshall.
Sunny Australia.
Hodder and Stoughton. By permission.

WHEN I motored through the 'bush' and saw the tight-knit repellant 'gums,' and then came to clearings with stretches of forest removed, the stumps with their earth-clinging fangs hauled away, and the wilderness turned into fruitful agricultural areas, I felt a glow of joy that it was men of British breed who, fighting against odds and with many heartaches, had wrestled their way to prosperity.

Not yet, but some day, Australians will come to realise that the finest thing in their history will be the tale of the courageous men and women who, during the early half of the nineteenth century, had the will to leave the old land, sail across the seas in indifferent

vessels, come to a region which was little known, and with bravery in both hands, begin the battle.

John Foster Fraser.

Australia.

Cassell. By permission.

CONTINUED agitation against the renewal of transportation brought together a band of influential men, some of them appearing on the public platform for the first time. . . . Nine out of ten of the immigrant class had from the first joined the movement against the revival of transportation, and most of the merchants and shopkeepers, and the whole artisan body of the metropolis, gave breath and force to the wave which in a short time swept all before it. . . . The Association formed in September 1850 merged in the 'Australian Anti-Transportation League' which united all the colonies as one in the work of resistance; and the triumph was not long delayed, for the hateful orders in Council, which authorised the revival of transportation, were finally revoked in 1852. The fair land of Australia was now free for evermore.

Sir Henry Parkes.

Fifty Years in the Making of Australian History.

Longmans. By permission.

Cessation of
Transporta-
tion.

A.D. 1848.

Foundation
of Sydney
University.

THE hopes of colonists now soared high, and aimed at equality with the mother-country, not only in material, but also in intellectual advantages. 'I believe,' said Wentworth, when speaking on the Bill authorising the foundation of the Sydney University, 'that from the pregnant womb of this institution will arise a long line of illustrious names—of statesmen, of patriots, of philanthropists, of philosophers, of poets, of heroes, and of sages, who will shed a deathless halo, not only on their country, but on the university we are now about to call into being.'

But if these brilliant anticipations were to be fulfilled, the colonist must first obtain full political rights, and in the struggle for political freedom Wentworth again appeared as the champion of the better aspirations of the people. Earl Grey's despatch, authorising the separation of Port Phillip, had arrived at the end of 1847, and in the same document was sketched an amended constitution, which it was proposed to introduce into New South Wales as soon as practicable. Two houses were to be established, one nominated by the Crown and the other representative, but the people were to elect Municipal Councils who, in their turn, were to be the constituents of the Legislature.

Greville Tregarthen.

Australian Commonwealth: Story of the Nations.

T. Fisher Unwin. By permission.

IN 1852 two events occurred—a change of Ministry in England, and the gold discoveries in Australia—which had much to do with hastening the introduction of Responsible Government. . . . The effect of the gold discovery in New South Wales was described by Mr. Wentworth as ‘precipitating the colony into a nation.’

A.D. 1852.
Discovery of
gold.

Sir Henry Parkes.

Fifty Years in the Making of Australian History.
Longmans. By permission.

WE ought to have made the most of those days—of the time which came before ‘the gold.’ We never saw their like again. Then we tasted true happiness, if such ever visits the lower world. Every one had hope, encouragement, adequate stimulus to work—hard work, which was well paid—leading to enterprise, which year by year fulfilled the promise of progress.

Nobody was too rich. No one was wealthy enough to live in Melbourne. Each man had to be his own overseer: had to live at home. He was therefore friendly and genial with his neighbours, on whom he was socially dependent. No one thought of going to Europe, or selling off and ‘cutting the confounded colony,’ and so on. No: there we were, *adscripti glebæ* as we thought, from a dozen or so to a score of years. It was necessary for all to make the best of it, and very cheery and contented nearly everybody was.

Rolf Boldrewood.

Old Melbourne Memories.
Macmillan. By permission.

IV

‘THE COLONY PRECIPITATED
INTO A NATION’

ONE of the worst waves of gold mania swept over Victoria in the early 'fifties, when Melbourne was left practically empty. The population betook itself to the Plenty Ranges. Vessels entering the harbour were immediately abandoned by their crews; rich cargoes remained unpacked in the holds of ships left to toss neglected on the waves, and scarcely attached to their moorings. Immigrants from every class of society poured in from other lands, hordes of Asiatics descended from the Straits Settlements—among them twenty-five thousand Chinamen. There were many fugitives and political refugees, and the criminal element was so large that diggers never slept nor moved without loaded revolvers. This was the time when a gang of outlaws carried off gold-dust valued at £24,000 from the ship *Nelson*, harboured in Hobson's Bay.

It is hardly too much to say that Australia is saturated with gold. Such a statement is borne out by the extraordinary number of alloys in which the metal is found, and by the geologic indications given so extensively. Gold is picked up on the surface and persists in seams of unknown extent—Australia has some of the deepest mines in the world. In New South Wales alone, gold has been found in forty different alloys, one of the most extraordinary being a dull yellow clay which readily takes a brilliant burnish. The precious metal occurs in connection with so many substances, that Australia has added some new names to the world's list of minerals, and the ingenuity of experts has been taxed in separating the treasure from some of its novel compounds. . . . But the mode of occurrence most significant for the future of Australia is in the 'deep leads.' Deep leads are the beds of ancient rivers, and the plains of Australia are marked by a thick network of these ancient watercourses—the more recent still visible, the older at varying depths beneath the surface. And all these labyrinthine waterways

have provided from untold ages the paths down which the precious metal has journeyed to the interior. In 1823 James M'Brien found numerous grains of gold in the sand of the Fish River. In 1841 the Rev. W. B. Clarke discovered similar auriferous sand in the Cox River, and among the celebrated finds by Hargreaves in 1851, gold was discovered in the Macquarie River. These three streams, like many others of Australia, flow from and not towards the sea. They travel to the interior which has been largely built up from their deposits. Steadily and secretly, age after age, such rivers have borne down their golden burden into the silent uninhabited land. . . . It is believed that the ancient rainfall of the southern continent was of such an abnormally torrential character that the alluvial deposits, borne down by the mighty and turbulent rivers, were enormous, and the transference of hillside soil to the sandy deserts was accomplished on a gigantic scale. Having thus prepared her treasure-laden care, Australia set a jealous guard upon it, suddenly and violently burying large portions under great flows of lava—hence the rare richness of the soil, a blend of alluvium and the detritus from decomposing basalt and trap. . . . It is idle to speculate as to how many thousands of miles of auriferous river-beds lie hidden under the volcanic deposits; already discovered and still unworked, are three hundred miles of deep leads in Victoria, where the main leads yield about a million sterling per mile.

Florence Gay.

Australia's Heart of Gold: The Outlook.

By the Editor's permission.

MR. WENTWORTH'S name is the name most justly associated with the free Constitution which came into operation in 1856, and under which the colony is still governed. . . . On August 9 he obtained leave to bring in his 'Bill to confer a Constitution on New South Wales, and to grant a civil list to Her Majesty.' The Bill having passed through its first stages, was, on the motion for the second reading, debated at great length and with striking ability. The speeches of Mr. Wentworth himself, Mr. Plunkett (the Attorney-General), Mr. Martin (afterwards Sir James), and Mr. Darvall (afterwards Sir John), for their eloquence and power were deemed worthy of any legislative body. The Bill received the Royal assent on July 16, 1855.

**The first
Empire-
builder.**

**A.D. 1855.
Establish-
ment of
Responsible
Government.**

Sir Henry Parkes.

Fifty Years in the Making of Australian History.

Longmans. By permission.

Roderic
Quinn, born
and educated
in Australia.

BEHOLD the vision of a State,
Where men are equal, just and free ;
A State that hath no stain upon her,
No taint to hurt her maiden honour ;
A home where love and kindness centre ;
A People's House where all may enter,
And, being entered, meet no dearth
Of welcome round a common hearth ;
A People's House not built of stone,
Nor wrought by hand and brain alone ;
But formed and founded on the heart ;
A People's House, a People's Home :
En-isled in foam and far apart.

Roderic Quinn.

*The House of the Commonwealth :
The Sydney Morning Herald.*

By permission.

William
Charles
Wentworth,
born in
Australia,
educated at
Cambridge.
First
Statesman.

THE old divisions of society had gone, and instead of 'emancipated' and 'free,' a united people is to be seen vehemently contending for those same rights and privileges in this distant possession, which they would have been enjoying had they remained or been born in the mother-country. To the early political life of this settlement at the antipodes was given peculiar interest by the strong individuality and remarkable ability of the leading characters. Wentworth, fired with love of his native country, and embittered by the feeling that the land of his birth was tainted by foreign crime, first made his appearance as the champion of the 'freed,' whom he longed to make free, but, as the colony grew, he perceived that the future was too grand to be bound up with the personal hopes of a section of the inhabitants. As the struggle for the elective principle progressed, he became aware that if Australia was to be a mighty nation, higher ideals than those of the mob must lead her. Although extremely violent in his language, he ever professed to keep within the bounds of parliamentary usage ; and his love of England and her liberties was only eclipsed by the love he bore the land of his birth. . . .

Wentworth desired to make the Upper Chamber hereditary, after the example of the House of Lords, and provided for a species of colonial peerage, the only point which raised much comment ; but public meetings vigorously protested against the introduction of the hereditary principle, and eventually, after a hard fight, Wentworth consented to withdraw this particular arrangement and substitute a nominated chamber. He gave in

with reluctance, and only because he feared the wreck of the whole scheme, were he to adhere to his opinion. His contention had been that some special inducement must be offered to successful persons to remain in the colonies. . . . Wentworth's forecast has been singularly verified, and one of the greatest misfortunes of the colonies at the present day is, that no sooner do Australians accumulate wealth, than they fly to Europe to dissipate it.

Greville Tregarthen.

Australian Commonwealth : Story of the Nations.

T. Fisher Unwin. By permission.

WENTWORTH

'Tis a strange thing for Australia that her name should be the
name

Breathed ere death by one who loved her—claiming, with a patriot's
claim,

Earth of her as chosen grave-place : rather than the lands of fame ;
Rather than the Sacred City where a sepulchre was sought
For the noblest hearts of Europe ; rather than the Country
fraught

With the incense of the altars whence our household gods were
brought.

'Tis a proud thing for Australia, while the funeral prayers are said,
To remember loving service, frankly rendered by the dead ;
How he strove, amid the nations, evermore to raise her head ;
How in youth he sang her glory, as it is, and is to be—
Called her 'Empress'—while they held her yet as base-born, over
sea—

Owned her 'Mother'—when her children scarce were counted
with the free !

How he claimed the King and Commons that his birthland should
be used

As a daughter, not an alien ; till the boon, so oft refused,
Was withheld, at last, no longer ; and the former bonds were
loosed.

How the scars of serfdom faded. How he led within the light
Of her fireside Earth's Immortals : chrism-touched from Olympus'
height ;

Whom gods loved ; for whom the New Faith, too, has guest-rooms
garnished bright.

'Tis a great thing for Australia that her child of early years
Shared her path of desert-travel—bread of sorrow, drink of
tears :

Holding by her to these hill-tops, whence her Promised Place
appears.

Titles were not hers to offer as the meed of service done ;

Mary Hannay
Foott,
educated in
Australia.

Rank of peer or badge or knighthood, star or ribbon—she had
none ;

But she breathes a mother's blessing o'er the ashes of her son.

Mary Hannay Foott.

Morna Lee and Other Poems.

Gordon and Gotch. By permission.

STEAM communication with England was a thing talked of: the electric telegraph had no existence in the colony. It was quite a fierce competition—sometimes a work of ingenious strategy—to obtain English news from a sailing-ship which might make a long or a short passage, and whose arrival was a matter of calculation until she hove in sight. The *Empire* had a whale-boat with a crew of four picked oarsmen, besides the reporter, which often went miles out to sea to meet an expected ship. By this kind of adventurous competition, and by other means, we were in the majority of cases the first to publish the news. There would be a crowd of many hundreds waiting in the street before the office of the *Empire* 'extraordinaries.' There were occasions of much excitement all through the period of the war with Russia.

Sir Henry Parkes.

Fifty Years in the Making of Australian History.

Longmans. By permission.

V

A PAGE FROM THE LONG HISTORY
OF EXPLORATION

THE old-fashioned officers with large retinues of convicts dragging an absurd amount of baggage into the interior—the naval officers and the marine surveys slowly fade from view. A new race of explorers comes now upon the field—a band of heroes, such as Eyre, who crossed the Australian Bight with a single companion; such as Stuart, who almost crossed the continent with two men and a few horses, or like Burke and Wills, who did their work like men, and nobly laid down their lives in the task. . . . No history of travel and adventure ever contained so much exciting interest as the explorations. . . . It is marvellous indeed how they are so little known. In other times they would have been treasured up like the deeds of the classical heroes of old: in our own they are not heard much beyond the shores of Australia. It would be a satisfaction to think that this was because heroism was now common and every man a hero.

At any rate we have had many in Australia. Foremost among them stands the fame of Mr. Eyre. . . . The party . . . consisted of Mr. Eyre, Mr. E. B. Scott, four men and two native boys. They were provided with thirteen horses, forty sheep, besides stores for three months, and they were to have a further supply sent by sea to the head of Spencer's Gulf. . . . Eyre's plan was to follow up the Flinders Range until it led him to the centre of the continent. He suspected that Lake Torrens, or the low ground he had seen from Mount Eyre, might prevent him penetrating very far to the westward, but he had little doubt that the Flinders Range would continue to the north. . . .

At last they reached the lake. Eyre says he found it to be completely girt by a steep sandy ridge, exactly like those surrounding the seashore. No rocks nor stone were visible anywhere, but many saline crusts appeared on the outer ridge. Upon descending into its basin, he found the bed dry and coated completely over with a crust of salt, forming one unbroken pure white sheet which glittered brilliantly in the sun. The crust yielded to the foot as he

Across the
Continent
from Lake
Torrens to
St. George's
Sound. From
June 18, 1840,
to June 30,
1841.

stepped upon it, and a dark soft mud oozed out. . . . At this distance the depression was about twenty miles wide, with what looked like high ground on the west; but this may have been refraction. Northward the vast area was interminable as far as the eye could reach—an immense plague spot of sterility, which was equalled in barrenness, and perhaps surpassed by the bleak wilderness which lined the bank. . . . The furthest point in the hills visible was Mont Deception to the north-west. In crossing the immediate plains towards it they relied for water on the puddles. Besides these there was little to vary the scene, except sundry ridges, stunted pines, and straggling bushes. There were the marks of some few water-courses from the hills: dry of course, and not easily followed. Some of them contained crusts of salt, which showed what would have been the character of the water had any remained. Added to this the salt-water tea-tree began to make its appearance—a shrub which is never seen except where the soil is saline and the water too brackish for use. . . .

Meanwhile, as they advanced, the hills were found to turn eastward, and to decrease in elevation very rapidly. In lat. $29^{\circ} 30'$ they ceased altogether, and Eyre found himself in a low level country of alternating plains of stones and sand. These had evidently been lately flooded, but in spite of this, were destitute of grass, water, and timber of any kind, except a small sal-solaceous plant. The surface was as smooth as if washed and scoured quite recently. . . . He steered north-west and soon found himself stopped by Lake Torrens, or what he thought to be the lake. . . . The refraction from these lakes was most extraordinary and deceptive. When away from the bed, a vast body of water seemed to intervene between them and the ranges; and when away from the ranges, mock water seemed to be laving their bases and reflecting the outlines of their rugged summits. The whole scene, says Eyre, partook more of the nature of enchantment than reality; and as the eye wandered over the unbroken crust of pure white salt, lit up by the glaring sun, the glittering effect was brilliant beyond description. . . . Mr. Eyre suffered from hunger, fatigue, and above all, thirst. He was often days without water, and seldom had any other bed than the naked earth. This, of course, was followed by frequent attacks of illness. . . .

They were now six hundred and fifty miles from King George's Sound, and their provisions were barely enough to last three weeks; and yet they were obliged to rest a few days, because the horses could do no more just then. The overseer again begged Mr. Eyre to return, but he would not: go on he would. . . . He consented to

kill a horse for food : it was one which was so ill, that his life could not be saved in any case, and the consequence of such unwholesome diet was that they were all ill again. Bad as it was, the native boys thought that they had not had enough of it, so during the night they stole a large quantity. Mr. Eyre detected this act of dishonesty, and to punish the two eldest of them, deducted a third portion of their usual share of rations. They resented this by leaving the party and endeavouring to make their way by themselves . . . they could not exist upon their own resources, and were sadly famished before they submitted to the humiliation of returning. Eyre took them back, believing them to be sincere, and little suspected the treachery they meditated. . . .

Mr. Eyre on this eventful evening took the first watch from six to eleven. The night was bitterly cold, and the wind was blowing hard from the south-west. The horses fed well, but rambled a good deal. At half-past ten Mr. Eyre went to fetch them back. He found them at a short distance, and was picking his way in the dark among the bushes, when he was suddenly startled by a gun-shot. It was from the camp, and of course he hurried there immediately. About one hundred yards from it he met Wylie, the King George's Sound native, running and crying out 'Oh massa, oh massa ! come, look here !' He reached the camp, and there before him lay his overseer in the agonies of death, with a wound in his chest, from which the blood was flowing rapidly. A glance round explained the whole scene. The two younger natives were gone, whilst the scattered fragments of the baggage which had been piled under the oilskin told the reason why. The overseer was beyond human aid, for he expired immediately after Eyre's arrival. It was a horrible scene, and the feelings of the survivor were shocked, as well by the crushing weight of the disaster as its suddenness. Eyre describes it with a reality that none but a witness could do justice to. He says, 'The horrors of my situation glanced upon me. I was alone in the desert. The frightful appalling truth glared upon me in such startling reality as almost to paralyse my mind. At the dead hour of night, with the fierce wind raging round me, in one of the most inhospitable wastes of Australia, I was left alone with one native boy. I could not rely upon his fidelity, for he was perhaps in league with the other two, who might be waiting to kill me. Three days had passed since we had found water, and it was very doubtful when we should find more. Six hundred miles of country had to be traversed before I could hope to obtain the slightest help or assistance, whilst I knew that not a drop of water or an ounce of flour had been left by the murderers.'

The guns were gone, and only a rifle and a pair of pistols left. The former was useless, as a ball was jammed in the barrel, and the latter had no cartridges to fit them. Obtaining possession of all the remaining arms, useless as they were, he went with the native to look for the horses. After a long search he found them; and when he brought them back to the camp he sat down to watch. He passed a bitter night. Every moment, he tells us, seemed to him an age, and he thought the morning would never come. The night was frosty. He had nothing on but a shirt and trousers, and to mental anguish was now added intense bodily pain. He tells us that suffering and distress nearly overwhelmed him, and life seemed scarcely worth the effort to prolong it. Ages could never efface the memory of that single night, nor would all the world, he says, ever tempt him to go through similar ones again. To have to pass the night by the corpse of his only companion, who lay with glazed and staring eyes in the position in which he fell; and this in the midst of an awful desert, surpasses almost any of the terrors of which, unfortunately, exploration expeditions are so full.

But things were then at their worst. When morning dawned, about forty pounds of flour, four gallons of water, besides tea and sugar, were found still left to them. Fortunately, too, in trying to clean the rifle it went off, and though the ball whistled close to Eyre's head, yet to his immense relief he felt he could now protect himself.

. . . He was very suspicious of his companion at first, probably without reason. The truth seems to have been that the whole three natives agreed to rob the explorers and decamp. While they were doing so the overseer awoke, and one of the boys shot him. This was a crime for which Wylie was totally unprepared, so he drew back. The other boys were of a different tribe, and spoke a different language. He knew well they would as readily shoot him as the overseer, so he had every reason to be faithful to Mr. Eyre. They advanced ten miles that day. . . . Soon after they had camped, Wylie called his attention to two white objects which were stealing through the bushes; these covered with their blankets were advancing with their guns in rest towards Eyre. He advanced towards them, and they retreated. He then dropped his arms and tried to get near them, hoping to get an opportunity to rush on the eldest and wrest his gun from him. The blacks were not to be surprised, and would hear of no parley. They begged and implored Wylie to go with them, and he only turned a deaf ear to their entreaties. Finding that they wanted nothing else, Eyre determined to push on too rapidly for them to follow, and thus avoid having to shoot the

Wylie
remained
Eyre's faith-
ful and
invaluable
companion
until the end
of the
journey.

elder of the boys. When they saw Wylie going away with Mr. Eyre, they uttered most plaintive cries, and moved after them as well as they could. When night closed in they were lost to view; they were never heard of afterwards. Like all natives they were improvident, and utterly thoughtless of the morrow, and so very probably consumed their provisions the very first day and then slowly perished.

Rev. Julian E. Tenison-Woods.

Discovery and Exploration of Australia.

Sampson Low Son and Marston. By permission.

In each other's faces,
 Looked the pioneers;
 Drank the wine of courage,
 All their battle years.
 For their weary sowing
 Through the world wide
 Green they saw the harvest
 Ere the day they died.

Jessie
 Mackay, born
 and educated
 in New
 Zealand.

Jessie Mackay.

The Grey Company:

Otago Witness. By permission.

VI

BUSHRANGERS

A.D. 1850-
1866.
Bushranging
Period.

THE bushranging mania was now rife in both New South Wales and Queensland, and for some months in 1866 we were in continual dread of a visit from one styling himself 'The Wild Scotchman,' as well as from a German named 'Biermaster.' Both these men were prowling about the country. The latter had stuck up the Maryborough Mail, while the former, though often seen on our run, never molested us further than sticking up our Mail and opening our letters. The black police and their officers were frequently on our station on the look-out for them.

On New Year's night, 1867, one of my men returning late to the homestead, told me that he felt certain that the Scotchman was camped in a gully near the house. We were now all excitement to effect his capture. The moon was shining brightly, and we considered the best plan to adopt was to wait until midnight, when the man was likely to be asleep, and then pounce upon him.

When midnight arrived, I and several gentlemen who were spending the evening with us, dressed ourselves in dark clothes, these being less conspicuous than our white coats in the bright moonlight. We armed ourselves with revolvers and sallied forth. At the place mentioned we found the supposed bushranger rolled in his blanket, asleep. We rushed upon him, and seizing his arms, made him prisoner. Pulling off the blanket which covered his face, we discovered our captive to be a stockman from a neighbouring station. The poor man was almost frightened to death at the strange proceedings. We soon explained the thing to him, however; whereupon a general laugh ensued. We returned to the house, he none the worse for his New Year's night's adventure, and we rather crestfallen. The ladies greatly enjoyed the mistake, being no longer anxious about our safety.

The Scotchman was eventually taken by two young gentlemen who were first-class riders. They pursued him through bush and briar until his horse gave in. When tried at the Maryborough Assizes, he was only condemned to twenty years' imprisonment, as he had never taken life; but his good conduct while in gaol got him a remittance of several years in his sentence, and he afterwards became a reformed man.

Biermaster was, I think, slightly out of his mind. He had been arrested by the police, from whom he had escaped. One of my black-boys informed me that he had seen a man answering to his description, on the run, about six miles from the homestead. He was carrying a double-barrelled gun. I gave the black-boy a revolver, as he was a good shot. Taking one also with me, we started in pursuit (my wife being terribly anxious this time). We were not long before we came on his tracks, and caught sight of him at a turning of the road. Being a magistrate, I had given the black-boy orders that when I challenged him in the Queen's name to throw down his gun, if he did not immediately obey, or if he presented it at us, he was to cover him with his revolver. As yet he had not seen us, although we were only a couple of hundred yards behind him. Spurring our horses we galloped up to him. The moment I challenged him, he dropped his gun without the slightest hesitation. Covered by the black-boy's revolver, he submitted to have his hands fastened behind him with a coat strap, and thus we marched our bushranger to the homestead. During all this time he never spoke a word.

How to keep him securely until the police arrived from Gayndah puzzled me. I could not at once send information to them, as the town was fifty miles distant—under eight hours—and it would take them the same time to arrive. As there was no lock-up on the station, I could only chain him to the verandah post of the store. I did this by padlocking one end of a horse trace-chain round his neck, fixing the other end to the post in the same way, and never losing sight of him. It was weary work, this constant watching for over sixteen hours, though he endured no hardships, for he was quite comfortable, and in the shade. An amusing incident occurred. On my wife telling the cook to take him some dinner, she appeared greatly shocked at my wife's kindness, and asked if she should put salt, pepper, and mustard, on his plate? On being told to do so, she went off thoroughly disgusted that the bushranger should be so treated, and particularly that he should have *mustard*. At length the police arrived, and this time he was safely conveyed to prison. He was sentenced to fifteen years with

hard labour. I had no further experience with his class; indeed, he was nearly the last of the Queensland bushrangers.

Thomas Major,
Late Inspector of Runs for New South Wales.

Leaves from a Squatter's Note-book.

Sands. By permission.

Captain
Moonlite.

It was near twelve o'clock when we mounted. Starlight said—

'By jove, boys, it's a pity we didn't belong to a troop of irregular horse, instead of this rotten colonial Dick Turpin business, that one can't help being ashamed of. They would have been delighted to have recruited the three of us, as we ride, and our horses are worth best part of ten thousand rupees. What a tent-pegger Rainbow would have made, eh, old boy?' he said, patting the horse's neck. 'But Fate won't have it, and it's no use whining.'

The coach was to pass half an hour after midnight. An awful long time to wait, it seemed. We finished the bottle of brandy, I know. I thought they never would come, when all of a sudden we saw the lamp.

Up the hill they came slow enough. About half-way up they stopped, and most of the passengers got out and walked up after her. As they came closer to us we could hear them laughing, and talking, and skylarking, like a lot of boys. They didn't think who was listening. 'You won't be so jolly in a minute or two,' I thinks to myself.

They were near the top, when Starlight sings out, 'Stand! Bail up!' and the three of us, all masked, showed ourselves. You never saw a man look so scared as the passenger on the box-seat, a stout, jolly commercial, who'd been giving the coachman Havana cigars, and yarning and nipping with him at every house they passed. Bill Webster, the driver, pulls up all standing when he sees what was in Starlight's hand, and holds the reins so loose for a minute I thought they'd drop out of his hands. I went up to the coach. There was no one inside—only an old woman and a young one. They seemed struck all of a heap, and couldn't hardly speak for fright.

The best of the joke was that the passengers started running up full split to warm themselves, and came bump against the coach, before they found out what was up. One of them had just opened out for a bit of blowing. 'Billy, old man,' he says, 'I'll report you to the Company if you crawl along this way,' when he catches sight of me and Starlight, standing still and silent, with our revolvers pointing his way. By George! I could hardly help laughing.

His jaw dropped, and he couldn't get a word out. His throat seemed quite dry.

'Now, gentlemen,' says Starlight, quite cool and cheerful-like, 'you understand Her Majesty's Mail is stuck-up, to use a vulgar expression, and there's no use resisting. I must ask you to stand in a row there by the fence, and hand out all the loose cash, watches or rings you may have about you. Don't move; don't, I say, sir, or I must fire.' (This was to a fidgety, nervous man who couldn't keep quiet.) 'Now, Number One, fetch down the mail-bags; Number Two, close up here.'

Here Jim walked up, revolver in hand, and Starlight begins at the first man, very stern—

'Hand out your cash; keep back nothing, if you value your life.'

You never saw a man in such a funk. He was a store-keeper, we found afterwards. He nearly dropped on his knees. Then he handed Starlight a bundle of notes, a gold watch, and took a handsome diamond ring from his finger. This Starlight put into his pocket. He handed the notes and watch to Jim, who had a leather bag ready for them. The man sank down on the ground; he had fainted.

He was left to pick himself up. Number Two was told to shell out. They all had something. Some had sovereigns, some had notes and small cheques, which are as good in a country place. The squatters draw too many to know the numbers of half that are out, so there's no great chance of their being stopped. There were eighteen male passengers, besides the chap on the box-seat. We made him come down. By the time we'd got through them all it was best part of an hour.

I pulled the mail-bags through the fence and put them under a tree. Then Starlight went to the coach where the two women were. He took off his hat and bowed.

'Unpleasant necessity, madam, most painful to my feelings altogether, I assure you. I must really ask you—ah—is the young lady your daughter, madam?'

'Not at all,' says the oldest, stout, middle-aged woman; 'I never set eyes on her before.'

'Indeed, Madam,' says Starlight, bowing again; 'excuse my curiosity, I am desolated, I assure you, but may I trouble you for your watches and purses?'

'As you're a gentleman,' said the fat lady, 'I fully expected you'd have let us off. I'm Mrs. Buxter of Bobbrowobbra.'

'Indeed! I have no words to express my regret,' says Starlight;

'but my dear lady, hard necessity compels me. Thanks very much,' he said to the young girl.

She handed over a small old Geneva watch and a little purse. The plump lady had a gold watch, with a chain and purse to match.

'Is that all?' says he, trying to speak stern.

'It's my very all,' says the girl; 'five pounds. Mother gave me her watch, and I shall have no money to take me to Bowning, where I am going to a situation.'

Her lips shook and trembled, and the tears came into her eyes.

Starlight carefully handed Mrs. Buxter's watch and purse to Jim. I saw him turn round and open the other purse, and he put something in, if I didn't mistake. Then he looked in again.

'I'm afraid I'm rather impertinent,' says he, 'but your face, Miss—ah—Elmsdale, thanks—reminds me of some one in another world—the one I once lived in. Allow me to enjoy the souvenir, and return your effects. No thanks; that smile is ample payment. Ladies, I wish you a pleasant journey.'

He bowed. Mrs. Buxter did not smile, but looked cross enough at the young lady, who, poor thing, seemed pretty full up and inclined to cry at the surprise.

'Now then, all aboard,' sings out Starlight; 'get in, gentlemen, our business matters are concluded for the night. Better luck next time. William, you had better drive on. Send back from the next stage, and you will find the mail-bags under that tree. They shall not be injured more than can be helped. Good night.'

Rolf Boldrewood.

Robbery Under Arms.

Macmillan. By permission.

OCCASIONALLY Mr. Charles Burchett's difficulty in hearing led to diverting cross purposes, as in the case of his celebrated interview with the bushrangers. He and a friend, it is related, some time in the early days, met with two men, one of whom carried a gun. They addressed themselves to his companion, who appeared to be, from the expression of his countenance, much interested in their remarks. Mr. Burchett looked at them with an inquiring air. 'What do they want, Scott?' he said, in his resonant, high-pitched voice, accentuating always the last word of the sentence. 'Do they want work?'

None of them could help laughing, it is said, but the man with

the gun, observing the gentleman place his hand to his ear, raised the gun sharply to a level with his breast, by way of explaining matters. Again Mr. Burchett looked up with a grave and meditative expression. Then he addressed the spoiler—‘I say, take that gun away, it might go off!’ Even the hardened old hand was not proof against this characteristic jest: he put down his gun in order to laugh in comfort. However, it was explained that business was business. So, having relieved Mr. Burchett and his friend of their horses and loose cash, the robbers departed. . . .

Rolf Boldrewood.

Old Melbourne Memories.

Macmillan. By permission.

WANTABADGERY, N.S.W. . . . This house in which I am staying was ‘stuck-up’ by the notorious Captain Moonlite, and this room in which I am writing was crowded with the prisoners of war, while an armed member of the gang kept guard over them from the vantage of a heavy sideboard drawn across the door.

That affair at the Wantabadgery was told to me by Mr. Claude M'Donald, the present owner of the station, but the parts of it which reflect credit on his coolness and courage I got elsewhere.

He was a very young man, straight out from Harrow, and he rode up to the homestead in the gloaming of a summer evening with his elder brother, after a day spent among the stock. As he dismounted at the gate he found himself covered by a rifle from the porch, and told to ‘bail up.’ No resistance was possible at this stage, and he and his brother were hustled into the dining-room, where others who had already been captured—the people about the homestead, and the postmaster, who had come up when the bushrangers had first taken possession—were gathered under guard. By and bye the prisoners were transferred to the laundry, but Moonlite invited the younger M'Donald, whose coolness had taken his fancy, to dine with him. He was extremely affable. He explained that he and his gang—there were six of them—were about to ‘stick-up’ the bank at Gundagai, not many miles away, and wanted clothes and horses. He was wearing some of his guests’ clothes at the time, and he and those who were left alive of his accomplices, were tried and sentenced in them. ‘Don’t say that I haven’t paid for the dinner I am giving you,’ he said, and handed over a shilling, a sixpence, and a threepenny-bit, which Mr. M'Donald carries in his pocket in a ring to-day. He asked him if there was anything his men had taken which he particularly

valued. 'Yes,' he said, 'there is a cigarette case, given to me by some particular friends.' 'I am afraid I am the culprit,' said Moonlite, producing it out of his pocket, and handing it to him with a courtly bow.

Archibald Marshall.

Sunny Australia.

Hodder and Stoughton. By permission.

AYE ! we had a glorious gallop after 'Starlight' and his gang,
 When they bolted from Sylvester's on the flat ;
 How the sun-dried reed-beds crackled, how the flint-strewn ranges
 rang,
 To the strokes of 'Mountaineer' and 'Acrobat.'
 Hard behind them in the timber, harder still across the heath,
 Close behind them through the tea-tree scrub we dashed ;
 And the golden-tinted fern leaves, how they rustled underneath ;
 And the honeysuckle osiers, how they crash'd !
 We led the hunt throughout, Ned, on the chestnut and the grey,
 And the troopers were three hundred yards behind,
 While we emptied our six-shooters on the bushrangers at bay,
 In the creek with stunted box-trees for a blind !
 There you grappled with the leader, man to man and horse to
 horse,
 And you roll'd together when the chestnut rear'd ;
 He blazed away and missed you in that shallow water-course—
 A narrow shave—his powder singed your beard !

Adam Lindsay Gordon.

By permission of A. H. Massina and Co., Melbourne,
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**Ned Kelly's
 gang were
 notorious in
 the 'eighties.**

IN 1870 . . . bushranging was virtually a thing of the past. . . .
 The last real bushranger came to his inevitable bad end shortly
 before we arrived. The cowardly Kellys, murderers and brigands
 as they were, and costlier than all their predecessors to hunt down,
 always seemed to me but imitation bushrangers.

Ada Cambridge.

Thirty Years in Australia.

Methuen. By permission.

VII

FREE TRADE AND THE SEPARATIST
TENDENCY—BOTH BANNED

THE FUTURE OF AUSTRALIA

SING us the Land of the Southern Sea—
The land we have called our own ;
Tell us what harvest there shall be
From the seed that we have sown.

We love the legends of olden days,
The songs of the wind and wave ;
And border ballads and minstrel lays,
And the poems Shakespeare gave.

The fireside carols and battle rhymes,
And romaunt of the knightly ring ;
And the chant with hint of cathedral chimes
Of him 'made blind to sing.'

The tears they tell of our brethren wept,
Their praise is our fathers' fame ;
They sing of the seas our navies swept,
Of the shrines that lent us flame.

But the Past is past—with all its pride—
And its ways are not our ways :
We watch the flow of a fresher tide,
And the dawn of newer days.

Sing us the Isle of the Southern Sea—
The land we have called our own ;
Tell us what harvest there shall be
From the seed that we have sown.

Mary Hannay Foott.
Morna Lee and Other Verses.
Gordon and Gotch. By permission.

A.D. c.
1871-80.

The first
result of
Free Trade is
disaffection
suggesting
itself
between
the Mother-
country and
the Colonies.

POLITICAL economists began to ask what was the use of colonies which contributed nothing to the Imperial exchequer, while they were a constant expense to the tax-payer. They had possessed a value once as a market for English productions, but after the establishment of free trade the world was our market. The colonies, as part of the world, would still buy off us, and would continue to do so, whether as British dependencies or as free. In case of war we should be obliged to defend them and to scatter our force in doing it. They gave us nothing. They cost us much. They were a mere ornament, a useless responsibility : we did not pause to consider whether, even if it were true, that the colonies were at present a burden to us, we were entitled to cut men of our own blood and race thus adrift, after having encouraged them to form settlements under our flag. . . .

A.D. 1885.

England
begins to
repent of her
unnatural
and short-
sighted/
policy of
desertion.

The temper represented in this cool indifference is passing away. The returns of trade show, in the first place, that commerce follows the flag. Our colonists take three times as much of our productions in proportion to their numbers as foreigners take. The difference increases rather than diminishes, and the Australian, as a mere consumer, is more valuable to us than the American. . . . But more than this. It has become doubtful even to the political economist, whether England can trust entirely to free trade and competition to keep the place she has hitherto held. Other nations press us with their rivalries. Expenses increase, manufactures languish or cease to profit. Revenue, once so expansive, becomes stationary. 'Business' may, probably will, blaze up again, but the growth of it can no longer be regarded as constant, while population increases and hungry stomachs multiply, requiring the three meals a day, whatever the condition of the markets.

Froude ques-
tions the
soundness of
Britain's
fiscal policy.
Idea of a
Zollverein.

Hence, those amongst us who have disbelieved all along that a great nation can venture its own fortunes safely on the power of underselling its neighbours in calicoes and ironwork, no longer address a public opinion entirely cold. It begins to be admitted that were Canada and South Africa and Australia and New Zealand, members of one body with us, with a free flow of our population into them, we might sit secure against shifts and changes. In the multiplying number of our own fellow-citizens animated by a common spirit, we should have purchasers for our goods, from whom we should fear no rivalry ; we should turn in upon them the tide of our emigrants, which now flows away, while the emigrants themselves would thrive under their own fig-tree.

J. A. Froude.
Oceana.

Longman's Library Edition. By permission.

THE love that, ivy-like, an ancient land doth cherish,
 It grows not in a day, nor in a year doth perish ;
 But, little, leaf by leaf,
 It creeps along the walls and wreathes the ramparts hoary,
 The sun that gives it strength—it is a nation's glory ;
 The dew, a people's grief.

Roderic Quinn.

The House of the Commonwealth :

The Sydney Morning Herald. By permission.

NEW SOUTH WALES appeared to be wholly occupied with the Soudan business, the death of Gordon, and the discredit of our Soudan contingent. poor country at home. It seemed to be assumed that we should now raise ourselves and make an effort to recover our honour, and in this day of our trouble the Australians wished to be allowed to stand at our side. We learnt that the ministry at Sydney had offered to send a contingent to Suakin at the colony's expense. . . .

Many causes combined to induce them to welcome the opportunity of being of use. There was a genuine feeling for Gordon. There was a genuine indignation against Mr. Gladstone's Government. Gordon was theirs as well as ours. He was the last of the race of heroes who had won for England her proud position among the nations ; he had been left to neglect and death, and the national glory was sullied. There was a desire, too, to show those who had scorned the colonists, and regarded them as a useless burden on the Imperial resources, that they were as English as the English at home. We might refuse them a share in our successes. We could not and should not refuse them a share in our trials. 'You do not want us,' they seem to say, 'but we are part of you, bone of your bone ; we refuse to be dissociated from you.'

J. A. Froude.

Oceana.

Longman's Library Edition. By permission.

Two large steamers were chartered as transports, and all arrangements were made with a lavish profusion which clearly indicated the excitement which had taken possession of the people. Private citizens vied with one another in making presents of stores and other requisites, and a patriotic fund started for the relief of the widows and orphans of those who might fall, soon mounted up to

a prodigious figure. Men from all quarters hastened to volunteer their services, and had it been desired, a force twice or three times as large could easily have been enrolled. Within three weeks of the acceptance of Mr. Dalley's offer, all arrangements had been completed, and on the 3rd of March, amidst the greatest enthusiasm, the soldiers embarked before a crowd of close upon a quarter of a million people. The significance of this event was unquestionably very great. The other colonies would gladly have joined New South Wales in its enterprise, at the same time it showed the nations of Europe that Great Britain had a latent power, which had hitherto never been suspected or entered into their calculations.

Greville Tregarthen.

Australian Commonwealth.

T. Fisher Unwin. By permission.

Go, lords and servants of the lords
 Of earth, with homage on their lips,
 And kinsmen carrying English swords,
 And offering England battleships ;
 And tribute payers, on whose hands,
 Their English fetters scarce appear ;
 And gathered round from utmost lands
 Ambassadors of Love and Fear !

Dim signs of greeting waved afar,
 Far trumpets blown and flags unfurled,
 And England's name an Avatar
 Of light and sound throughout the world—
 Hailed Empress among nations, Queen
 Enthroned in solemn majesty,
 On splendid proofs of what has been
 And presages of what will be !

John Farrell.

Australia to England.

The Daily Telegraph, Sydney. By permission.

THERE are boys out there by the western creeks, who hurry away
 from school
 To climb the sides of the breezy peaks or dive in the shaded
 pool,

Who'll stick to their guns when the mountains quake to the tread
of a mighty war,
And fight for Right or a Grand Mistake, as men never fought
before ;

Where the peaks are scarred and the sea-walls crack till the furthest
hills vibrate,
And the world for a while goes rolling back in a storm of love and
hate.

There are boys to-day in the city slum and the home of wealth and
pride

Who'll have one home when the storm is come, and fight for it
side by side,

Who'll hold the cliffs 'gainst the armoured hells that batter
a coastal town,

Or grimly die in a hail of shells when the walls come crashing
down.

The South will wake to a mighty change ere a hundred years are
done

With arsenals west of the mountain range, and every spur
its gun

And many a rickety 'son of a gun' on the tides of the future
tossed . . .

Henry Archibald Lawson.

Star of Australasia.

Angus and Robertson. By permission.

Henry Archi-
bald Lawson.
Born and
educated in
Australia.

ALL Australian ideals are national, social, and progressive. For the Empire, her ideal is a close alliance of free nations bound together by ties of common blood, of common interests, and of common ideals. She values intensely the privileges of self-government, and while not unnaturally resenting any attempt on the part of the mother-country to dictate to her as to the internal policy she ought to pursue, she has shown her readiness to accept the advice of experts lent her from home. . . .

Her social ideal is of a nation freed in its youth from the social stains which mar our old-world civilisation. Her cities are to have no slums, no unemployed are to tramp her streets—work for all, recreation for all, a living wage for all—these are some of the ideals she has set before her. To this end she has developed, or it would be truer to say, is developing, the system which is known as the New Protection. This is a combination of high protection duties—

Protective
Tariff.

by means of which, alone, she has saved some of her own industries from extermination at the hands of American trusts—with regulative measures designed to prevent the formation of local trusts and the exploiting of the working classes by those employers whose industries are benefited by her protective duties. It is along such lines as these that Australia is most truly progressive. In social matters she is certainly a pragmatist. She has not been afraid to make bold experiments, and while the experiments have met with much adverse criticism, there have not been wanting detached and competent critics who have been warm in their praise.

Rev. C. H. S. Matthews.

Liddon House Occasional Papers.

By permission.

A.D. 1886.

A falling
Treasury and
bands of
unemployed
call for Tariff
Reform.

Chinese
Question.

SIR PATRICK JENNINGS introduced a Bill to largely increase the custom's revenue by the imposition of specific and *ad valorem* duties. . . . The Bill passed and became law.

In the agitation against the influx of Chinese, which is common to all classes of the working population, there are forces which the superficial observer is likely to overlook. Every mother of a working-man's family is an uncompromising opponent, and every child imbibes the feeling of resistance and denunciation from its parents. No outlook is possible to the humble household dependent upon daily labour, which is not obscured and rendered less hopeful by the contingent intrusion of the Chinese. Where moral principles and provident habits prevail, this feeling is probably strongest. How could it be otherwise? It will not be denied that it is meritorious in the poor to do the best they can for their children. How can their 'best' in the struggle of life be assisted by the intrusion of hordes of men who are foreign to them in language, religion, notions of law, and all the usages of their state of society? . . . This was the second occasion when I had to face the Chinese difficulty by legislation. My colleagues concurred with me that the wisest course was to get rid of the trouble altogether. We determined therefore to introduce a Bill, virtually prohibiting the landing of Chinese.

Sir Henry Parkes.

Fifty Years in the Making of Australian History.

Longmans. By permission.

Development
of 'White
Australia'
ideal.

It was among members of the Labour Party that the idea of the 'White Australia' shaped itself. The notion may have arisen, in the first place, from a cordial detestation of the Asiatic capacity for

hard work, but it is also a feature of that passion for unity, so deeply implanted in the breast of every Australian.

Florence Gay.

Land and Labour in Australia: The Outlook.

By the Editor's permission.

Two or three times a week, regular as clockwork, 'John' came to the back door with his loaded basket of the vegetables in season, fresh and good, various and cheap. Europeans had not the patience to grow them where they had so many enemies: it did not pay to do it, while he did it for us on such terms. . . . You will hardly find a private kitchen-garden, except on the isolated stations, where the gardener is nearly always a Chinaman. Every little township depends for the food it can least afford to do without, on the industry of this man who, of all others, is the most despised in the community, and of all others—tradesmen at any rate—is the most reliable. I never was cheated or in any way 'let in' by a Chinaman, and never found him discourteous or disobliging. Those who clamour for his extinction from amongst us do not realise what country folk would miss if he were gone. Poor John Chinaman! so industrious, so frugal, so inoffensive and law abiding—an example to the white citizen of his class—if ever I feel ashamed of Australia it is on his account. . . . One can see a certain reasonableness in the poll-tax of £50, hard as it seems, that one only of the various aliens amongst us should be thus penalised (and for his industry too): it is doubtless advisable that we should prevent ourselves from being overrun (seeing that the earth is *not* for all): but the law which constitutes one Chinaman a factory, is worthy of the Dark Ages, simply. Here is a sample of the sort of thing that Englishmen, with the Union Jack over their heads, can read in their newspapers of a morning, as calmly as they can read reports of the weather:—

This tax is
now £100.

'Hop Lee, who keeps a laundry in Gertrude Street, was charged at the Fitzroy Police Court this morning with having worked after hours on Saturday the 26th January, contrary to the provisions of the Shops and Factories Act. Constable P—— deposed that about 5.30 p.m. he went into defendant's premises and found him ironing collars. In September, 1899, the defendant was fined for a similar offence. As £5 is the minimum penalty for a second conviction, Hop Lee was mulcted in that amount, and ordered to pay £1, 1s. costs. . . .'

One poor Chinaman was arrested—fined for—according to his

defence in Court, which, it appeared, was not listened to—ironing his own shirt out of factory hours.

Ada Cambridge.
Thirty Years in Australia.
Methuen. By permission.

As every schoolboy knows, Australia is now—though only after much debate and much bitterness in the past—committed to what is known as the ‘White Australian Policy.’ In the pursuance of this policy, she not only practically put a stop to the immigration of coloured aliens, whether black or yellow, but has even gone so far as to deport, at considerable expense, the Kanakas imported in past years from the New Hebrides, the Solomon Islands and elsewhere, to work in the sugar plantations of tropical Queensland. This deportation policy was vigorously attacked at the time on these grounds: (1) that it was impossible for white men to do the necessary work of the sugar plantations in the Queensland climate; (2) that it was contrary to the Christian religion with its doctrines of the brotherhood of man; (3) that it was exceedingly hard on the Kanakas who made their home in Australia, and in many cases married aboriginal wives, to turn them out willy-nilly.

The supporters of the White Australia claim, in answer to these criticisms, that time has already disproved the first, that the second was a mere attempt on behalf of the wealthy owners of plantations to exploit religious sentiment in favour of a policy essentially selfish, and therefore essentially un-Christian, and the third criticism lost practically all its weight when it was found that the Kanakas, with few exceptions, were not only willing, but eager to return to the Islands. The exceptions were almost entirely among Islanders married to aboriginal wives, and to provide a suitable home for these the Government set apart a beautiful and fertile little island known as Moa Island in the Torres Strait.

Rev. C. H. S. Matthews.
Liddon House Occasional Papers.
By permission.

VIII

LAND OF THE LABOUR PARTY

It is often affirmed that the Labour Party in Australia owes its existence to the great strike in 1890; and a belief prevails that the result of the late election was largely due to the dissatisfaction with the legislation concerning the suppression of strikes. If so, what more appropriate task could the present Government set itself than the continuance of legislation on strikes and the attainment of a satisfactory settlement? It will be interesting to see how the Labour Party will eventually deal with the want of 'sweet reasonableness' which strikes for a rise when the industry is making no profit. Labour, however, does not cherish the same bitter and irrational animosity towards Capital with which we are familiar on this side of the globe. It is quite certain that employés in the island-continent would not refuse a share in the profits in the manner instanced here not so long ago. . . . The Labour Party in England has sought in its congratulatory cablegrams to identify itself with the present Australian Government. It must be difficult for the statesmanlike and patriotic Labourites of the Commonwealth to reply to such messages. Our British party is much more akin to that band of fervent spirits which left the island-continent on the failure of the great strike and founded the 'New Australia' in Paraquay; it held together just long enough to disillusion its members, to show them that their haven was a delusion and a snare. In the wider life overseas, men are not so wholly blinded by passion and prejudice that any parallel can be found out there to the petty parochial spleen of the Little Englander; and it is not unreasonable to hope that the lesson taught by the 'New Australia' will be remembered, and the responsibilities and difficulties of Government may demonstrate to the Labour Party the impossibilities of realising some of their early ideals.

A.D. 1890.
The Great
Strike.

New
Australia,
1891.

Florence Gay.

Land and Labour in Australia: The Outlook.

By the Editor's permission.

By lust of flesh and lust of gold,
 And depth of loins and hairy breadth
 Of breast, and hands to take and hold,
 And boastful scorn of pain and death :
 And something more of manliness
 Than tamer men, and growing shame
 Of shameful things and something less,
 Of final faith in sword and flame.

By many a battle fought for wrong,
 And many a battle fought for right,
 So have you grown august and strong,
 Magnificent in all men's sight :
 A voice for which the kings have ears,
 A face the craftiest statesmen scan,
 A mind to mould the after years
 And mint the destinies of man !

And now your holiest and best
 And wisest dream of such a tie
 As, holding hearts from East to West,
 Shall strengthen while the years go by :
 And of a time when every man
 For every fellow-man will do
 His kindest, working by the plan
 God set him. May the dream come true !

John Farrell.
Australia to England :
The Daily Telegraph, Sydney.
 By permission.

ONE thing that I have learned is to pay no regard to popular definitions. The working man at the London docks is so entirely unlike in his circumstances to the whole body of working men here, that it seems an absurdity to use the same name for both. The one is possibly the poorest of his class ; the other I should think is beyond question the richest. . . . The Government has raised the rate of wages to seven shillings a day. . . .

The 'Organised Unemployed of the City' do their best to make the life of the Government a burden to it. They will not leave the city even for the Government stroke (synonym for work scamped and shirked, the pretence of work) elsewhere—on account of their families, they say, whom they cannot expose to the rigours of Bush life. . . . An independent inquiry amongst a crowd of 'starving

unemployed' outside the Government Labour Bureau, had some curious results. One 'young fellow who had been railway cutting, finding, after a fortnight's trial, that he could not earn more than thirty shillings a week, left the job and came back to join' these mendicants. The reporter of this instance added that 'fifty others left at the same time and for the same reason.' . . . Another 'did not care where he worked, but he must have twelve shillings a day.' . . .

Ada Cambridge.

Thirty Years in Australia.

Methuen. By permission.

At one place I arrived hungry. The landlady made me tea and boiled me a couple of eggs—whilst the cook sat in the kitchen reading a novel. The law is so strict that at one hotel I stayed at in Melbourne, a barmaid had gone into the bar to talk to her friend before her own hours of work began, and both proprietress and barmaid were hauled before the court and fined, because, legally, the barmaid had no right to be on the premises before the stipulated hour.

**Hitches in
the working
of the eight-
hour system.**

John Foster Fraser.

Australia.

Cassell. By permission.

It is all too common to speak of the squatter as a rich man. The wealthy members of the class are few, but all are expected to respond to every appeal to their purses, and the tramp looked upon his bunk and rations merely as his perquisites. It was part of the irony of things that the squatters were among the first against whom the strikers were directed, and it was just when, in the early 'nineties, the landowners' powers of endurance were taxed to the utmost. Drought was reigning, the great financial crisis threatening, and a sickening dread first making itself felt concerning the strange increase of the rabbit. It would be difficult to imagine a class of men with less excuse for striking than the Australian shearers. Their life was a perfect byword for all that was happy and rollicking—lack of money and leisure were certainly not their grievances, and their action in organising a deadlock was the very wantonness of irresponsibility. Owing to the varying seasons, shearing goes on through the greater part of the year. The men travel in company to the different wool-sheds, not humping their swags after the manner of sundowners, but riding merrily, and turning out their nags on arrival in the squatter's horse-paddock. This is not a place to enter into a description of a shearers, or a description might be given of him—his pomatumed locks, tight

The Shearer.

patent-leather boots, gorgeous Birmingham jewellery, and accompanying odours of rank patchouli and coarse opopanax; above all, his embroidered shirt-front, inlet with pink satin, and the sullied artificial flower that decorates his breast when he dons gala raiment. There are plenty of occasions on which he may thus display himself, for the calendar is well marked with holidays in Australia, and the shearers may be seen at every public race-meeting, backing his favourite steed—his ideas are rather of wasting money than spending it. Life is one huge joke to him. He dances with his fellows between the 'pens' on the greasy wool-shed floor, and diverts himself at meal-times by throwing the remains of the 'grub' brought him by his Chinese cook, at that unoffending alien. As to his food, he is an epicure, and half the squatters' troubles at shearing time are occasioned by the rows between the men and their cooks. The shearers spend the showery days playing quoits, his evenings are devoted to euchre, over which he bets fiercely. To such men it was part of life's fooling to keep the squatter fuming and his yards crammed with sheep waiting to be shorn; it was a mere lark to burn down a wool-shed or two, and mercilessly belabour the non-union men who had helped the harassed sheep-owner to fill his wool-bales.

Florence Gay.

Land and Labour in Australia: The Outlook.

By the Editor's permission.

Shearers' Cooks.

THE chief thing a shearers' cook has to be good at is baking bread. The next thing he has to be good at is fighting. Every shearers' admits that it is an advantage to a cook if he can use his hands. 'You know there's always some in the mess that's ready to grumble, however well he cooks. And it just makes the difference if they know he's game to call them out and tan them.' They tell of one very brawny cook who determined to put things on a proper footing from the start. At the first dinner he marched into the hut with his sleeves rolled up and the knots on his arms well displayed, and planted the dinner decisively on the table.

'There's your tucker, gentlemen,' he said. 'You can have a piece of that or you can have a piece of the cook.'

He folded his arms and waited. It was the tucker they chose.

A good man will shear about ninety or one hundred sheep a day. The actual record is three hundred and twenty-seven sheep, shorn by a Queensland shearers' in nine hours.

C. E. W. Bean.

On the Wool Track.

Alston Rivers. By permission.

As you approach a shearing-shed you hear the buzz of the machinery. The sheep, with wool growing over their heads so that sometimes they are blinded, are in long pens. Men half-stripped, reeking with perspiration, have each a sheep with its head between their knees. They are running the clippers over the body with long sweeps of the arm. The beginner may cut the skin. But the experienced shearer runs the clipper over the back, round the belly, between the legs, along the throat, by the ears, and in little more than a minute the wool is lying on the ground like a torn coat, and the shorn sheep with the pink skin showing through the close-cropped wool, is pushed through a door into a yard to join his clipped mates. Boys grip the wool and carry it away. A panel is raised and another sheep is seized. So it goes on through the long hot hours of the Australian day.

Shearing.

John Foster Fraser.

Australia.

Cassell. By permission.

PERHAPS there are ewes and wethers in the same paddock which have to be separated. They are mustered, driven to the drafting yard and penned. From this big pen, down the middle of other pens, leads a long narrow passage—a race wide enough for one sheep only. Along this, one after another in batches, the sheep are bolted. At the end is a gate. At the gate is a man. . . . There are five or six sheep bolting down the race at the same time. By the time the first is at the gate, a sixth is being driven into the race. The man at the gate has to catch sight of the ear-mark of the sheep farthest back. He does not watch it after that. As No. 1 comes towards him he is watching No. 2, and then No. 3 and 4. By the time he spots No. 5, perhaps No. 1 has reached him. He has to remember what it was, and work the gate accordingly. So he reads at least three or four or five sheep ahead—as a musician reads music.

Drafting.

Not only so: there may be lambs also, or two different years' sheep in the mob. If so, he can draft three lots by working two gates; or four lots by working three gates. And occasionally, drafting three lots, at any rate he will be counting one lot all the time.

Therefore, drafting is an advanced art. Probably the boss learned it in his father's time and his sons in their turn—or his manager, or overseer, who are bosses too—do it for him.

C. E. W. Bean.

On the Wool Track.

Alston Rivers. By permission.

CLANCY OF THE OVERFLOW

I HAD written him a letter, which I had, for want of better
 Knowledge, sent to where I met him down the Lachlan, years ago.
 He was shearing when I knew him, so I sent the letter to him,
 Just 'on spec,' addressed as follows, 'Clancy of the Overflow.'

And an answer came directed, in a writing unexpected
 (And I think the same was written with a thumb-nail dipped in tar);
 'Twas his shearing mate who wrote it, and *verbatim* I will quote it:
 'Clancy's gone to Queensland droving, and we don't know where
 he are.'

In my wild erratic fancy, visions come to me of Clancy
 Gone a-droving 'down the Cooper,' where the Western drovers go,
 As the stock are slowly stringing, Clancy rides behind them
 singing

For the drover's life has pleasures that the townsfolk never
 know.

And the bush hath friends to meet him, and their kindly voices
 greet him,

In the murmur of the breezes and the river on its bars,
 And he sees the vision splendid of the sunlit plains extended,
 And at night the wondrous glory of the everlasting stars.

I am sitting in my dingy little office, where a stingy
 Ray of sunlight struggles feebly down between the houses tall,
 And the fœtid air and gritty, of the dusty, dirty city,
 Through the open window floating, spreads its foulness over all,

And in the place of lowing cattle, I can hear the fiendish rattle
 Of the tramways and the 'buses making hurry down the street,
 And the language uninviting of the gutter children fighting,
 Comes fitfully and faintly through the ceaseless tramp of feet.

And the hurrying people daunt me, and their pallid faces haunt me
 As they shoulder one another in their rush and nervous haste,
 With their eager eyes and greedy, and their stunted forms and
 weedy,

For townsfolk have no time to grow, they have no time to waste.

And I somehow rather fancy, that I'd like to change with Clancy,
 Like to take a turn at droving where the seasons come and go,
 While he faced the round eternal of the cash-book and the
 journal—

But I doubt he'd suit the office, Clancy of 'The Overflow.'

Andrew
 Barton Pater-
 son, born and
 educated in
 Australia.

Andrew Barton Paterson.

Angus and Roberts. By permission.

THE SICK STOCKMAN

HOLD hard, Ned! Lift me down once more, and lay me in the
 shade,

Old man, you've had your work cut out to guide
 Both horses, and to hold me in the saddle when I swayed,
 All through the hot, slow, sleepy, silent ride.

The dawn at 'Moorabinda' was a mist rack dull and dense,
 The sunrise was a sullen, sluggish lamp;
 I was dozing in the gateway at Arbuthnot's bound'ry fence,
 I was dreaming on the Limestone cattle camp.

We crossed the creek at Carricksford, and sharply through the
 haze,
 And suddenly the sun shot flaming forth;
 To southward lay 'Katawa,' with the sand peaks all ablaze,
 And the flushed fields of Glen Lomond lay to north.

Now westward winds the bridle path that leads to Lindisfarm,
 And yonder looms the double-headed Bluff;
 From the far side of the first hill, when the skies are clear and
 calm,
 You can see Sylvester's wool-shed fair enough.

Five miles we used to call it from our homestead to the place
 Where the big tree spans the roadway like an arch;
 'Twas here we ran the dingo down that gave us such a chase
 Eight years ago—or was it nine?—last March. . . .

. . . I've had my share of pastime, and I've done my share of toil,
 And life is short—the longest life a span;
 I care not now to tarry for the corn or for the oil,
 Or for wine that maketh glad the heart of man.

For good undone and gifts misspent, and resolutions vain,
 'Tis somewhat late to trouble. This I know—
 I should live the same life over, if I had to live again ;
 And the chances are I go where most men go.

The deep blue skies wax dusky, and the tall green trees grow dim,
 The sward beneath me seems to heave and fall,
 And sickly smoky shadows through the sleepy sunlight swim,
 And on the very sun's face weave their pall.

Let me slumber in the hollow where the wattle blossoms wave,
 With never stone or rail to fence my bed.
 Should the sturdy station children pull the bush-flowers on my
 grave,
 I may chance to hear them romping overhead.

I don't suppose I shall though, for I feel like sleeping sound,
 That sleep they say is doubtful. True ; but yet
 At least it makes no difference to the dead man underground
 What the living men remember or forget.

Enigmas that perplex us in the world's unequal strife,
 The future may ignore or may reveal ;
 Yet some, as weak as water, Ned, to make the best of life,
 Have been to face the worst as true as steel.

Adam Lindsay Gordon.

The Sick Stockman.

By permission of A. H. Massina and Co., Melbourne,
 Proprietors of the copyright of Gordon's poems.

BRAYSHER'S, the chief inn at Kooya, was a one-storied wooden building, placed at the junction of the two principal streets of the township. A wide verandah enclosed by dingy railings which had been originally painted green, and filled with squatters' chairs and small wooden tables, extended round the two visible sides of the hotel. A bar, much frequented by the roughs who came down from the bush 'for a spree,' faced one of the streets, and a coffee-room, which served as a rendezvous for the passengers by Cobb's coach to and from Leichardt's Town, and opened by glass doors on to the verandah, fronted the other thoroughfare.

Cobb's coach. It wanted now about an hour to the time at which the coach usually started, and the vehicle, ready to be horsed, was drawn up beside the sign-post. It was a clumsy affair, painted red and

yellow. A wooden framework supported an awning, of which the leather curtains might be pulled up or down at will; in front there was a high driver's box; two wooden benches faced each other behind, and at the extreme end was a third, only to be approached by a scramble over the backs of the others. The coach was generally drawn by five horses.

The time was half-past four in the afternoon of a sultry day in February. A storm brooded in the distance, and there was an ominous stillness in the atmosphere. The oleanders and loquat trees before the opposite houses looked brown and thirsty. The acacias in the inn garden drooped with sickly languor; and the spiky crowns of the golden pine-apples beneath them were thickly coated with dust. Flaming hibiscus flowers stared at the beholder in a hot, aggressive fashion. There was no green shadow anywhere to afford relief to eyes wearied with brightness and colour. Brassy clouds were gathering slowly in the west, and the sun, beating pitilessly upon the zinc roofs of the verandahs, was mercilessly refracted from the glaring limestone hills that formed the eastern border of the township.

Two long roads intersected each other at the inn corner. One stretched away into the bush, where it wound among gaunt gum trees, and lost itself in the dull herbage with which the country was overgrown; the other seemed to terminate abruptly upon the summit of a chalky ridge, where a clump of grass trees with their brown, spear-like tufts erect, looked like sentinels to the barren scene.

Wooden-porticoed shanties, alternating at intervals with brick public offices; newly-painted stores, which displayed all varieties of wares; and gaudy public houses, round which clustered brawny sunburnt navvies, lined, but did not shade, the street. . . .

'I suppose that Cobb's coach is on its last legs now,' said one of the squatters, relighting a short black pipe that had expired between his lips. 'I shouldn't wonder if we had steam carriages to Leichardt's Town before December year. Do you think that Longleat will carry his Railway Bill this session?'

'There'll be a stiff fight over the speech,' said a red-faced bushman, in a cabbage-tree hat, laying down the *Leichardt's Town Chronicle*, which he had been diligently perusing.

'Middleton has been blowing no end up north; and there are some snug berths to be given away. Folks must have an eye to their own pockets, and for all the blather that people talk about impartiality, there's no doubt that bribery tells in the long run.'

'I'll back Longleat,' said another. 'He is the devil for sticking to his purpose. He said he'd make the colony, and he is going

the right way to work. What Leichardt's Land wants is money, and money means Immigration and Public Works. Hullo, Tom Dungie, down from the Koorong, eh? Why, you've given the little piebald a sore back with your hard riding.'

Tom Dungie, the mailman, who had halted at the post office across the street, had just removed his saddle with its load of brown-leather post-bags, and was ruefully regarding a puffy spot above the loin, which threatened unpleasant consequences to a dearly-loved pony. Two other horses which he had been driving, one of which bore a pair of empty saddle-bags, were browsing by the wayside. Dungie was a tiny fat man with small, twinkling, grey eyes, a round face, and a whining voice.

'It's from all the lies I'm a-carryin',' he squeaked. 'The little piebald she's a righteous 'oss; and Lord! them parliamentary rigmaroles—there's seven of 'em in blue envelopes from Kooralbyn—do hact like a James' blister upon a sensitive back.'

A shout of laughter greeted Tom Dungie's explanation; but he maintained an imperturbable gravity during the explosion.

'Who's the hack for?' inquired one of the dwellers at Braysher's.

'It's that there lord at Dyraaba as has a new chum agoin' in for colonial experience,' squeaked Dungie, giving each of the supernumerary beasts a sharp smack on the wither. 'I say, Mr. Braysher, put the 'acks up, and don't let 'em be turned out for any of your swell customers. My word! It's awful dry to-day—Longleat's on the road behind.'

'Longleat!' shouted a group of men at the bar; and soon the cry spread through the township. Even the children playing at fives with the pebbles in the road caught it up, and their mothers rushed out to join in the excitement. Before many minutes a small crowd had assembled in front of Braysher's.

'Who is Longleat?' asked the Englishman.

'Longleat!' echoed a hirsute squatter, who expectorated freely, and frankly owned to American origin. 'Longleat!' he repeated, not looking at his questioner, but gazing over the heads of the crowd into the vista of houses and distant trees. 'Wal! it's my opeenion, sir, that it 'ud be worth your while to study up the politics of this 'ere rising colony, ef it's only to become acquainted with the career of Thomas Longleat of Kooralbyn—a remarkable man, sir. The champion of the working class, the Pillar of Progress; and the enemy of tyrannical and parsimonious democracy!'

The speaker drawled out with lagging eloquence his emphasised adjectives, hitched up his trousers, and slouched to the other end of the verandah, his eyes still fixed upon the distant object of his

attention, which was rapidly resolving itself into a flying speck advancing 'mid a cloud of freshly-raised dust.

'But who *is* Longleat?' inquired Barrington again.

'Member for Kooya, and Premier of Leichardt's Land,' replied a spry little stockman in moleskins.

'Thank you,' said Barrington.

'A remarkable specimen, sir, of the vicissitudes of Australia,' said the first speaker, returning to his former position against the verandah-rail. 'It's a known fact that Thomas Longleat began life in this colony as a bullock-driver. He ain't ashamed to own up to it. A bullock-driver on these very roads that he is spanking over now with the finest team in Leichardt's Land. A man as yoked his own beasts and spread his tarpaulin, and chewed his quid of tobacco when the day's work was over; and now, why if he floats his Railway Loan, Her Majesty will make him a Knight of St. Michael and St. George as sure as we're standing in Braysher's verandah. Here he comes.'

A buggy, drawn by four steaming chestnuts, rattled down the road, and was pulled up in front of the hotel. A stout, red-faced gentleman with a swelling chest and commanding presence, clad in white linen clothes, and wearing a broad-brimmed, puggareed hat, descended from the vehicle. . . .

The mob set up a cheer, which Longleat acknowledged by a good-humoured salutation, while his voice, sonorous but unrefined, sounded clearly above the uproar, as he addressed the innkeeper.

'Hi Braysher! Good-day to you. I am going to Leichardt's Town by the coach to-night, but Mr. Ferris will be stopping here for a day or so. Look after my horses, will you? Have you got four stalls empty?'

The innkeeper advanced and touched his hat, a mark of deference he had not shown to any of the previous arrivals.

'Well, sir, we're pretty full, but we'll manage. There's Dungie brought down two hacks for that there lord up your way, but they can go off to the paddock, and we'll make room somehow for your team.'

Mr. Longleat smiled, tickled and somewhat flattered by the evident fact that 'that there lord' was in Braysher's estimation of very small importance compared with himself. He shook hands with some of the men in the verandah, called for a tumbler of cold water, which he drank standing, and said in a patronising tone to his companion who had ordered a glass of brandy in the coffee-room.

'A bad thing, Ferris. Stick to Adam's ale in a hot climate. Temperance and success, that's been my motto, and I've got no

cause to complain of the way I've got on in life. . . . The mob round the hotel had thickened fast, and as the Premier stood in Braysher's verandah, surveying the crowded street, the rowdies set up a series of shouts.

'Hooray for Thomas Longleat! Go it, old chap, for the Railway; pitch into the obstructionist crew! Down with Middleton and his sneaking Northerners!' concluding with an unanimous cry, 'I say, Longleat, give us a bit of talk.' Open your jaw while you're waiting, and let 'em have it hot.'

The Premier shook his head, half deprecating, half acknowledging his popularity with the Kooya mob, now considerably augmented by a band of idle navvies in blue shirts and felt caps, to whom the cry of 'the Railway' was the herald of a new era of pay and plenty.

'We don't mean to let you clear out in this 'ere coach till you've told us what's agoin' to become of *us* when Parliament meets,' cried one of these insistent, perching himself upon a wheel of Cobb's.

'We aren't the sort of chaps to be put off any longer with these 'ere screws,' shrieked another rough, who had clambered to the box-seat. 'It's steam 'osses that suits our money. Hooray for Longleat's railway! Come, go it, old chap! Tell us that you hain't got no intention of caving in to them stingy Oppositionists.'

The Premier came forward to the edge of the verandah and took off his hat. As he stood in the glare of the declining sun, his head thrown back, his big chest expanded, with his broad, capable forehead, his keen eyes looking out steadily from under shaggy brows, his under lip slightly protruding, and giving to his coarsely-moulded face an expression of suave self-complacency, in spite of the drawbacks of evident low birth and vulgar assertiveness, there were in his bearing and features, indications of intellectual power and iron resolution, which would have impressed a higher-class mob than that now waiting eagerly for his words. His brawny hands, rough still with the traces of work and exposure, grasped the verandah rails, while he began to speak in an easy conversational style, unembellished by any flowers of oratory.

'Electors and friends,' said Mr. Longleat, 'you've asked me to make you a speech before I travel down to Leichardt's Town in Cobb's coach yonder; and I dare say you would all cheer me as loudly as your lungs would let you, if I just took that vehicle for my text in a tirade against the petty jealousy of northern politicians, who grudge to the populated south a means of locomotion, of which there ain't enough of squatters, let alone free-selectors, to make any use up there. But it's not my way to

abuse the bridge that has carried me over, and I won't cry down Cobb's coach that, scores of times when I've been driving all day from Kooralbyn, has saved my horses' legs and my own temper. You can't have railways at a moment's notice, my men ; and it's not so very long ago that we all thought it a fine and wonderful thing to have any sort of a public conveyance between Leichardt's Town and Kooya. It's a nice, roomy, well-built vehicle, and has done its work well ; and I mean no disrespect to Mr. Cobb when I say to you here, that I hope before two years are out, to travel from this town to the metropolis in one that'll be easier about the springs, and more commodious for the carriage of our wool and cotton to port, and our meat and vegetables to market. . . .

'There are folks up north and down south, too, that say the ministry will knock under, and that when Parliament meets, the Railway Question will be shuffled over, and the Opposition conciliated, because Thomas Longleat likes power and place, and means to stick to his place in the Treasury. Now I say that's a lie ! Thomas Longleat never knocked under in his life, and he's not going to be trodden on now. If he is thrashed, and the country goes agen' him, he'll take his licking and bide his time ; but if he knows that the country is with him, he'll fight for her while he has got a voice to speak with, and a leg to stand on. The Railway Loan will be the party question of this session, and upon it my Government stands or falls. You all know me here ; it's my way to carry through what I've set my mind on. It's my determination—some call it luck, and some call it obstinacy—that's got me on in life. I ain't ashamed to tell you that I began in Leichardt's Land bullock-driving along this very land I'm going over to-night. I was a rough sort of chap in those days, my friends, but I'd got the *will* in me strong even then. I said to myself, "I'll rise," and I have risen ! I've climbed inch by inch and step by step, till I'm nigh the topmost bough of the tree ; and I'm proud of what I've done. It's Leichardt's Land that has made me ; and when I see my benefactress low and sinking, it's not surprising that I want mine to be the hand to lift her up again.' . . .

Mrs. Campbell Praed.

Policy and Passion.

Macmillan. By permission.

IX

THE COMMONWEALTH AND
IMPERIALISM

An Imperial
Labour Party
and the Com-
monwealth.

THE Imperial instincts which ennoble the Labour Party may be traced to Australia's great statesman, Sir Henry Parkes, himself a labourer, and inspired by the dual ambition of improving his class and advancing the Empire . . . not one of Sir Henry Parkes' opponents ever questioned his ability or the magnificent prospective qualities of his mind. He is called, rightly, the Father of the Commonwealth: an ardent Cobdenite, he gave up the principles of Free Trade as his thoughts shaped themselves to the idea of a British Zollverein, which would be to the inestimable wellbeing of every member of the Empire.

Florence Gay.

Land and Labour in Australia: The Outlook.

By the Editor's permission.

THE real Leader of Confederation thought was originally the Hon. James Service of Victoria, yet Sir Henry Parkes is called, and will be called, the chief maker of Australian Union. . . .

To those who know the delegates, the Federation Convention, sitting in the dull chamber of the New South Wales Assembly, has elements of personal as well as political picturesqueness. The face of one of the most distinguished, if not the most distinguished, of Australians, looks down in peaceful silence on the beginning of a consummation which he, William Charles Wentworth, had dreamed and prophesied. And the man who is leading the movement is one who fought Wentworth tooth and nail in 1853-1854 on the proposed Constitution Act, and fought him successfully: so successfully that the veteran legislator was obliged to give up a cherished part of his scheme—a colonial nobility with hereditary privileges. It was plain Henry Parkes then, once keeper of a toyshop in Sydney, afterwards journalist,

and a poor one, pecuniarily, at that. Now it is Sir Henry Parkes, K.C.M.G., and Knight Commander of the Crown of Italy, the most venerable figure in all Australia save one. That one, more venerable, is Sir George Grey of New Zealand, of noble life and high service, of rare attainments and personal popularity . . . now at eighty years of age he is the nestor of the Federation Convention.

Sir Gilbert Parker.

Round the Compass in Australia.

Hutchinson. By permission.

LOOKING back upon my own efforts in the young public life of Australia, I feel conscious of having pursued these clear purposes, at times held with a relaxed grasp through the pressure of adverse circumstances, but never lost to sight. I have tried my utmost to win the first place in Australian progress for New South Wales; without abating one jot of my loyalty to the dear Mother-colony. I have tried, as occasion has served to promote the sentiment, and to strengthen the nascent ties of Australian union, and through good and evil report I have clung to the idea of the expanding greatness and integrity of the Empire. . . .

It is a pleasure to acknowledge the high type of men appointed governors.

Sir Henry Parkes.

Fifty Years in the Making of Australian History.

Longmans. By permission.

**The Govern-
ors of
Australia.**

On the last day of 1900 I sat at my writing window to watch the drop of the time-ball that regulates all the Government clocks—the clocks which the morning papers had warned us to set our time-pieces by at 1 P.M., so as not to be a second out, if we could help it, when the midnight hour should strike. I cannot describe the state of tension we were in, the sense of fateful happenings that possessed us that day. The new year and the new century were coming to all peoples, but we could not think of them save as satellites of our new Commonwealth, arranged for the purpose of fitly inaugurating the new nation. Australia believed herself on the threshold of the Golden Age. . . . It is indeed a good country even as it stands . . . and I am sure as I am of anything that, sooner or later—this year or next year, or after my time—the day of emancipation and enlightenment will come, to inevitably make it as great as it is good. . . .

A.D. 1901.

**The people of
New South
Wales,
Victoria,
South
Australia,
Queensland,
Tasmania,
and Western
Australia,
united in a
Federal Com-
monwealth.**

Some flaws
in the work-
ing.

For these four millions we have fourteen houses of parliament, with over fifty ministers, and little under a thousand members. They are housed magnificently—in this State at any rate—regardless of expense ; they have billiard rooms, and bowling and tennis grounds, and every club luxury, the ‘keep’ of the Victorian establishment alone (the parliamentary bill for the year) running to £141,549. Each pair of State Houses can pledge the credit of its section of the country as it likes (what our public debt amounts to everybody knows); the Federal Houses can pledge the credit of the whole.

Ada Cambridge.
Thirty Years in Australia.
Methuen. By permission.

WE sent a word across the seas that said,
‘The house is finished and the doors are wide,
Come, enter in.
A stately house it is, with tables spread,
Where men in liberty and love abide
With hearts akin.

‘Behold, how high our hands have lifted it !
The soil it stands upon is pure and sweet
As are our skies.
Our title-deeds in holy sweat are writ,
Not red-accusing blood—and ’neath our feet
No foeman lies.’

And England, Mother England, leans her face
Upon her hand, and feels her blood burn young
At what she sees :
The image here of that fair strength and grace
That made her feared and loved and sought and sung
Through centuries.

Roderic Quinn.
The House of the Commonwealth :
The Sydney Morning Herald.
By permission.

THEN is the great Dominion born
The seven sisters bound,
From Sydney’s greenly-wooded port
To lone King George’s Sound.

James Lister Cuthbertson.
Australia Federata.
George Robertson. By permission.

AUSTRALIANS are not to be beaten. They have courage and enterprise. Such qualities helped them to show their mettle in the Boer War, nerved them to crush down their ideal of Free Trade, and endowed them with the *verve* which resulted in the creation of the Commonwealth—an act which, in the words of Mr. Edward Dicey, must be looked upon as an initial step towards the ultimate formation of an Imperial Federation embracing all parts of the British Empire.

Edward Dicey
on Imperial
Federation.

Florence Gay.

Land and Labour in Australia: The Outlook.

By the Editor's permission.

ONE would not suspect an orator to be among them. Yes, there is one little man with a broad white forehead, a well-lit face, and dark hair curled about his neck and streaked with grey, who looks as if he could speak. And as it turns out he can. That is Mr. Maccrossan, Minister for Mines, and one would stake a great deal that he has many a nugget of fact, and much power in his well-shaped head.

An apprecia-
tion of J. M.
Maccrossan,
the man who
first sug-
gested the
use of the
Referendum.

Sir Gilbert Parker.

Round the Compass in Australia.

Hutchinson. By permission.

THE first decade of the twentieth century has been charged with great issues for the Commonwealth. The opening year saw the peoples of the Southern Continent finding strength and inspiration in the bond of unity, now we have the stirring spectacle of a youthful nation preparing to arm itself.

A.D. 1911.

Lord Kitchener's visit and its mission last year was looked upon by all parties as almost the greatest event in the history of the continent. The Australians adore Lord Kitchener. Apart from his military genius, he fulfils all the conditions of their beau-ideal—for, above all things, a man must be a man in Australia. Carpet knights are at a discount. The reserve of Lord Kitchener's manner, his seat on horseback, were among the things which commended him to the people of the Commonwealth; what delighted them most of all was his economy of speech. Writers on the Australians have in the strangest manner given them credit for loquacity. In all probability the literary Englishman, out there in search of material, falls prey to the biggest blatherskite; but the typical Australian—country-bred—is invariably a man of few words. I

was told not long ago, that in Australia, Lord Kitchener had two speeches in which he responded when toasted—a short and a long. The short was ‘I thank you’; the long, ‘I thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen.’ I liked that story and I liked the gleam in the eyes of the man (an Australian squatter) who told it me. From the simple anecdote—as from an artist’s few bold touches—the whole picture rose before me. I saw the great warrior making his progress through the sunlit lands, the welcoming throngs about his path, the dinners and deputations, the streaming flags, triumphal arches, and rivers of champagne. One eminent visitor to Australia said, ‘We might have floated in champagne, there was so much of it.’ It is a land flowing with milk and honey, waving with wheat, verdant with vineyards. Australians are the most hospitable people in the world, and at every presentation, official and non-official, visions of cream and champagne, turkey and trifle, float before the speakers. The whole continent must have been *en fête* to receive the national hero. And then, in the pauses of the music, the hush of tongues, that quiet ‘I thank you,’ and again ‘I thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen.’ It was enough—it was fitting from the calm, soldierly figure dominating every scene. To him, and to them also, all the cheering and toasting was as froth and moonshine. The one clear purpose swayed him, and held them in thrall. He had come to show them the way, and they were preparing to obey. The junketings and banquetings were mere accidents. He submitted courteously, that was all; they smothered him with roses because it is their wont so to do. And he set them some hard tasks to perform—not the least, the radical alteration of their entire railway system—but in this and in every other detail, measures are being taken to carry his advice into operation.

Reconstruction of the railway system.

It is impossible to overestimate the value of the example set by the colonies to the Mother-country in the noble work of empire-making, and the preparations for empire-keeping, or to consider too earnestly the plea for some reciprocal preference system. One speculates, anew, as to the reason why the Australians’ grasp of essentials should be firmer than our own. The measures which chiefly rouse our admiration are their adoption of compulsory military service, their foresight in instituting military and agricultural colleges, their action concerning Tariff Reform and the aliens question, and, above all, their skilful and ready use of the Referendum. The trend of their whole policy shows that these southerners are possessed of a mental symmetry, sometimes wholly wanting in the best thinkers of northern countries. The martial

Compulsory military service.

Tariff Reform.

The Referendum.

spirit now awake among them is no sign of a restless and turbulent instinct, but the outcome of a most genuine love of, and desire to maintain peace. James Anthony Froude, more than twenty years ago, wrote: 'I should say that the Australian colonies, in proportion to their population, have more eminent men than we have.'

**Froude's
tribute to the
Australians.**

. . . Froude's tribute to the southerners was evoked by the fine ideals of the Hon. W. B. Dalley, termed familiarly 'Our own Australian Dalley.' It may be remembered that the idea of sending a contingent to the Soudan in 1885 originated with Mr. Dalley; for the first time a British colony had sent forces to fight for Mother-country outside its own boundaries. Froude has devoted pages to the character and imperial aims of Mr. Dalley: and it is worth while to compare the views of the Australian statesman, twenty years ago, with those of Mr. Balfour to-day. The cabled summary of Mr. Balfour's speech to the over-seas guests was enthusiastically received in Australia. . . .

**W. B. Dalley,
Australian
and Roman
Catholic
Imperialist.**

Mr. Fisher . . . was also charged by his followers to affirm the brave words carried to the Mother-country by Admiral Sir Reginald Henderson declaring Australia's whole-hearted desire to take her share in the defence of the Empire; and on the day of his arrival in London, Mr. Fisher said that the Commonwealth favoured the Admiral's scheme of spending £80,000,000 on a navy. As an illustration of the difference between the Australian Labour Party and our own, take a fine statement made a short time ago by the Hon. James M'Gowan, State Premier for New South Wales, and the representative of that colony at the Coronation. 'The Labour Party in Australia believes in universal and compulsory military training, as being beneficial to the physical health of the people, and necessary to the security of the State.'

**Hon. Andrew
Fisher.**

**The Common-
wealth navy.**

**Military
Labour Party.**

The result of the late Referendum was a blow to the Labour Party and a practical object-lesson to the Mother-country, of the efficacy of this political instrument; but was not so much a proof of the want of confidence in federal legislature as a determined stand against any form of federal industrial autocracy. It is all the more to be deplored that the proposed constitutional changes should have been identified with such unpopular measures as an extension of power for the Labour Party, as there can be no doubt that a further development of the Federal Government—unification—is a crying need in the Commonwealth. Over-government and its exorbitant cost is the curse of Australia: the Premiers are numerous, the name of the members is legion; the frequency of picnic-parties of legislators roaming the continent at the expense of taxpayers is becoming a scandal. Between universal suffrage and

payment of members there is danger of Australia becoming a nation of legislators.

Florence Gay.

The Oncoming of Australia: The Outlook.

By the Editor's permission.

Compare this . . . It has been thought . . . that into a reformed House of Lords, or even into that house as it exists at present, colonial statesmen might be admitted as life-peers. Distinguished political services would thus receive an appropriate recognition, and the Upper House might gain an increased imperial consequence which now hardly attaches to it.

J. A. Froude. *Oceana*.

Longman's Library Edition. By permission.

Mr. Asquith's SCHEMES of Empire are not produced by spontaneous generation, and aspirations such as that which animated the American patriots during the five months they so heroically devoted to the framing of their Union would have remained but abstract aspirations still if their fervour had been no greater than that which Mr. Asquith displays for Imperial unity. That unity we shall never get unless, fully satisfied of its desirability—nay, its need—the statesmen of the Motherland sincerely devote themselves to promoting and securing it by every means in their power. The people of both the Home Country and the Dominions require to be educated as to its meaning, purpose, and advantages. . . . Let the Motherland show she really wants a closer alliance with her children and it will come. Let her statesmen feel and say with her poet—

‘Remote compatriots, whereso’er ye dwell,
By your prompt voices ringing clear and true
We know that with our England all is well;
Young is she yet, her world-task but begun!
By you we know her safe, and know by you
Her veins are million but her heart is one.’

If British statesmen will approach the problem of Imperial Unity in this belief and spirit, the necessary response by the Dominions will not, I believe, be wanting.

Sir John G. Findlay.

The Imperial Conference of 1911 from within.

Constable. By permission.

BOOK II
THE BLACK MAN

I

THE MYSTERY OF HIS ORIGIN

THE question of the origin of the Australian and Tasmanian aborigines has engaged the attention of many writers, who have attempted its solution by inferences drawn from language, from custom, from the physical character of these savages, and while direct evidence is not existent, from what some writers apparently assume to be the fact. . . .

To which of the great divisions of the human family may this Australian stock, on which the Tasmanian scion has been grafted, be assigned? Here is a difficult problem; but this much may with safety be asserted: it is not Ethiopian or Mongolian, and leaving out the American stocks, which can scarcely be seriously considered, there remains only the so-called Caucasian as the great division to which the primitive type of the Australian may be referred.

**Caucasian
origin of
Aborigines.**

In considering all the facts before me bearing upon the question of the origin of the Tasmanians and the Australians, I have been much impressed by the immense periods of time which seem to be essential to any solution of the problem.

The level of culture of the Tasmanians has been termed by Dr. E. B. Tylor 'Eolithic,' and that of the Australians probably stands in the 'Neolithic,' if not as regards some tribes on the border between that and the Palæolithic age. . . .

It has been, and still is, frequently assumed that there is an ethical relationship between the Australians and the Dravidian tribes of the Hindostan peninsula, and therefore this requires some special attention. To connect the Australians with the Dravidians in the manner commonly done seems to entirely overlook some essential elements of the problem. These require that the original parent stock of the former existed far back in prehistoric or even in Pleistocene times, when the physical geography of the Asiatic and Austral Continents and the racial character and distribution of the peoples inhabiting them must have differed very materially from those of the present time.

Therefore any ethical or linguistic connection between the Australians and the Dravidians must be considered to be merely

the relationship of two tribes co-descendants from a common and distant ancestral stock. . . . Of all the attempted solutions of this problem, that which has been offered by Sir W. H. Flower and Mr. R. Lydekker appears to me most nearly to fit in with the requirements of this case. They suggest that Australia was originally peopled by frizzly-haired Melanesians, such as the Tasmanians, but that there was a strong infusion of some other race, probably a low form of Caucasian Melanochroi. . . .

As to the Australians, I may say that the discussion of the problem as to the origin of these savages and of the Tasmanians has led me to conclusions which require, as the original stock of the former, such a race as would be supplied by the 'low form of Caucasian Melanochroi' suggested by Sir W. H. Flower and Mr. Lydekker. From such a stock the Dravidians may be also thought to have been in part derived.

Here and there in Asia are sporadic groups of people characterised by black hair and dark eyes, with a skin of almost all shades, from white to black, frequently with profuse beards and body hair, and being in many cases in a condition of low savages, such as the Veddahs of Ceylon, the Hairy Ainus of Japan, the Maoutze of China, and perhaps the Todas of India. This stock might have given the characters of the hair to the otherwise negroid primitive inhabitants of Australia, and also certain peculiarities of feature which are occasionally observed, and which are evidently and certainly not negroid in character. . . . I am therefore led to believe that the Australian ancestors as well as Tasmanians must be held to have reached this Continent by some land connection, or, at least, a land connection so nearly complete that the breaks in it might be crossed in vessels no better than the bark canoes of the present time. . . . What evidence is there of a former land connection between Australia and other lands, within the limit of time fixed by the probable existence of man? . . .

Dr. Wallace, in his classical work on *The Malay Archipelago*, directed attention to several matters bearing upon this question, which remain as significant as when he stated them in 1869.

A deep but narrow sea-channel being part of what is now known as 'Wallace's Line' separates areas of shallow seas bordered by great ocean depths, while the boundaries of the shallow seas indicate the former extension on the one side of the Austral, and on the other of the Asiatic Continent.

Wallace's
Line.

A. W. Howitt.
The Native Tribes of South-East Australia.
Macmillan. By permission.

THE Rev. William Ridley draws attention to the interesting fact that the blacks themselves always have an idea that their ancestors came from the north . . . again, there is a tradition among some tribes that their first parents landed on the North-West Corner from Java.

Albert F. Calvert.

The Aborigines of Western Australia.

Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent. By permission.

HUXLEY, who enjoyed early Australian experiences, expressed the emphatic opinion that the aborigines are not negroes, and are nearly related to the ancient Egyptians—assuredly no degraded race. He says that ‘although the Egyptian has been modified by civilisation, and probably by admixture, he still retains the dark skin, the black silky wavy hair, the long skull, the fleshy lips, the broadish alae of the nose, which we know distinguished his remote ancestors, and which cause both him and them to approach the Australian and the “Dasyu” more nearly than they do any other form of mankind.’ He continues: ‘The only people out of Australia who present the chief characteristics of the Australians in a well-marked form are the so-called hill tribes who inhabit the interior of the Dekhan, in Hindostan. An ordinary Coolie—such as may be seen among the crew of any recently returned East Indiaman—if he were stripped to the skin, would pass muster very well for an Australian, though he is ordinarily less coarse in skull and jaw.’ . . .

The old idea, that the Australian aborigines were the most degraded and barbarous of existing races, is one which must be abandoned when they are included as members of the Caucasian group, for they are then ranked in the highest of the primary divisions of mankind. They are among the most primitive of the existing Caucasians, and it is tempting to regard their primitive customs as having been handed down to them, but little changed, from the time of the early stone-using ancestors of the Caucasian family. Thus according to Barton,¹ ‘In the Australian aboriginal, we have an accurate picture and exemplar of prehistoric man, as he existed in the old world during that period when the reindeer roamed with the mammoth, the great elk, and the aurochs over the plains of Central Europe. We have a type of man older than those pyramid builders of Egypt, who possessed in common with him the secret of the boomerang and the throwing-stick; older than the Chinese with their still existing fossilised civilisation, or than the

¹ C. H. Barton, *Outlines of Australian Physiography*, 1895, p. 153.

long extinct Accadians of Mesopotamia, from whom China in all probability received it—a type of man contemporary in point of development, if not of time, with the cave-dwellers of France and Liguria, the oyster and mussel-eating savages of the Danish peninsula, and the still ruder and earlier race whose primitive spear-heads and chisels of flint are found in the river gravels of the Thames and the Somme.’

J. W. Gregory,

Professor of Geology in University of Glasgow.

The Dead Heart of Australia.

Murray. By permission.

It has been said elsewhere that the physical features of Western Australia resemble, in many respects, those of the Holy Land. Both suffer from periodical droughts, and largely depend upon wells for water. Then both have fertile and smiling pastures, side by side with barren sandy wastes. Both have a warm summer and a pleasant sea-breeze near the coast, and both have largely a limestone foundation. Still more curious to notice is the similarity in some points between the customs of the aborigines and those of the ancient Jews.

Natives at a
burial
lacerate their
faces till
blood streams
from them.

Some of the superstitious rites . . . remind us of the passage in 1 Kings, chap. xviii. verse 28: ‘And they cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them.’

Then again, Jeremiah xlvii. 37: ‘For every head shall be bald and every beard clipped, and upon all the hands shall be cuttings,’ etc. In many parts of Australia the natives cut off portions of their beards at funerals, in addition to the lacerations.

Again, in Deuteronomy xiv. 1, it is written: ‘Ye shall not cut yourselves, not make any baldness between your eyes for the dead.’ Evidently the prohibition referred to an ancient Jewish as well as an idolatrous custom. It is also very singular to remark that when the women among the aborigines do cut and disfigure their faces for the dead, it is always between the eyes, just as was explicitly forbidden by Moses.

Albert F. Calvert.

The Aborigines of Western Australia.

Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent. By permission.

AMONG the Kurnai, when a man died, his relations rolled him up in a ‘possum rug and enclosed it in a sheet of bark, cording it tightly; a hut was built over it, and in this the mourning relatives collected. The corpse was placed in the centre, and as many of

the relations as could find room lay with their heads on it. There they lay lamenting their loss, saying, for instance, 'Why did you leave us?' Now and then their grief would be intensified by some one, for instance, the wife, uttering an ear-piercing wail, 'Penning-i-torn' (my spouse is dead), or the mother would say, 'Lit-i-torn' (my child is dead); all the others would then join in with the proper term of relationship, and they would cut and gash themselves with sharp stones and tomahawks until their heads and bodies streamed with blood.

A. W. Howitt.

The Native Tribes of South-East Australia.

Macmillan. By permission.

ELSEWHERE the Prophet Isaiah reprehends the custom of remaining among the graves, which is, to this day, a prevalent custom among the natives of Western Australia. . . .

The native form of taking an oath also closely resembles that described in Genesis, where the servant puts his hand under the thigh of Abraham his master. . . .

I have already referred to the practice of circumcision, which is common in many parts, from St. Vincent's Gulf to the Gulf of Carpentaria.

I have likewise alluded to the interesting coincidences, but make no attempt to draw inferences therefrom. With but meagre data and inadequate knowledge, the subject is inapproachable. If, however, these primitive peoples should have received from the common Creator certain laws for the guidance of their lives, does it not furnish food for reflection? It is scarcely necessary that I should disclaim any intention of identifying my aboriginal friends with the lost Tribes!

Comment has been made on the Jewish appearance of some of the tribes.

Albert F. Calvert.

The Aborigines of Western Australia.

Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent. By permission.

IT is an interesting fact, that much as the civilised Australian blacks like fat, they can never be persuaded to eat pork. There is too much devil in it they say.

Carl Lumholtz.

Among Cannibals.

Murray. By permission.

LIEUTENANT GREY (now the octogenarian Sir George) discovered in 1841, in North-West Australian caves, coloured drawings of a very remarkable kind; and many more have since been met with,

presenting features of a most *piquant*, and distinctly 'problematic,' character. . . .

In a temple-like cave of sandstone, in an elevated and romantic situation, and approached by a rough staircase of scattered rock some 5 feet in height—a cave 35 feet wide at the entrance, 16 feet deep, and 8 feet high in front, roofed by a solid slab some 9 feet thick, rapidly inclined towards the back of the cave, where the height was some 5 feet, Grey found, painted imposingly inside the sloping roof, the first figure; . . . the rock about it blackened, and the figure itself a vivid red and white, so that it seemed to lean out from the rock. Its head was encircled by red rays, inside which came a brilliant red stripe, crossed by lines of white, and bordered by a deeper red. The face was vivid white, the eyes black, but surrounded by red and yellow lines; the body was outlined in red, marked with red stripes and bars. This awe-inspiring figure was seemingly being contemplated . . . by four other figures on the left-hand wall; vividly coloured upon white ground, the four heads wearing a turban-like head-dress (unlike any now worn by aborigines) of a bright blue colour, and one figure wearing a necklace. Two had a dress with red stripes and bars, and one a waistband. Each face had a distinct expression; all were somewhat attractive; none of the faces had mouths. The colours were apparently indelible.

The next most remarkable drawing in the cave was a large *ancile*, or elliptic shield; the outside line deep blue, the body yellow, dotted over with red lines or spots, crossed by two lines of blue. On it was a kangaroo, two spear-heads pointing in opposite directions, and two black balls.

A third sketch was of a man carrying a kangaroo.

There were some fifty other drawings of men, kangaroos, etc., in this cave, but altogether inferior in merit, and surmised to be subsequent additions; but at the back of the cave was a hand and arm painted black on white, of most striking appearance; while on the ceiling at the end, at the height where a sitter's head would have touched it, was a greasy mark, as though a human head of hair had habitually rubbed against it.

Here assuredly are 'problems.' What did the principal figures portrayed in this cave represent?

The sun-like glory round the head surely . . . suggests the supernatural, or Divinity. The markings on the body resemble nothing so much as Polynesian cloth, never worn by the Australian aborigines of our time; to whom, again, blue and yellow pigments seem almost, if not quite, unknown. What, then, may be inferred

from the absence of a mouth in all the figures? It is said to be sometimes omitted in modern aboriginal face-pictures; but may not that be a traditional convention? The mouth is the most conspicuous feature in the aboriginal; it is large, thick-lipped, and sensual—a mere gobbling machine. Have we here the suggestion of an attribute of divinity—of a being conspicuously possessed of the more spiritual faculties of sight and smell, but superior to the need of food and drink?

Another solution of the problem has been suggested. Justin Martyr, *Apologia*, i. § 55, says: 'The human form differs from the brutal in its uprightness and extended hands, and in the nose-protuberance from between the eyes, through which the creature breathes': and he adds, 'it exhibits nothing else than the shape of a cross.' If he means that the head, trunk, and arms of man reveal the figure of the Roman instrument of torture, one is reminded of the wiseacre who traced Providential goodness in the arrangement that rivers flowed near great towns. If the philosophic Justin cannot be suspected of falling into this trap—and I think better of him, though Tertullian (*Ad. Nat.*, i. 12) seems to quote him in that sense—one may conclude that he indicated the cross made by the intersection of the nose and eyes of man; and *this would be emphasised by disregarding the mouth*. May it be supposed, then, that we have in these mouthless faces a *Christian* symbol? But, if so, why is the Latin or Greek Cross itself—and even the Tau—nowhere discoverable in the caves?

A third solution is that we have here the half-veiled face of Oriental women. It is hard either to controvert, or to accept, this idea.

Blue—the colour of the sky and ocean—may well be a hue in the nimbus round a celestial head. Yellow, again, is the colour of the golden sunlight; while red, blue, and yellow, with white as their combination, are the emblematic colours of religion all the world over, their symbolism being abundantly employed in Holy Scripture.

Are not these likely to have been sacred figures? May we trace here a representation of *Baiamé*—the Creator, in Australian theology—presented by this effort of sacred art to worshippers frequenting the temple-cave, attended by *wundas*, or ministering spirits? May the cloth robe suggest that these drawings—occurring in a part of the continent where it is thought its first colonists entered Australia from Asia—were executed at a very early time, before the manufacture and use of fibre-cloth (retained by their fellow-emigrants who went eastward to the islands) were forgotten

by the degenerate Australians? And may the grease-mark on the ceiling show that in the *adytum* of this cave-temple a *chorargie-chirurgien*—medicine man, or priest—was wont officially to sit and face the worshippers?

The whole case is a 'problem,' and conjecture one's sole resource. It would be interesting to know for certain what the aborigines of to-day say and think of these caves; but testimony on the point is conflicting. Some of them are said to repudiate all knowledge of the origin of the drawings; they were done 'murry murry (that is, very very) many moons (ages) ago'; and they superstitiously shun the caves as fetish-places—'too much dibble dibble.' Others of them are said to camp in the caves without hesitation, and to claim the drawings as done by their fathers. But it is plain that the religious associations and reverence connected with them and with their symbolism have decayed. It seems to characterise the religious observances of the blacks, that they are a decayed mechanical survival of forms that must once have had meaning and reality.

As for the *ancile*, or elliptic shield, one can make nothing of it. Grey fancied it was some charm connected with the finding of game; but such an explanation sorely needs explaining.

Another cave introduced a fresh problem. . . . Fronting it, high up on the vertical face of a cliff, and unreachable without mechanical aid, had been carved out of the solid stone a human head in profile. It was 2 feet long and 16 inches across, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. It is absolutely different from the heads of modern aborigines. The worn edges of the cameo, where it joined the rock-surface, seemed to mark a long interval since it was carved: the difficulty of carving it where it stood must have been immense—unless, indeed, the rock-face had been near the ground at the time, and the ground had worn away since—which, again, would probably imply antiquity.

What a problem this Caucasian face presents! Is it that of some stranger from Europe long ago—perhaps before the Portuguese or Spanish visitors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? In all probability, European ships traversed the Pacific before the days of Balboa; for Greek columns are found in an island of the South Sea; and the prevalence of small-pox among the Australians when we first settled there is said—with what truth I must leave pathologists to decide—to postulate previous residence of Europeans amongst them. There is nothing, however, to identify the head before us with any particular time or country. It presents a problem gruesomely suggestive. The

severed head has been carved on the rock, probably from a sense of its beauty : the body was in the hands of cannibals, and may have been 'carved' after a more tragic fashion !

In another cave, elevated several feet above the surrounding ground, was a painting . . . 10 feet 6 inches in height, of a man clothed to the wrists and ankles with a red garment, in a way unknown among modern aboriginals. The head was encircled with what seemed like bandages—red, yellow and white—and the eyes were the only features represented. On the highest tier of bandages was an inscription, in red lines : on each side of the cave were figures of turtles and gigantic snakes. On the right of the figure were depicted sixty-two small o's or rings.

What meaneth this ? One anxiously studies the inscription, but experts can make nothing of it. The characters perhaps resemble Thibetan more than any other. Is it a clumsy tracing of some Thibetan title ? Have we here a standing Buddh—or a Buddhist bonze—an evidence that Buddhistic teaching was brought over from Asia long ago ? Nothing else has been found, so far, to confirm the speculation. Do the sixty-two little o's represent the limited company of adherents or converts obtained ? One finds them employed as tattoo marks on the shoulders of the blacks. Acquaintance, somewhere, with races of men wearing turbans seems implied, in the portrayal by the aborigines of such a figure ; but whether as a reminiscence of days before they colonised Australia, or through visitors from the Asiatic continent or islands, who shall say ?

Crowds of drawings are found in the cliffs and in the caves of the Kimberley district, West Australia, many of them artistically filled in and shaded, the mouths in the faces alone being badly done. May that feature have been added by a later hand ? A figure resembling a monkey is noticeable, as a link of connection of some kind with Asia ;—the animal is unknown in Australia.

On, or near, the Alligator River are forty caves in a radius of a hundred miles containing immense numbers of drawings and hieroglyphics, pictures of canoes and of human skeletons (perhaps the skeleton is the aboriginal symbol for man in his higher condition after death, for in their solemn dances they trace the skeleton on their persons) ; many of the human figures have all the features ; some have European features and clothing. One man has his arms crossed over his breast. On the Darwin River excellent drawings are found on the trees : on the overland track between Queensland and Port Darwin is drawn a full-length black

pursuing two little white men, whose hair stands on end with fear ; a third lies speared on the ground : these drawings may well be modern. In the M'Donnell ranges, however, are numerous paintings in yellow, red, and black, which the old men of the place emphatically declare had meanings once, long lost to later generations.

Similar drawings in vast numbers are found in the north-east and centre of Australia. In one case was found a shield with the Roman V and I painted on it ; in another a picture of a man with a broad tail ; in another a colossal frog, jumping.

At Buckland's tableland, Central Queensland, on the banks of the Nardoo Creek, is a high cliff, on the face of which, under a projecting ledge of rock, and 21 feet at bottom from the highest foothold, is a magnificent representation some 70 feet across, covering 500 square feet, in red, blue, white, and yellow, of a lake of sulphurous fire, out of which are stretched hundreds of dusky arms, life-size, in every conceivable position, the muscles knotted, and the hands grasping convulsively, or pointing heavenwards.

They are faithful in an anatomical point of view : every joint is seen, and looks alive : the hands are like those of the blacks, and some of the fingers are bent back, as the blacks can bend them. The natives of to-day have a horror of this place, and say neither their fathers nor they know anything of the origin of the picture. Does it represent a volcanic eruption, such as long ago may have occurred in Australia ; or was it suggested by teachings about Hell ?

An immense number of representations of the human hand are found ; many are red in colour—the red hand, I believe, being found all over India and other countries, as well as in the scutcheon of our baronets ! Frequently they seem impressions of hands dipped in pigment ; but in many cases the hand is done in splash-work, pigment having been squirted over it, leaving a blank pattern behind. This would account for the hand being mostly the left, and pointing upwards, very seldom downwards—as that would be the most natural and convenient method in doing the work. The hands are found on almost inaccessible cliffs.

One group inside a small cave appears to record a combat, or hand-hunting expedition. It would seem to read 'there were four boomerangs (fighters) ; we cut off six pairs of hands.' Another picture shows four red hearts—wonderfully well outlined—pierced by black spears. . . .

I direct attention to the extraordinary decapitated figures, with

a man in the attitude of adoration behind them. Have we human sacrifice here? Also to the aquiline character of the nose—quite different from the existing type; to the very peculiar tasselled head-dress and girdles—quite unknown among present-day natives; and to the tapering limbs of the figures, which end in points. The transverse form looks like a deity—the sun, perhaps—and resembles a Polynesian idol.

The next shows two figures painted over a huge shark or marine creature. The figures are unlike current types, in face and head-dress, the latter being most peculiar—like an elongated bladder, curved and ending in a trefoil. The lower figure wears a Phrygian cap, to which this strange head-dress is attached. The limbs taper in an extraordinary way. The tassels reappear, in abundance, on the larger figure.

A very remarkable cave-drawing has been figured by Westall, and can be seen at the Colonial Institute library. It represents a procession of thirty-two men and women with a kangaroo at their head. Most of the figures are draped to the ankles; and two, much larger than the rest, brandish a hilted sword and a long staff, respectively. It was found at Memory Cove, South Australia. . . .

Over and across the figures of a snake and an old-man kangaroo have been drawn five quite abnormal human figures, with the strange tapering extremities (sometimes ending in lumps), the tassels, and the bladder-like head-dress; except in one case, where a countenance somewhat like that of an ancient Assyrian is surmounted by a turreted hat, reminding one of the tablets of Chaldea and Assyria. A learned friend writes: 'The figures are not Assyrian or Egyptian, nor do they seem to be Indian. They are so unique I have never seen anything like them before.'

Over this drawing and on the left of it are strange hieroglyphic marks, hitherto undeciphered, or at least uninterpreted.

Upon, and encased by, a huge bladder-like form reminding one of a cuttle-fish, but with glory round its head, stands an armless and featureless human figure, in shape apparently female, with tassels and head-dress. Protuberances from the bladder-like case bear a mask and a snake's head on two extremities, with tassels here and there. The whole has a hideous and 'nightmare' appearance. It is what an Eton boy might listlessly draw on his blotting paper at an examination, when he could not do the questions. Was this figure done by children, or in some grotesque, wild mood, as a fantastic unmeaning thing?

On a hard, smooth-faced cliff, 45 feet high, and about 15 feet above the bank of a creek 15 or 20 feet deep—so that access

to the bottom of the carving is impossible without a ladder—are cut five vertical grooves, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter and $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches deep. On the right are two disjointed grooves. Underneath the five grooves are five round cavities; between them are cut arrows (the arrow, be it remembered, being unused by the aborigines), notches, and ten well-executed representations of the *Jewish seven-branched candlestick*! Of the problem here presented I offer no solution; but I saw lately what certainly awoke my special curiosity in connection with it—viz., that in the hitherto unexplored interior of Vancouver Island, Mr. F. W. Laing, F.R.G.S., had found cut on the face of a giant rock, in the great Central Lake, some strange markings: ‘five parallel lines resembling a musical staff,’ and beside them, ‘a seven-branched candlestick!’ The Smithsonian Institute is investigating this discovery; and one awaits with interest the conclusions that may be reached about it.

I submit a representation of a diaper pattern of singular beauty—red on a white ground—covering the interior of a cave at Ooraminna, on the overland telegraph track from Port Darwin to Adelaide. The diaper covers a wall-face 12 feet high by 16 wide, and access can only be obtained to the cave by passing behind a curtain of falling water. At the bottom appear two medallions, of singular and symmetrical form.

Last September I was in Ireland, a fellow-guest with the late Archbishop of Canterbury, in whose company I visited the ‘seven churches’ at Glendalough. It certainly constitutes a ‘problem’ that we should have found, covering the entire face of an Irish Bishop’s tomb supposed to be of the sixth century, the precise pattern decorating a cave in mid-Australia! I drew the Archbishop’s attention to the correspondence, which he admitted to be unmistakable, and in a high degree remarkable and interesting. . . .

But now, what can be said by way of inference from the facts before us? It would be unscientific, indeed, to dogmatise on the subject. On the question of the late or early date of the paintings and carvings, opinion is not a little divided.

One thing emerges, I think: it is a conclusion also drawn by Mr. Fraser in his paper read before this Institute on the observances of the ‘Bora,’ or ceremonial induction of a youth into the privileges of manhood among the Australians, as compared with similar observances among certain African tribes—namely, that the former are only a branch of the one great human family, and not an isolated and independent genus or species of ‘humans.’ As I

have said before, there is nothing in the essential qualities or faculties of the Australians differentiating them from other races of men, or in itself opposed to a belief in the descent of all from a single stock or pair. There is much to point to the conclusion that, though long resident in the Island Continent, its aborigines came over from Asia—probably from India *via* Java and Timor and New Guinea—being a part of the eastern branch of the great Cushite race, of which a western section passed into Africa from its cradle north of the Persian Gulf. It also seems probable that the race has degenerated from more cultured days to its present inferior condition. All these conclusions are in harmony with the indications of Scripture. We will briefly examine them—omitting the first (the identity of the Australian in ultimate origin with other peoples), on which enough has been already said.

The affinity of the Australian to the Dravidian peoples in Central India and the Deccan—originally Cushite—is inferred from a certain correspondence in features, language, and weapons. The boomerang, for instance, is known to the Dravidian tribes of India, as it was to the ancient Egyptians (and, perhaps, also as the 'Cateia' of the Latin poets, to the Teutons). In language, a connection is unmistakeable. The pronouns I, thou, he, we, you are the same in Australian as in the Dravidian tongues of the Madras Presidency. (One is familiar with the scorn with which Max Müller treats seeming coincidences in words of the same meaning in languages of different families: but it is singular almost to laughableness that the Australian *cooe* for 'here' should be so like the Italian *qui* and the Persian *koo*; *gin* for 'woman' so like the Greek *γυνή*; *nāo* for 'ship' or 'boat' so like *ναῦς*—the Australian has no *s*; *kalia* for a 'beautiful' woman so like *καλή*; 'writing' or 'mark,' *kalama*; *giber gunyah*, a 'rock shelter' or 'covering,' almost pure Arabic for the same; and may I add the *corroboree* of wild religious dancers, so like 'Corybantes'? Such curious examples might be multiplied.)

But the separation from the parent stem must have taken place early, or the Australians must have strangely lost what their kindred of the same stock possess. The *s*, *f*, *x*, and *z*, for instance, are unknown to them: so are numerals above 3, or at any rate 4: so are the bow and arrow, pottery, tillage, the custom of buying and selling, or even barter, and navigation of the seas. Moreover, the resemblances they present to their kindred in other parts seem to be not specific resemblances to any particular tribes,—only general, in characteristics shared at an early stage of their common history; which points to identity of original race, but in the distant past.

The antiquity of their arrival in the land may be inferred from various circumstantial evidences, in default of all records and traditions: such as the complicated diversity of their tribal vocabularies; and the length of time required for the whole continent to have been overrun by them, and partitioned into *dowdai's*, or *taorai's*, *i.e.* tribal districts. Strangely enough, they call Australia 'the Little Country,' *Kei Dowdai*, and New Guinea *Murry Dowdai*, or 'the Great Country,' a term suggestive of a time when they reached the former from the mountainous islands north of it, and saw the prevailing flatness, before they learned the scale, of Australia.

The absence of the slave institution amongst them favours their antiquity; and it has been inferred also from the vast scale of quarries from which they have hewn from generation to generation certain small stones they use for pounding *nardoo*; from the size of trees growing above their so-called 'ovens'—full of bones, stone-axes, and relics of human food; and from the enormous heaps of broken shells in their favourite places for consuming, at particular times, certain kinds of shell-fish—underlying, in some cases, the silt of river-beds.

The fact of the immigration itself seems to point to a time when either navigation of the open sea was not unknown to them, or very different geological conditions made crossing Torres Strait (perhaps on rafts) much easier than to-day.

The great antiquity of any of the drawings has, no doubt, been challenged, and it is hard to establish it with any confidence; but the above considerations seem to render it probable, in the case of some of them. It is true that in some places—perhaps owing to the character of the local rock-surface—they are perishing rather rapidly, which may imply that they cannot have existed long; but generally the case seems otherwise, and marks *known* to be many years old seem as fresh now as if made yesterday. The yellow and blue in some of the best drawings appear to favour the idea of antiquity, pigments of those colours being little, if at all, known to the modern black.

The degeneration of the artistic and other capacities of the race—as notably among the races of India—seems indicated by the inferior art of the more modern drawings, and the absence of a lofty or religious *motif* in them. The originator of the throwing-stick—peculiar, I think, to Australia—must have been highly ingenious. Some wise and sagacious mind in the past must have instituted those most peculiar caste customs among the Australians which have the effect of shifting aristocracy by degrees from one

family to another, and preventing the growth of a hereditary dominant class: as well as the salutary interdiction of marriage between persons doubly related to each other. And it seems significant of some religious traditions coming down from a by-gone time of higher religious civilisation, that observances prevail bearing a strong resemblance to those alluded to or prescribed in Genesis xxiv. 9, Deuteronomy xxiii. 12, 13, and Leviticus xii., xv.

The singular custom of circumcision exists in several tribes. Surely it must have been inherited from some other time and country!

The Right Rev. S. Thornton, D.D., Bishop of Ballarat.

Problems of Aboriginal Art in Australia.

By permission.

II

GIRLHOOD AND BOYHOOD

BETT-BETT must have been a princess, for she was a king's niece, and if that does not make a princess of any one, it ought to do so!

She didn't sit—like fairy-book princesses—waving golden sceptres over devoted subjects, for she was just a little bush nigger girl or 'lubra' about eight years old. She had, however, a very wonderful palace—the great, lonely Australian bush.

She had also one devoted subject—a little speckled dog called Sue: one big trouble—'looking out tucker': and one big fear—Debbil-Debbils!

Among the things I had given Bett-Bett was a warm 'bluey' or rug, and wrapt in this she and Sue slept on the bathroom floor every night. She preferred the floor to a bed, and was very funny about my spring mattress—'Him too muchee jump up, jump up,' she said scornfully.

At bedtime, dressed in her gay singlet, she made her bed. First she spread her 'bluey' out on the floor, and jumped and pranced wildly about till she had managed to fold it in four. Then she lifted a corner carefully, and she and Sue crept in like a pair of young opossums. While they were settling themselves the rug bulged and wobbled and wriggled so much that it looked as though it were playing at earthquakes. At last, when all was quiet, two pairs of very bright eyes peeped out at the top of the 'bluey' looking for the supper biscuit that I always had ready. As soon as I offered it, out came a thin black arm, and then Bett-Bett, Sue and biscuit disappeared for the night.

It was no use trying to keep these two apart. They simply could not understand why they should not sleep together, so I told Bett-Bett that Sue must have plenty of baths, and if ever I found one single tick on her, the little dog would have to be given a whipping.

The thought of such a fearful punishment for them both made Bett-Bett shiver with fear. She called Sue and told her all about it, and made her understand that she would have to lie still, and

be hunted in, so that every horrid little insect could be found and killed. So every day, and many times a day, they had a tick-hunt, and Bett-Bett managed to make a great game of it.

She talked to herself all the time, and pretended that the ticks were wicked people, and that she was a terrible 'Debbil-Debbil' who caught them and killed them 'dead fellow.' How she did grin as she scrunched them between two stones.

Mrs. Aeneas Gunn.

Bett-Bett: A Little Black Princess.

Hodder and Stoughton. By permission.

THE childhood of the little black, who has escaped his parents' occasional infanticidal proclivities, is probably the 'jolliest'—to use a word well understood by English schoolboys—which can be well imagined. Do what he will, the young hopeful of the wilds is never chastised.

Albert F. Calvert.

The Aborigines of Western Australia.

Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent. By permission.

MR. NASEBY further remarks: 'One of my black servants had been with me about six years, and was now getting to be near thirteen years of age, a time when a black boy thinks of getting married. I knew the feeling to be so strong in the aboriginal nature that if not indulged the boy would run away. I therefore said "Wait, Georgie, until we get to the Gwydir (we were then at Maitland) and you shall have a gin." Accordingly, when we reached Yaggabri, George went by my directions to the camp and chose a wife according to the Kamilaroi practice, and brought her with him on the return trip of the dray to Maitland. Scarcely, however, had I and my party left on the return journey to Maitland, than a band of blacks was seen following the drays, and with loud voices and hostile demeanour, demanding that Georgie should give back his wife. This I was very unwilling to permit, because I knew that thereby I should lose a very valuable servant. The blacks still continued to follow: and after a few days I held a parley with them, and learned that Georgie was not entitled by their laws to have a wife because he had not attended enough *Boras* and therefore was liable to be put to death, and they would do so as soon as the white man was not there to protect him. By my influence and kindness I succeeded in pacifying them. They returned home and Georgie was safe.'

Initiation
Ceremonies.

A. W. Howitt.

Native Tribes of South-East Australia.

Macmillan. By permission.

The bull-roarer, a small spindle-shaped instrument swung in the air by a cord till it hums with deep booming sound.

AN important function is played all over Australia and far beyond its limits by the little instrument known as the bull-roarer, which serves to warn the women and children that the sacred mysteries are being performed, for in most tribes it is death for a woman to see the initiation ceremonies or even the bull-roarer itself, which is sometimes called the grandfather, sometimes the voice of Duramulan or other god. . . .

The ceremonies consist in serious dances and performances with comic interludes : their object is to impress the boy and show him that he has reached a turning-point in his career. According to Howitt the serious portion is a dramatic representation of the cardinal sins, which are ironically recommended to the boys for initiation : there are also symbolic acts such as a movement of the hands on the part of the men and medicine-men to signify that magic power is passing from them to the boys.

N. W. Thomas.

The Natives of Australia.

Constable. By permission.

The Bora ceremony ; other terms are Burbung, Dora, Jeraell, Keebara.

A SPACE of ground of nearly a mile in circumferencé is prepared by stripping the bark from the trees, and marking them, as well as clearing away the bushes. Within this the women and children are not permitted to enter, and therefore the camps are situated at a distance from it. When a contingent arrives near the *Bora* ground, it being arranged that it shall be about sun-down, the messenger goes on ahead so as to arrive about half an hour before the party. He sounds the bull-roarer, on hearing which the men at the *Bora* camp raise a great shout, and the women drum on the skin rugs and sing.

. . . There is the remarkable feature that at the end of almost every sentence—indeed, of every immoral, indecent, or lewd suggestion—the speaker adds ‘Yah,’ which negatives all that has been said, or done. . . . The old men told me that the meaning of this inverted manner of speaking, of saying one thing when the speaker intended another, was to break the boys of a habit of telling lies.

Hitherto the youth has been *Wonai*, that is, only allowed to eat certain animals, and only the females of these : but he is now allowed to eat the males of some one animal, say opossum, but not the males of any other. The males of these others, which he may find and kill, he must bring home to the camp and lay at the huts of those who from sickness or infirmity cannot hunt, or who have large families. He is also told that he may eat the ‘sugar-bag’—that is, the honey from one particular kind of tree.

The penalty for disregarding these food-rules is death.

At his first *Bora* he is shown the bull-roarer, and is cautioned on pain of death not to divulge this instrument to women or children.

. . . At the *Boras* following the first the youth is advanced step by step until he can eat of all animals and all 'sugar-bags': and after his last *Bora* he can take a wife. All the lads go through the same grades and the same experience.

No woman or child is allowed to come near the *Bora* ground. No tooth was knocked out by the Northern Kamilaroi, but was by the blacks of Maitland and Newcastle. . . . All who have had a tooth knocked out are *Gumbangira*—that is, Raw-tooth. . . . At the place where the tooth is knocked out the boy is placed with his feet in two holes. One of his guardians stands behind him and holds him fast by the arms, which are placed down his sides, while the other stands at his right side and holds his head back, so that his eyes look upwards and he cannot see what goes on. In front and all round are the medicine-men dancing quite naked. Some old medicine-man pushes the gums back from the upper incisors of the central pair, and placing his lower incisors against it, he jerks it violently upward. If it will not come out without being punched out, it is said that the boy has been too much with the women and played too much with the little girls. . . .

The ceremonies being concluded, the boys were taken into the bush about four or five hundred yards away by one of the men of the other tribe, and dressed in tribal fashion. Dogs' tails and snakes' skins were tied round the head, ropes of opossum fur crossed over the shoulders like a soldier's cross-belt, long tails of opossum fur hung down from the head to the waist, and strips of kangaroo skin round the arms completed, with a white fillet of braided bark and fibre round the head, the costume of a man. Faces and bodies were painted black except the nose, which was coloured bright red with grease and ochre. The hair was well greased and decked with parrot feathers. . . .

Although the youths, on returning from the *Dora*, are accounted as men, they are not permitted to take wives until their beards have grown. Should a youth attempt to take his promised wife before that time he would be told, 'Go away! What do you want with a wife, you beardless boy?'

A frequent feature of initiation ceremonies is the knocking out of a tooth.

Boys show utmost fortitude under ordeal.

There are other ceremonies of an exquisitely painful nature.

A. W. Howitt.

Native Tribes of South-East Australia.

Macmillan. By permission.

III

MARRIAGE AND TOTEMISM

ONE of the most interesting of their laws is that of marriage, which is founded on the fact that they are divided into certain great families, all the members of which bear the family name as a second one in addition to their own. According to Sir George Grey the principal families are the following: Ballaroke, Idondarup, Ngatak, Nagarnook, Nogonyak, Mongalung, and Narrangur.

Then in different districts the members of these families give a local name to the one to which they belong, which is understood in that district to indicate some particular branch of the principal family.

The common local names are:—Didaroke, Gwerin-joke, Maleoke, Waddaroke, Djekoke, Kotejumino, Namyungo, and Rgungaree.

Strangely enough, these family names are common all over the continent. They are perpetuated and spread throughout the country by two remarkable laws:

1. That children of either sex always take their mother's family name.

2. That a man may not marry a woman of his own family name.

These singular laws exist among North American Indians, and a well-known writer reminds me that a similar law of consanguinity was probably inferred in Abraham's reply to Abimelech (Genesis chap. xx. verse 12): 'And yet indeed she is my sister: she is the daughter of my father, but not the daughter of my mother, and she became my wife.'

Totem.

Each Australian native family has its Kobang, or crest. Some animal or vegetable is taken as the sign, and in recognition of this the owner of the Kobang will never kill the animal to which it refers should he find it asleep: while his family vegetable can only be gathered under certain conditions, and at special seasons of the year.

Albert F. Calvert.

The Aborigines of Western Australia.

Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent. By permission.

IN the Alcheringa times long ago their ancestors lived, who were at once animals and men and gave rise to the present totems. One account of Totem dispersal.

N. W. Thomas.

The Natives of Australia.

Constable. By permission.

A BELIEF is common to all the tribes referred to, in the former existence of beings more or less human in appearance and attributes, while differing from the native race in other characteristics. . . . These legends relate to the *Mura-Muras*, who were the predecessors and prototypes of the blacks, who believe in their former and even their present existence. Their wanderings over Central Australia, the origin of the present native race and of the sacred ceremonies, are embodied in the legends and preserved by oral tradition. Mura-Muras.

A. W. Howitt.

Native Tribes of South-East Australia.

Macmillan. By permission.

EACH totemic group takes its name from an animal or plant, or from some other natural object important to the tribe, such as the wind or red ochre. Each member of the totemic group is given the name of the totem, with which he is held to be intimately connected. Thus in some tribes it is the duty of the members to keep up a sufficient supply of emus, to furnish feathers, eggs, and emu-meat to the members of other totems.

J. W. Gregory.

The Dead Heart of Australia.

Murray. By permission.

THE contest of birds with men or animals or other birds is a feature of many Australian myths. On the Murray, Eagle-hawk and Crow created all things: there was constant warfare between them: but at last they made peace, and agreed that the Murray blacks should be divided into two phratries—Eagle-hawk and Crow.

N. W. Thomas.

Natives of Australia.

Constable. By permission.

THE crow is said to be the friend of the Kurnai. It was wrong to kill a crow, and doing so would bring on stormy weather. . . . The Kurnai say that the crow understands their language, and answers their questions by its caw, which is their affirmative *Ngaa*.

Totem not
always
inherited.

Each Kurnai received the name of some marsupial, bird, reptile, or fish from his father, when he was about ten years old or at initiation. A man would say, pointing to the creature in question, 'That is your *thundung*, do not hurt it.' In two cases I know of he said, 'It will be yours when I am dead.' The term *thundung* means 'elder brother'; and, while the individual was the protector of his *thundung*, it also protected its 'younger brother,' the man, by warning him in dreams of approaching danger, or by coming towards him in its bodily shape.

A. W. Howitt.
Native Tribes of South-East Australia.
Macmillan. By permission.

It was a common belief in Victoria that the sky was supported on props where it rested on the mountains in the north-east. An amusing story is told of a demand sent down the Murray from tribe to tribe, according to which the props were becoming rotten and the tribe in the neighbourhood must have a supply of axes, or they would not be answerable for the consequences. The Wotjoballuk could even say who it was who propped up the sky, so that the sun could move; the magpie was the benefactor of creation in this matter.

N. W. Thomas.
Natives of Australia.
Constable. By permission.

The Pirrauru
or group-
marriage.

A *Pirrauru* is always a 'wife's sister' or a 'brother's wife,' and the relation arises through the exchange by brothers of their wives.

When two brothers are married to two sisters they commonly live together in a group-marriage of four. . . . A man may have several *Pirrauru* wives, and this depends on the consideration in which he is held by his class-fellows, whether he is *Poto-pir-nante* (rich in great things), or *Nguru-Nguru* (strong and powerful), or finally whether he is in great favour with the women. In such a case a woman might even ask her husband to give her such or such a man as a *Pirrauru*. Should he refuse to do this, she must put up with it, but if he agrees to do so, the matter is arranged. . . .

But commonly it is not merely two pairs of *Pirrauru* who are allotted to each other, but the whole of the marriageable or married people, even those who have already *Pirraurus*, are re-allotted, the Kandri ceremony being performed for batches of them at the same time.

The prohibited degrees of relationship among the Dieri include parents and children, brothers and sisters, and those who are called *Kami*. These relations are called *Buyulu*, and one of the greatest insults which can be given to a Dieri is to call him or her by this name, with *Parchana* added, implying that there are improper relations between the person spoken to and his or her nearest relations. This expression is never used by one person to another unless they have been worked up to a state of anger approaching frenzy. So repugnant is this subject to the Dieri that they will become indignant if it is introduced, and they are asked about it. The elders of the tribe, old men and old women, in their leisure hours lecture the young people on the laws of the tribe, impress on them modesty and propriety of conduct, and point out the heinousness of incest. . . .

The opinion of the Rev. Otto Siebert expressed to me as to the *Pirrauru* marriage, formed after many years' intimate acquaintance with the Dieri, is worth quoting. He said, 'The practice of the *Pirrauru* is worthy of praise for its strength and earnestness in regard to morality, and in the ceremonial with which it is regulated, since no practice could be less in accord with the hetairism which Lord Avebury has imagined for the Australian aborigines.'

The natives
do not live
in a state of
hetairism.

A. W. Howitt.

Native Tribes of South-East Australia.

Macmillan. By permission.

ACCORDING to Julius Cæsar, the marriage system in Britain at the time of his invasion was that known as 'group-marriage,' wherein a number of men have a number of wives in common. When this system is in vogue, there must be great uncertainty as to the fatherhood of the children. The mother is certain, but the father may be doubtful. In such communities it is only natural that the children should inherit the name and the caste of the mother. Under such conditions the children of a Miss Smith and a Mr. Baker would be Smiths, and would belong to the caste of the craftsmen. The children of a Miss Baker who married a Smith would be Bakers, and would belong to the caste of the food purveyors.

J. W. Gregory.

The Dead Heart of Australia.

Murray. By permission.

NEAR Herbert Vale I had the good fortune to be able to witness a marriage among the blacks. A camp of natives was just at the point of breaking up, when an old man suddenly approached

a woman, seized her by the wrist of her left hand and shouted '*Yongul ngipa*'—that is, 'This one belongs to me' (literally 'one I'). She resisted with feet and hands, and cried, but he dragged her off though she made resistance the whole time, and cried at the top of her voice. For a mile away we could hear her shrieks. I jokingly asked some of my men if they did not want to help her, but they simply laughed at me. There had long been gossip about this match. What was now happening was simply the public declaration of the marriage, and there are no other wedding ceremonies. In this instance the match was a very appropriate one. He was a widower, she a widow. But the women always make resistance, for they do not like to leave their tribe, and in many instances they have the best of reason for kicking their lovers. If a man thinks he is strong enough, he will take hold of any woman and utter his *Yongul ngipa*. If a woman is good-looking, all the men want her, and the one who is the most influential, or who is the strongest, is accordingly generally the victor. Thus she may happen to change husbands many times in her life; but sometimes, despite the fact that her consent is not asked, she gets the one she loves—for a black woman can love too—and then she is very happy. It not infrequently happens that women elope with men they love. The black women are also capable of being jealous, and they often have bitter quarrels about men whom they love and are anxious to marry. If the husband is unfaithful, the wife frequently becomes greatly enraged. However fond a man and his wife may be of each other, they are never known to kiss each other. . . .

That these blacks also may be greatly overcome by the sentiment of love is illustrated by the following incident. A civilised black man entered a station on Georgina River and carried off a woman who belonged to a young black man at the station. She loved her paramour and was glad to get away from the station, but the whites desired to keep her for their black servant, as he could not be made to stay without her, and they brought her back, threatening to shoot the stranger if he came again. Heedless of the threat he afterwards made a second attempt to elope with his beloved, but the white men pursued the couple and shot the poor fellow.

Carl Lumholtz.

Among Cannibals.

Murray. By permission.

If she possesses personal charms, she has anything but a happy young womanhood, for even if she gives no sort of encouragement

whatever to her admirers, attempts are pretty nearly sure to be made to carry her off. Encounters resulting, she is in considerable peril, for each combatant orders her to follow him, and throws a spear at her if she refuses. The youth of a woman of any pretensions to good looks is thus often full of wanderings and captures and wounds, not the least of which are dealt her by the jealous wives of her abductors, who possibly find little difficulty in persuading themselves that she must have given their lords some encouragement. . . .

Alas ! woman's rights are shamefully neglected, and no one takes her part, whether innocent or guilty—the general principle being, 'If I beat your mother, then you beat mine'; 'if I beat your wife, then you beat mine.'

Albert Calvert.

The Aborigines of Western Australia.

Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent. By permission.

THE blacks had become afraid of me, having interpreted the shot I fired as a sign that I was angry, and to propitiate me they wished to give me Kélanmi, a young girl, who was looked upon as the prettiest woman in the whole tribe. When I agreed to accept her they became quiet and their fears were allayed.

Evidently Kélanmi was afraid of the white man, and was reluctant to leave her tribe. When I went I heard them scold her and try to force her to go to the white man. I learned that she was, in fact, promised to one of the blacks, by name Kál-Dubbaroh, and so I asked him to go with her to my hut. I kindled a fire in my hut, and waited for them to come with Kélanmi. The moon was just rising, so that I was just able to discern the dark figures approaching me, but at first I saw no *nili*, as she was walking behind one of the men, who held her by the wrist. She made no resistance and came willingly. When the party reached my hut, the men let go of the girl, but said nothing, and I asked her to sit down. She was a young and tolerably handsome girl about twelve years old, with a good figure, and was clad in her finest attire, in honour of the dance, both her face and her body being pretty well covered with red ochre. She was very much opposed to getting married, particularly to a white man, and sat trembling by the fire, awaiting the orders of her new master. To quiet her I at once got some bread and beef, but she concealed it, out of fear of the bystanders, for such delicacies are too good for a woman. Then I gave her a little tobacco, which she also put away. No doubt she intended to give it to her old adorer

Kál-Dubbaroh, who, I suppose, expected some compensation for his loss. I pitied the little embarrassed girl, and told her, to the great surprise of the spectators, that she might go, whereupon she immediately ran out. This puzzled the blacks, who could not conceive any other reason for my refusal than that I was displeased with her, and so they offered me another girl. But I tried to explain to them that all was well between us, and I proposed that we should go down and dance. . . .

On the way home Yokkai urged me to shoot Kál-Dubbaroh, saying, 'Kál-Dubbaroh not good man.' I could not quite comprehend the meaning of this. The fact was, however, as I afterwards learned, owing to his so frequently troubling me with this request, that Yokkai himself was anxious to marry Kélanmi, and consequently would like to have his rival out of the way.

Carl Lumholtz.

Among Cannibals.

Murray. By permission.

IV

THE APOLOGETICS OF CANNIBALISM

THE natives of Northern Queensland and of many other parts of Australia are cannibals. My people never made any secret of this, and in the evenings it was the leading topic of their conversation, which finally both disgusted and irritated me. The greatest delicacy known to the Australian native is human flesh. The very thought of *talgoro* makes his eye sparkle. When I asked my men what part of the human body they liked best, they always struck their thighs. . . . Eleven days before my arrival they had killed and eaten a man of another tribe on some hills near the farm. They returned triumphant and boasted of their inhuman act. When they were abused for having eaten a man they gradually became silent, and understood that it was something which the whites did not do, and which accordingly was not right. This is always the habit of the Australian natives: as long as they remain in the native condition they make no secret of their cannibalism, but continued intercourse with the whites teaches them to regard it as something which is not *comme il faut*. . . . Human flesh, however, is not the daily food of the Australian. On the contrary, he seldom gets a mouthful of this delicacy. During all the time I spent on the Herbert River, only two blacks were killed and eaten. It is a mistake to suppose that the cannibals have an uglier look than other savages. Those who go in search of human flesh are certainly the boldest and most cunning, but a cannibal may look very quiet and approachable. . . .

Cannibal
causerie.

Mangoran was lean and slender in comparison with his brother, and he looked more like a brute than a human being. His mouth was large, extending almost from one ear to the other. When he talked he rubbed his belly with complacency, as if the sight of me made his mouth water, and he gave me an impression that he would like to devour me on the spot. He always wore a smiling face, a mask behind which all the natives conceal their treacherous nature. . . .

One of
Lumholtz's
boon-com-
panions.

The blacks do not like to eat white people. When Jimmy had killed the white man near my headquarters, my question as to whether the dead man had been eaten caused great surprise. The answer was *Kólle mah: Komorbory Kawan!*—that is, 'By no means! terrible nausea! . . .' I have often since heard them say that the white man's flesh is not good: this may be owing to his constant diet of salt beef, tea and bread, which possibly gives his flesh a different taste from that of the black's. I have heard it stated by civilised blacks that the white man's flesh has a salt taste which the natives do not like. . . .

I happened to tell him that I had been present at a borboby, and this aroused his desire to witness the next one, which was to take place in a few days. He did not want me to be the only white man who had seen such a contest, and got the Kanaka to show him the way up there. But both were obliged to save their lives by flight, the blacks having surrounded them. *Talgoro, Talgoro!*—that is, 'Human flesh, human flesh!'

Carl Lumholtz.

Among Cannibals.

Murray. By permission.

Another white man tries, like Lumholtz, to make friends with the cannibals, but fails.

Cannibalism connected with burial rites.

HUMAN flesh is nowhere a regular article of food: some blacks undoubtedly kill to eat, others only eat those who are killed in battle, or have died of disease. Sometimes there is a magical idea attaching to the use of human flesh or fat, especially kidney fat, which is cut out before death has taken place: it is held to convey to the eater the courage of the victim. Sometimes it is the bodies of enemies which are disposed of in this way: in South Queensland it was a recognised method of giving honourable burial to your friends. In many parts both sexes and all classes eat human flesh: elsewhere it is only the men who will do so. There are no special ceremonies connected with cooking or eating in most districts, and most parts of the body are eaten, the thighs being the *bonne bouche*.

N. W. Thomas.

Natives of Australia.

Constable. By permission.

Sacramental cannibalism.

SOME funeral rites include an act of sacramental cannibalism. A part of the corpse is eaten, usually some of the kidney fat, and it is eaten according to strict rules of precedence. It is an act of respect towards the dead. It is a sacrament inspired by the belief that the good qualities of the deceased would pass to those

who partake of a morsel of his flesh. There is nothing in the funeral rites of the Australians like the contemptuous throwing of a corpse outside a village, to be disposed of by the hyenas, or of cannibalism for mere lust of strange food, as in many African tribes.

J. W. Gregory.

The Dead Heart of Australia.

Murray. By permission.

IN the tribes referred to by Mr. Dawson, the custom of eating the bodies of the relatives of either sex is practised. The aborigines said that the body was eaten, with no desire to gratify or appease the appetite, but only as a symbol of respect and regret for the dead. . . .

By eating a man's fat, and thus making it part of himself, the black fellow thinks that he also acquires the strength of the deceased. So also they think that human fat brings success in hunting, causes spears, which are anointed with it, to fly true, or the club to strike irresistible blows. . . .

. . . The mother eats of her children, and the children of their mother; a man eats of his sister's husband, and of his brother's wife; mother's brother, mother's sister's children, mother's parents or daughters' children are also eaten of; but the father does not eat of his children, nor the children of their sire. The relations eat of the fat in order that they may be no longer sad. . . . All those who eat of the deceased are decked with the *Kuya-marra* plant. . . .

When a married woman dies and her body is burned, the husband puts her pounded calcined bones into a little opossum skin bag, which he carries in front of his chest until he marries again, or until the bag is worn out, when it is burned. . . .

Further
burial
customs.

The most remarkable custom connected with the dead was that of the 'Bret,' or hand. Sometimes the Kurnai cut off one hand of the corpse, or both hands, soon after death, which they wrapped in grass and dried. A string of twisted opossum fur was attached to it, so that it could be hung round the neck, and worn in contact with the bare skin under the left arm. It was carried by the parent, child, brother or sister. The belief of the Kurnai was that at the approach of an enemy the hand would push or pinch the wearer.

A. W. Howitt.

Native Tribes of Australia.

Macmillan. By permission.

'VARIOUS people have various modes of burial. The Greeks cremated their dead; the Persians buried them; the Hindoos

anoint them with a kind of gum ; the Scythians eat them, and the Egyptians embalm them.' Here we are given nearly all the modes of burial which have existed both among civilised people and among barbarians, and, strange to say, we find all these modes represented among the savages of Australia.

Carl Lumholtz.

Among Cannibals.

Murray. By permission.

V

BRAIN POWER

MR. LANG . . . supports the popular theory that the Australian natives have in the past occupied a much higher plane of civilisation than at present, and thinks he is able to find traces of a decayed civilisation in the languages of the tribes, which in his opinion are very perfect.

As a striking example he mentions the inflections of the verbs. At Moreton Bay the verbs have far more inflections than the verbs in the Hebrew language. They can be conjugated reflexively, reciprocally, frequentatively, causatively and permissibly. They have not only indicative, imperative, and subjunctive, past, present, and future, expressed by definite inflectional endings, but each one of these endings may assume distinct shades of meaning, expressed by different inflections. The imperfect of the verb 'to speak' (*goal*) has not only a form which means 'spoke,' but forms which mean 'spoke to-day,' 'spoke yesterday,' 'spoke some days ago,' etc. The same is the case with the future. There are three imperatives: (1) speak; (2) thou shalt speak (emphatic); (3) speak if you can, or if you dare (ironical). The nouns are regularly inflected by suffixes: *ngu* means of; *go*, to; *da*, in; *di*, from; *kunda*, with, etc. The pronouns have both dual and plural form: *ngaia*, I; *ngulle*, we two, you and I; *ngullina* (comp. Herbert River, *allingpa*), we two, he and I, etc. This complicated syntax is formed in many tribes, though they may have widely different languages.

A highly developed language.

Carl Lumholtz.

Among Cannibals.

Murray. By permission.

. . . THE stone axe takes days rather than hours to make. First a large rounded diorite pebble is taken, then with a lump of quartz the workman removes fairly large chips, bringing the stone down to something like the proposed dimensions. This done, a rounded pebble of quartzite is brought into requisition, and for a day, or

A flint implement in the making.

even two, he will sit, probably upon his heels, and patiently tap away, hour after hour, at the surface, taking off small flakes, until no sign of the original rough working is left. Then one of the nardoo mills, blocks of stone which are brought long distances, sometimes on the backs of women, for grinding seeds, is brought into use as a grindstone. With sand and water the axe is rubbed down until the surfaces are smooth. Next comes the hafting: a withy is made and bent round the blunt portion of the stone till it holds it tightly; then the two halves of the withy are joined half-way down with two pieces of grass or other string. The next operation is to squeeze a lump of softened porcupine grass-resin in between the haft and the stone: this done, a fire-stick smooths down the resin, and nothing more remains than to decorate the haft with red ochre.

N. W. Thomas.

Natives of Australia.

Constable. By permission.

IN the days of the first discovery of ancient stone implements in England, objection was raised that they were too numerous to have had an artificial origin, as their numbers would imply a dense population or a prolonged occupation of the country. This argument is not altogether dead, as I have heard it seriously advanced quite recently. But here on the Cooper, stone flakes, unquestionably of human origin, were littered with the same extravagant untidiness as are the palæolithic flakes in some English gravels. The fact is probably due to the stone-using people having no pockets.

J. W. Gregory.

The Dead Heart of Australia.

Murray. By permission.

WE began with the capital letters. Bett-Bett repeated 'A' after me, and made it on paper, and then wanted to know what it was. Was it tucker, or an animal, or somebody's name?

I said it was a mark, and was called 'A.' What did the mark say? she asked. 'What name him yabber, Missus, this one "A,"' were the exact words she used. . . . 'Missus! this one no more "A,"' said Bett-Bett, worrying over small 'a.'

I told her that it was a little 'a'; but she insisted that it wasn't, and to prove it showed me big 'A,' and of course they were not a bit alike. To try and make her understand a little better, I said

that capital 'A' was the mother, and little 'a' the baby. This pleased her very much.

'Me savey,' she said, pointing from one to the other. 'This one mumma; this one piccaninny.' Then she wanted to know the baby's name; what its mother called it. She said that piccanninies always had different names to their mmmas.

Of course I didn't know the baby's name, and told her so. Very often there was no answer to Bett-Bett's questions: but somehow she always made me feel it was my fault, or my ignorance, that there wasn't. After this we said: mumma 'A' and piccaninny belonga mumma 'A,' mumma 'B' and piccaninny belonga mumma 'B,' and so on to the end of the alphabet, till our tongues ached.

On the page Bett-Bett was learning from, every little letter was next to its mother. Little 'a' next mumma 'A,' and little 'b' next mumma 'B'; but in the reading lessons little letters were walking about by themselves. One day she noticed this when she was looking through the book.

'Look, Missus!' she cried excitedly. 'Piccaninny belonga mumma "A" sit down by meself.' Then she scolded the little letter dreadfully. 'You go home longa your mumma,' she said in a loud angry voice, shaking her finger at it. But small 'a' never moved; it just sat and looked at her, and Bett-Bett told me it was 'cheeky feller longa me,' meaning it was not at all afraid of her. 'My word! You bad fellow, alright,' she went on, scolding hard; 'Debbil-debbil catch you dreckly.' As little 'a' took no notice of this awful threat, she turned back to tell mumma 'A' about its naughty piccaninny. There she found that the little letter had slipped home, and was sitting quietly at its mother's knee. She was so pleased about it.

'Look, Missus,' she said, coming to show me; 'him good fellow now.'

Mrs. Æneas Gunn.

Bett-Bett: A Little Black Princess.
Hodder and Stoughton. By permission.

IN their natural state they cultivate only the qualifications of hunters, and while able to endure privations and fatigue they are quite unfitted for continuous bodily labour, like the whites. In this connection, it is laid down by Bishop Salvado, whose authority is unimpeachable, that to condemn a native to hard labour is equivalent to condemning him to death; and he found it necessary to divide the day's employment, giving three hours to mental and three hours to bodily labour; the rest of the time

being devoted to such relaxation as gymnastics, games, music and dancing.

Albert F. Calvert.

The Aborigines of Western Australia.

Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent. By permission.

**The
boomerang.**

It is strange that so primitive a people as the Australian natives should have invented this weapon, which, as we know, has the peculiarity of returning to the thrower, provided it does not meet with any obstacle on the way. The boomerang is a curved, somewhat flat and slender weapon, made from a hard and heavy wood: Brigalow (*Acacia excelsa*) or myall (*Acacia pendula*), but the best one I found was made of a lighter kind of wood. The curving of the boomerang, which often approaches a right angle, must be natural and lie in the wood itself. One side is perfectly flat and the other is slightly rounded. The ends are pointed. The peculiarity of the boomerang, viz. that it returns of itself to the thrower, depends on the fact that it is twisted so that the ends are bent in opposite directions. The twisting is accomplished by putting it in water, then heating it in ashes, and finally bending it; but this warp must occasionally be renewed, for it sometimes disappears, especially if the weapon is made of light wood. . . . When an Australian is throwing a boomerang, he seizes one end, which is usually made rough in order to afford a better grip, and holds it backward in such a manner that the concave side of the weapon turns forward. Grasping it firmly, he runs a couple of paces forward, and then throws his boomerang in a straight line before him. The moment it leaves his hand it turns into a horizontal position, and starts off buzzing like a spinning wheel. While going with great speed it revolves around its own axis, and in this manner takes a slanting direction upward through the air. It does not return the same way as it went, but curves towards the left, and thus describes an ellipse. Gradually it loses its momentum, and so falls slowly, sometimes only a couple of paces from its starting point. . . .

**Egyptian
boomerang.**

It has been asserted that the Egyptians and the Assyrians used the boomerang, and from this the conclusion has been drawn that the Australian natives are descended from a race that have had a higher degree of development than they now possess. But according to Mr. B. Smyth, it is extremely doubtful whether the Dravidic or Egyptian boomerang is identical with the Australian, since the former could not have had the quality of returning. Moreover, we find in Australia intermediate forms of this remarkable weapon, which show a development towards, rather than

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a retrogression from the present boomerang. It is a remarkable fact, which is asserted by several persons, that the boomerang is also used in South-Eastern India; detailed accounts are, however, lacking. This weapon reminds us of the myth about Thor's hammer, Mjolner, which also returned to the hands of the thrower. . . .

A race so uncivilised as the Australian natives has, of course, no written language. Still they are able to make themselves understood by a kind of sign language. Now and then the natives send information to other tribes, and this is done by the aid of figures scratched on a 'message-stick' made of wood, about four to seven inches long, and one inch wide.

The message-stick.

Carl Lumholtz.

Among Cannibals.

Murray. By permission.

IN a great many cases the stick was simply a reminder to the messenger: just as the parties to an agreement marked on their bodies in pipe-clay the tale of the days that had to elapse before they met, so the message-sticks served as a calendar to the bearer, and at the same time as a mnemonic of the message which he had to deliver; but without the intervention of the messenger the piece of wood had no meaning for the recipient. Dr. Howitt, however, records some cases in which the stick was simply handed over. . . .

When a messenger arrived at a camp to which he was sent he gave a particular coo-ee; all within hearing assembled to hear what he had to say, but not a word was spoken to him till he thought proper to deliver his message; sometimes he sits silent for a long time, but when once he gets started, the eloquence of the Australian messenger is described as wonderful.

N. W. Thomas.

Natives of Australia.

Constable. By permission.

DJANGA, moordoit, jil. Minning ngullara babba, nurang, goord nganneel in booma, moondang-um-um waam-ma mogin.

Specimen of native language.

Albert F. Calvert.

Aborigines of Western Australia.

Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent. By permission.

MOST observers agree that up to the age of puberty, possibly longer, they have an extraordinary facility in the acquisition of knowledge.

It is said that from two to three weeks suffices for the learning of a new language; and this agrees with what we know of the extraordinary aptitude of the Australians, especially in youth, for the acquisition of knowledge. One of the early voyagers has left on record that a West Australian took no more than five minutes to learn the use of the sextant, whereas the ordinary English boy required some six months for his education in these matters. Similarly, Bishop Salvado records that a West Australian learnt to knit in five minutes!

N. W. Thomas.

Natives of Australia.

Constable. By permission.

**Native Police
or Black
Trackers.**

THE native police . . . is a body organised by the Government of Queensland for the protection of the settlers. They are stationed in those parts of the colony where the natives appear to be dangerous. Such a corps of police consists of natives from other parts of Australia, and consequently they are the natural enemies of the blacks, against whom they are employed. They are commanded by a white officer, the so-called sub-inspector, and by a sergeant. The force is in uniform, armed with rifles, and consists of splendid horsemen. . . . The keen ability of the Australian to find and follow traces seems to be unique, and doubtless surpasses even that of the North American Indians. The white population has been greatly benefited by this sleuth-hound talent of theirs which has rendered valuable service in the discovery of murderers. A black tracker of the native police can pursue a trace at full gallop.

Carl Lumholtz.

Among Cannibals.

Murray. By permission.

AFTER half a ream of foolscap had been covered with representation to the Governor, in which I proudly hoped to convey an idea that our condition was much like that of American border settlers when Tecumseh and Massasoit were on the war-path, a real live troop of horse was despatched to our assistance. First came two of the white mounted police from Colac; then a much more formidable contingent, for one morning there rode up eight troopers of the native police, well armed and mounted, carbine in sling, sword in sheath, dangling proper in regular cavalry style. The irregular cavalry force known as the Native Police was then in good credit and acceptance in our colony. They had proved

themselves to be highly effective against their sable kinsmen. The idea originated in Victoria, if I mistake not, and was afterwards developed in New South Wales, still later in Queensland. Mr. H. E. Poulteney Dana and his brother William were the chief organisers and first officers in command. They were principally recruited from beyond the Murray, and occasionally from Gippsland. They were rarely or never used in the vicinity of their own tribes. Picked for physique and intelligence, well disciplined and encouraged to exercise themselves in athletic sports when in barracks, they were by no means to be despised as adversaries, as was occasionally discovered by white as well as black wrongdoers. Mounted on serviceable, well-conditioned horses, all in uniform, with their carbines slung, and steel scabbards jingling as they rode, they presented an appearance which would have done no discredit to Hodson or Jacob's Horse. Buckup, as non-commissioned officer, rode slightly in front, the others following in line. As I came out of the hut door the corporal saluted. 'We been sent up by Mr. Dana, sir, to stop at this station a bit. Believe the blacks been very bad about here.'

The blacks! This struck me as being altogether lovely and delicious. How calm and lofty was his expression! I answered with decorum that they had, indeed, been very bad lately—spearred the cattle, robbed the hut, etc.; that yesterday we had seen the tracks of a large mob of cattle which had been hunted in the boggy ground at the back of the run for miles. 'They only want a good scouring, sir,' quoth Buckup, carelessly, as he gave the order to dismount. As they stood before me I had a good opportunity of observing their general appearance. Buckup was a fine-looking fellow, six feet high, broad shouldered and well proportioned, with a bold, open cast of countenance, set off with well-trimmed whiskers and moustache. He was a crack hand with the gloves, I heard afterwards, and so good a wrestler that he might have come off in a contest with Sergeant Francis Stewart, sometimes called Bothwell, nearly as satisfactorily as did Balfour of Burley. Tallboy, so called from his unusual height, probably was a couple of inches taller, but slender and wiry looking; while Yapton was a middle-sized, active warrior with a smooth face, a high nose, heavy, straight hair, and grim jaw. I thought at the time he must be very like an American Indian. The others I do not particularly recall, but all had a smart, serviceable look, as they commenced to unsaddle their horses and pile their arms and accoutrements, preparatory to making camp in a spot which I had pointed out to them.

On this particular day an expedition had been made to a 'heathy,' desolate tract of country which lay at 'the back' of the run. Here were isolated marshes covered with rushes, and for the most part surrounded with belts of tall ti-tree scrub. Between these were sand-hills with a thick, sheltering growth of casuarina and banksia, while here and there grew copses of mimosa and blackwood, the Australian hickory. Here, it seems, the police were plodding along, apparently on their usual persistent but unavailing search, when suddenly one of the men pulled up, dismounted, and picking up something, gave a low, sibilant whistle. In an instant the whole troop gathered around him, while he held up a small piece of bark which had quite recently been ignited. Not a word was said as Yapton took the lead, at a sign from Buckup, and the rest of the black troopers followed in loose order, like questing hounds, examining with eager eyes every foot of the way. Shortly afterwards a tree was discovered where, with a few fresh cuts of a tomahawk, a grub had been taken out of the hollow wood. The trail had been struck. Patiently for several hours the man-hunters followed up the tracks, while fresh signs from time to time showed that a large body of blacks had quite recently passed that way. Suddenly, at a yell from Yapton, every man raised his head, and then rode at full speed towards a frantic company of savages as, startled and surprised, they made for a patch of scrub. The horses fell and floundered from time to time in the deep, boggy soil, but their desperate riders managed to lift and hustle them up as the last black disappeared in the ti-tree. Unluckily for them, the scrub was not a large one, and the ground on either side comparatively clear. Buckup sent a man to each corner, and himself with two troopers charged into the centre. Spears began to fly, and boomerangs; but the wild men had little chance with their better-armed countrymen. Out bolts a flying fugitive and makes for the nearest reed-bed. Tallboy is nearest to him, and his horse moves as he raises his carbine, and disturbs the aim. Striking him savagely over the head with the butt end, he raises his piece, fires, and Jupiter drops on his face. Quick shots follow, a general stampede takes place, but few escape, and when the troop turn their horses' heads homewards, all the known leaders of the tribe are down. They were caught red-handed, too; a portion of a heifer and a calf freshly slaughtered being found on the spot where they were first sighted. . . .

One often is tempted to smile at hearing some under-sized Anglo-Saxon, with no brain power to spare, assert gravely the blacks of Australia were the lowest race of savages known to exist,

the connecting link between man and the brute creation, etc. On the contrary, many of the leading members of tribes known to the pioneer squatters were grandly formed specimens of humanity, dignified in manner, and possessing an intelligence by no means to be despised, comprehending a quick sense of humour, as well as a keenness of perception, not always found in the superior race.

Rolf Boldrewood.

Old Melbourne Memories.

Macmillan. By permission.

BETT-BETT and I very often went down to the billabong for an early morning 'bogey,' and she and the lubras were always greatly amused at my bathing-dress. They called it 'that one bogey dress,' and said it was 'silly fellow.'

My swimming also amused them. They saw something very comical in my movements, and I often caught them imitating me. They seemed to expect me to sink every moment, and never went very far from me in case of accidents.

One morning we swam right across the billabong to the 'nuzzer side,' as Bett-Bett called it, and there I noticed a man's tracks on the bank, and asked whose they were; for, of course, I did not recognise them. To my surprise the lubras burst into shrieks of laughter.

'Him Maluka!' they shouted in delight; 'him track belonga Maluka; him bin bogey last night.'

Then Bett-Bett screamed to the lubras on the opposite bank—'Missus no more savey track belonga Boss.'

It was the best joke they had ever heard—a woman who did not know her own husband's tracks! I felt very small indeed, and as soon as possible went back to the house and breakfast.

Mrs. Æneas Gunn.

Bett-Bett: A Little Black Princess.

Hodder and Stoughton. By permission.

My first meeting with Australian aborigines was on entering the village of Kilalpaninna. I had walked on ahead of the caravan, and meeting some natives, asked them for guidance. Instead of a reply in nigger patois, one of the men explained in excellent English the arrangements that had been made for us and where our camels could best unload. My surprise on this occasion was increased with further experience of the aborigines. Instead of finding them degraded, lazy, selfish, savage, they were courteous

and intelligent ; generous even to the point of imprudence, and phenomenally honest ; while in the field, they proved to be born naturalists and superb bushmen.

J. W. Gregory.
The Dead Heart of Australia.
 Murray. By permission.

THE black of to-day, in common with other savages, is not only strongly mimetic, but has his own sense of beauty in form or colour, and craves to give it expression in the decoration of his person, his weapons, and his utensils. He paints circles round his eyes ; scars, with sharp shells, patterns on his back and shoulders ; marks his face and body for festive occasions in red and white geometric lines ; adorns his head with grass or cockatoo feathers, his forehead with bandeaux, his nose with bones thrust through the septum, his neck with strings of beads or teeth, and his legs with anklets of green leaves. His long, narrow, crescent-shaped shield, his waddy, his throwing-stick, and even his boomerang exhibit the bar, the zig-zag, the herring-bone, the lozenge, the chevron, the St. Andrew's cross (never the Latin or Greek cross), the circlet, and the oval. Strange to say, he never employs flowers or shells as ornaments, while of precious stones or metals he knows nothing. His love for removing the central front tooth may be dictated by a desire for symmetrical effect, or else for some conspicuous badge of initiation into certain religious rites.

Of utensils the black uses few, but his nets are beautifully made, and his grass baskets are not only graceful in shape, but ornamented by lines of vari-coloured material.

His special delight, however, is in pictures ; in painting or carving on trees, wood, bark, leaves, rock, hard clay, or the surface of birds' eggs ; not, singularly enough, on bone. The delight with which the aborigines at our mission stations adorn their huts with plain or coloured prints might be thought a result of civilisation ; but a corresponding taste is unmistakable in the uncivilised Australian. He smokes sheets of bark, and then draws on them with his thumb-nail, but with singular accuracy and spirit, the totem of his tribe, the forms of vegetation, turtles, birds, fishes, reptiles, marsupials, and men. Sometimes the representations are intentionally grotesque. Conventional types are adopted on his 'message-sticks' for trees, lakes, and rivers ; and such devices as throwing up objects into relief by dark or white backgrounds, or concentric surrounding lines, evidence the true artistic spirit, while, problematically enough, all tangential lines are carefully avoided.

He manufactures paints—red, white, and black—out of burnt earth, coloured tubers, pipe-clay, plumbago, and charcoal (not—except rarely, and in drawings commonly thought to be ancient—blue and yellow), and he gives his colours metallic lustre and permanence by mixing bird- or fish-oil or fat with them. His tool for carving is the opossum tooth, or flint. His circles are wonderfully true; his geometrical patterns sometimes beautiful, especially on (seemingly) ancient drawings, in which opportunities are cleverly availed of—such as a hole in the rock to draw a snake issuing, or an arm stretched out, from it. Above all, there is nothing deliberately indecent or revolting, in which he contrasts nobly with the artists of cleverer and more cultured races. Sometimes he forms patterns or figures on the flats by clearing grass away; sometimes digs them out in the sun-baked soil, or removes a hard and rough outside of rock to get a better surface, or moulds effigies of snakes—like the serpentine tumuli in Ohio or Missouri—in turfy ground.

The number of aboriginal carvings and paintings in different parts of Australia is simply prodigious. None, however, have been found by miners in the drift. Beneath the surface of the earth no remains of art have as yet, to my knowledge, been discovered.

Right Rev. S. Thornton, Bishop of Ballarat.

Problems of Aboriginal Art in Australia.

By permission.

VI

THE COMMON LIFE

SOMETIMES the squatter appoints the best native near his station a 'king,' and as a mark of his dignity he gives him a piece of brass containing his civilised name to wear on his breast. In return for food, tobacco, woollen blankets, and similar things the 'king' promises to watch his tribe and keep them from doing damage to the white man's property. Every native is anxious to become a 'king,' for the brass plate, which is considered a great ornament, also secures the bearer many a meal.

Carl Lumholtz.

Among Cannibals.

Murray. By permission.

THE king we were talking about—Bett-Bett's uncle, you know—was called by the tribe Ebimel Woolloomool. The white people had nicknamed him 'Goggle Eye,' and he was very proud of his 'White fellow name' as he called it. You see, he didn't know what it meant.

He didn't have a golden sceptre; Australian kings never do: but he had what is quite as deadly—a 'Magic Death-bone.' If you had been up to mischief, breaking the laws or doing anything wrong, it was wise to keep out of his way; for every black-fellow knew that if he 'sang' this bone and pointed it at you, you would very quickly die.

The white man says you die of fright; but as it is the bone pointing that gives the fright, it's bone-pointing that kills, isn't it? But I'll tell you more about this by and by.

The first time I met Goggle Eye he was weeding my garden, and I didn't know he was a king; I thought he was just an ordinary black-fellow. You see, he didn't have a crown, and as he was only wearing a tassel and a belt from his mother-in-law's hair, it was no wonder I made the mistake. It takes a good deal of practice to tell a king at a glance—when he's naked and pulling up weeds.

I didn't like having even naked kings about the homestead, so I said—'Goggle Eye, don't you think you'd better have some more clothes on?' He grinned and looked very pleased, so I gave him a pair of blue cotton trousers. He put them on at once, without even troubling to go behind a bush, and asked my advice as to which leg he had better put in first. I gave him all the help I could, and at last had him safely into them, right side out and the front where it ought to be. We gardened for a while, the old nigger and I, but as the sun became hotter I noticed that he kept pulling his trousers up over his knees. At last he sat down and took one leg right out.

'What's the matter, Goggle Eye?' I asked. 'Don't you like your trousers?'

'Him bite me longa knee,' he answered, meaning that they pinched him under the knee; then picking up his hoe again, he worked till dinner-time with one leg in and one out, and the trunk of the trousers fixed in some extraordinary way to his belt. After dinner he took both legs out and worked with the trousers dangling in front of him. 'Too muchee hot fellow,' he explained. Next morning he was dressed in his cool and airy tassel and belt and nothing else.

'Where are your trousers, Goggle Eye?' I asked.

'Me bin knock up longa trousers,' was all he said.

A few days after I met his lubra with a tucker-bag made of one of the legs; so I wasted no more trousers on His Majesty the King.

Mrs. Æneas Gunn.

Bett-Bett: A Little Black Princess.

Hodder and Stoughton. By permission.

THE Australian is a very thick-headed person, and hardness of the native skull is strongly brought home to the European, who for the first time sees him using his head, as we sometimes use the thigh, to break obstinate pieces of stick across. . . .

Next to this extraordinary hardness of cranium the extreme dexterity with which they use their feet would excite the surprise of the observant white man. They will pick up anything from the ground as readily with their toes as we can with our hands; and as for climbing, they will 'swarm up' a tree a hundred feet high in as smart a manner as an English sailor mounts the rigging of a ship. Nor does it matter to the climber whether the trunk of a tree is slender enough for him to embrace it or not. I have seen black-fellows literally *walk* up a big tree by throwing a kind of lasso

round it, and across their shoulder, and then lying well back, twisting the rope of vegetable fibre higher and higher as they ascend, until in the giddy height they land safely among the boughs at the top.

Albert F. Calvert.

The Aborigines of Western Australia.

Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent. By permission.

IN the course of this and the following year I made many expeditions, in company with the blacks. . . . When my provisions were consumed—and they never lasted very long, for the natives liked them too well—I lived on their fare, which was anything but savoury. If I had been obliged to depend upon their vegetable food, I should soon have starved to death, but fortunately the large lizards, snakes, larvæ, eggs, etc., and what I shot for myself, to some extent took the part of civilised food. . . .

That I was not killed by my men (a circumstance which white people whom I have met have wondered at) I owed to the fact that they never wholly lost their respect for my firearms. At first, at least, I was regarded by them as something inexplicable—as a sort of mysterious being who could travel from land to land without being eaten, and whose chief interest lay in things which, in their eyes, were utterly useless, such as the skins and bones of slain animals.

There was a peculiar protection to me in the fortunate circumstance that they imagined that I did not sleep, and I think this was the chief reason why they did not attack me in the night. During the winter, when there was a great difference between the temperature of the night and that of the day, the cold was very trying to me, and I awoke regularly once or twice in the night, when our large camp fire had gone out. All my men lay entirely naked around the extinguished fire; some sleeping, others cold and half awake, who, however, thought it too much of an effort to go after fuel. I then usually called one of them, and by promising tobacco—and I had made them accustomed to have entire confidence in my words—induced him to go out in the dark night and procure more fuel.

By being thus perpetually disturbed they acquired the idea that the 'white man' was always on the alert, and had the baby of the gun ready.

. . . It is difficult to get any trustworthy facts, for they are great liars, not to mention their tendency to exaggerate greatly when

they attempt to describe anything. Besides, they have no patience to be examined, and they do not like to be asked the same thing twice. It takes time to learn to understand whether they are telling the truth or not, and how to coax information out of them. The best way is to mention the thing you want to know in the most indifferent manner possible. The best information is secured by paying attention to their own conversations. If you ask them questions, they simply try to guess what answers you would like, and then they give such responses as they think will please you. . . .

Native
politeness.

A squatter was walking in the bush in company with his black-boy, hunting brush-turkey (Talegalla). As they sauntered forth, the black-boy touched him on the shoulder from behind and said, 'Let me go ahead.' When the squatter asked why he wished to go before him, the boy answered, 'I feel such an inclination to kill you.' The black-boy had been on the station for several years, where he had served as shepherd and had proved himself very capable.

Native
candour.
There is a
common say-
ing, 'Never
have a black-
fellow behind
you.'

Carl Lumholtz.
Among Cannibals.
Murray. By permission.

ON the 18th they arrived at a nice green grassy spot, on which they were fortunate enough to kill a young kangaroo. Wylie was delighted at this. 'Massa, you see me pta (eat) all night,' was what he used to say to Eyre whenever any butchering left offal for him to masticate. He generally kept his word. On this occasion his supper is worth recording. He commenced by eating a pound and a half of horse-flesh, with a little bread. He then disposed of the entrails, paunch, liver, lights, tail, and two hind-legs of the young kangaroo . . . next a penguin, which he had found dead upon the beach, and upon this he forced down the hide of the kangaroo after singeing the hair off. He wound up the meal by swallowing the tough skin of the penguin.

Eating is a
passion.

Rev. Julian E. Tenison-Woods.
History of the Discovery and Exploration of Australia.
Sampson Low, Son, and Marston. By permission.

HONEY is a highly valued food of the natives, and is eaten in great quantities. Strange to say they refuse the larvæ, however hungry they may be. The wax is used as a glue in the making of various implements, and also serves as a pomade for dressing the hair for their dances and festivals. The Australian bee is not so large as

Wild honey.

our house fly, and deposits its honey in hollow trees, the hives sometimes being high up. While passing through the woods the blacks, whose eyes are very keen, can discover the little bees in the clear air as the latter are flying thirty yards high to and from the little holes which lead into their storehouse. When the natives ramble about in the woods they continually pay attention to the bees, and when I met blacks in the forests they were as a rule gazing up in the trees. Although my eyesight, according to the statement of an oculist, is twice as keen as that of a normal eye, it was usually impossible for me to discover the bees, even after the blacks had indicated to me where they were. The blacks also have a great advantage over the white man, owing to the fact that the sun does not dazzle their eyes to so great an extent. One day I discovered a small swarm about four yards up from the ground, and thereby greatly astonished my men. One expressed his joy by rolling in the grass, the others shouted aloud their surprise that a white man could find honey.

Carl Lumholtz.
Among Cannibals.
 Murray. By permission.

Edible grubs.

GRUBS, which are extremely palatable, are procured from the grass-tree, and likewise in an excrescence of the wattle-tree. They are eaten either raw or roasted, but seem to be greatly improved by cooking. I am told they have a nut-like flavour, but I never had the courage to sample them. . . .

Adult wild dog is occasionally eaten for a change, but puppies are an ever-welcome treat. As the dog is, however, with the blacks, as among the whites, frequently trained up to be the slave of man, the pups are often spared, and revolting as it seems to our notions—wet nursed by the women of the family. Australia being a land of contraries, black swans, and so forth, we need not be, perhaps, too much surprised at this approach to a reversal of the history of Romulus and Remus.

Albert F. Calvert.
The Aborigines of Western Australia.
 Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent. By permission.

Cat's-cradle.

A VERY important game in Australia is cat's-cradle. It was recorded in Victoria more than fifty years ago; we may therefore assume that it is indigenous and not imported by white men. In the Torres Straits Islands it is equally well known, and many of the figures were certainly of native origin. Where cat's-cradle

was invented, and whether it was invented in more than one place, is unknown, but it is found at many places where there is no reason to suspect the white man of having introduced it. In some districts of North Queensland, where it is universally known, it is a man's game; but more often it is the especial sport of women and children. Some of the figures are extremely complicated, requiring three pairs of hands in the process of manufacture, and going through eight or nine stages before they are complete; in other cases the mouth, hands, and knees of the player are enlisted. One simple but ingenious figure represents a man climbing a tree. . . . Any one who wishes to study the game as played in Australia will find all the figures reproduced in Dr. Roth's bulletin No. 4.

N. W. Thomas.

Natives of Australia.

Constable. By permission.

BILLY noticed at once that I had some tobacco and matches, and began puzzling his brains to think of some way of getting a piece without asking for it. To tease him I gave all the others a bit and pretended to start for home, as though I had forgotten him. Suddenly a bright idea struck him.

'Missus,' he called after me, 's'pose me make you black-fellow fire, eh?'

I said I would very much like to see him make a black-fellow's fire, and asked him where his matches were.

He grinned broadly at this, and showed me two pieces of stick, with a little notch cut in one. I pretended to be very ignorant, and asked him what they were for.

Instead of answering he squatted down on the ground, and picking a few tiny pieces of dry grass, laid them in a little heap beside him: then laying one of his sticks on the ground near the grass he held it firmly in place with his foot, and fixing one end of the other stick in the little notch or groove twirled it quickly between the palms of his hands. In a few seconds some tiny, tiny red-hot ashes, no bigger than grains of sand, were rubbed out. Billy bent over them and blew softly till the grass took fire: then he stood on one leg and chuckled, and stuck his fire-sticks behind his ears.

It was all so quickly and cleverly done that I gave him two sticks of tobacco for payment, which pleased him immensely.

Mrs. Æneas Gunn.

Bett-Bett: A Little Black Princess.

Hodder and Stoughton. By permission.

The wild
aroma.

A CURIOUS feature shared by the Australians with other coloured races is the distinctive odour exhaled by their bodies. This seems to be quite distinct from the merely dirty smell of the unwashed European . . . there is certainly a smell peculiar to the black which disturbs cattle, dogs, and horses. According to one authority it resembles the smell of phosphorus, and its effects on animals seem to be quite independent of any unpleasant memories of natives: for they show uneasiness when they are approached by one for the first time: and are not yet in a position to see the colour of the person who is near them.

N. W. Thomas.

Natives of Australia.

Constable. By permission.

Yokkai,
a study.

HE (Yokkai) was a well-built man, but not strong, with something almost feminine in his looks. His forehead was very low and receding, still less so than the average foreheads of the blacks. For a black man he had uncommonly beautiful eyes; hazel-brown and clear, with long eye-lashes, but at times, when the light fell on them in a certain way, they had a bluish tinge. His nose had an upward tendency, and bore the marks of having once been broken. There were distinct scars on the rest of his body. . . . Yokkai was not so lazy as the other blacks with whom I had had to deal. Upon the whole, though active and lively, and far more frank and emotional than the other natives, he was cunning, and had a perception quick as lightning and a good understanding. When I asked him to do anything, he never grumbled, but was attentive and helpful, and frequently did things without being asked. . . . By reason of his *naïveté* and good humour, I might count on having in him a lively and entertaining companion. Nor was he so savage and greedy as the other blacks. A circumstance which made him particularly devoted to me was his decided eagerness to become a 'white man.' His ambition was to eat the food of a white man, to smoke tobacco, to make damper, to shoot, to take care of horses, to wear clothes, and to talk English.

He told me a number of stories in regard to himself, and gave me much interesting information about the life and customs of the natives. Among other things he said that he once had stolen from a white man, but it seems in connection with that he acquired a great dread of the white men and their dangerous weapons. The whites were too angry, he said, and he assured me that he never more would *gramma*—that is, steal. Together with his comrades he had ventured to go down to a farm near the coast,

where he had been tempted by the sight of a wash-tub containing some clothes. On one of his shoulders he still bore the mark of a rifle-ball by which he had been greeted on his visit to the white man. . . .

I also made him laugh many a time, and after I had become a tolerable master of his language, and was able to tell him things for his amusement, he laughed so heartily that I have sometimes seen the tears stream down his cheeks. What is comic to the blacks strikes them at once, and makes them laugh immediately. They are very humorous, have a decided talent for drollery, and are skilful mimics. I once saw a young Australian receive an order from his master, whereupon he immediately went to his companions and imitated his master's manner of speaking and acting, to the great amusement of the whole camp.

Keen sense
of humour.

Carl Lumholtz.

Among Cannibals.

Murray. By permission.

AN imitation by a native of an English song never fails to produce astonishment and shrieks of laughter. Indeed, in other matters besides music, the black boy regards us as an extremely absurd race of mortals. Perhaps he is right.

Albert F. Calvert.

The Aborigines of Western Australia.

Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent. By permission.

THERE is a large extent of country without any permanent surface water between the Darling, Murray, and Murrumbidgee Rivers. This was occupied by the Birriait tribe, who when the surface water failed them obtained a supply from the Mallee, a species of eucalypt, and from one of the Hakeas. . . . Mr. A. L. P. Cameron has . . . described to me the method used for obtaining water from the Mallee root. Those selected are generally from one to three inches in diameter and are easily dug up, as in many localities they extend laterally as far as ten feet without varying much in thickness, and are not more than nine or ten inches below the surface. A good root, say 10 feet long and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, would yield a quart of water, which, though not very palatable to those unaccustomed to it, is liked by those who have used it for a time.

A. W. Howitt.

Native Tribes of South-East Australia.

Macmillan. By permission.

THE civilised blacks have a remarkable talent for gaining the goodwill of the domestic animals of Europe, especially of horses. No matter how wild and unmanageable a horse may be, they make it so gentle that a white man will scarcely care to ride so dull a beast. . . .

Native
demonstra-
tion of joy.

At noon I heard continuous lamentations, but as I supposed they were for some one deceased, I paid but little attention to them at first. Lamentations for the dead, however, usually take place in the evening, and so I decided to find out what was going on. Outside of a hut I found an old woman in the most miserable plight. She had torn and scratched her body with a sharp stone, so that the blood was running and became blended with the tears, which were flowing down her cheeks as she sobbed aloud.

Uncertain as to the cause of all this lamentation, I entered the hut, and there I found a strong young woman lying half on her back and half on her side, playing with a child. I approached her. She turned her handsome face towards me, and showed me a pair of roguish eyes and teeth as white as snow—a very pleasing but utterly incomprehensible contrast to the pitiful scene outside. I learned that the young woman inside was a daughter of the old woman, who had not seen her child for a long time, and now gave expression to her joy in this singular manner. . . .

Insensibility
to pain.

I once saw two women engaged in cutting marks on each other's arms with a piece of glass. These marks consisted of short parallel lines down the arms like those worn by the men, but the operation did not seem to give them the least pain, for they smoked their pipes the whole time. . . .

Every locality has its name, every mountain, every brook, every opening in the woods. Many of these names are remarkable for their euphony. As a curiosity I quote the following stanza :

I like the native names as Paramatta,
And Illawarra and Woolloomoolloo,
Toongabbe, Millagong, and Coolingatta,
And Yurrumbon and Coodgiegang, Meroo.
Euranirina, Jackwa, Bulkomatta,
Nandowra, Tumbarumba, Woogaroo.
The Wollondilly and the Wingy-carribbee.
The Warragumby, Daby, Bungarribee.

The Australian natives are gay and happy, but their song is rather melancholy, and in excellent harmony with the sombre

nature of Australia. It awakened feelings of sadness in me when I heard it from the solemn gum-tree forest accompanied by the monotonous clatter of the two wooden weapons. . . .

Carl Lumholtz.

Among Cannibals.

Murray. By permission.

Not as the songs of other lands,
Her songs shall be.
Where dim her purple shore-line stands
Above the sea.
As erst she stood, she stands alone :
Her inspiration is her own,
From sunlit plains to mangrove strands,
Not as the song of other lands
Her song shall be. . . .

George Essex Evans.

An Australian Symphony.

Angus and Robertson. By permission.

The Corroboree, it may be noted, is always performed at night, often by the light of the full moon, supplemented it may be by that of a fire. A favourite costume in some parts of New South Wales is to paint in white lines the outlines of the ribs, thus giving the dancer the appearance of a skeleton.

The famed
Corroboree a
simple almost
childish
dance.

N. W. Thomas.

Natives of Australia.

Constable. By permission.

THE Australian savage is *devouringly* fond of music, but it has sometimes the reverse of a soothing effect upon him ; for instance, when it takes the form of a war-song. During the singing of one of these he rushes madly up and down, stamping and jumping in an ever-increasing frenzy.

And yet to the eye, when the words of one of these spirit-stirring ditties are coldly set up in type, there seems but scanty material out of which to get up so much superheated steam.

Here is a specimen of a well-known war-song :

'Yu-do danna,
Nan-do danna ; (staccato)
Myeree danna,
Goor doo danna ;
Boon-ga-la danna, (with a wild shriek)
Gonoga danna,
Dowal danna,
Narra-ra danna,' etc., etc.

The last lines being hissed and shrieked with energy indescribable.

All this being interpreted means :

‘Spear his forehead,
Spear his breast ;
Spear his liver,
Spear his heart,
Spear his loins ;
Spear his shoulder,
Spear his thigh,
Spear his ribs,’ etc., etc.

Albert F. Calvert.

The Aborigines of Western Australia.

Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent. By permission.

‘ME plenty savey,’ said Bett-Bett lying down again. Then she told me that away out east there is a beautiful country, where a big tribe of moons live, hundreds of them. They are very silly creatures and will wander about in the sky alone—you never see two moons at once, you know !

Whenever a new moon wanders into the west—she called a full moon a new one—a great giant, who lives there, catches it and snips big pieces off and makes stars with them. Some of the moons get away before he can cut them all up, but this poor moon had been ‘close up finessim’ first thing.

‘Spouse me moon,’ said Bett-Bett : ‘me stay in my country ; me no more silly fellow. . . .’

Stars are very frightened of the sun. They say he is a ‘cheeky fellow’ and will ‘round them up’ if he finds them in the sky : so they hide all day, and towards night send two or three of the bravest of them to peep out and see if he is really gone.

‘Look, Missus,’ said Bett-Bett, pointing up at the sky, ‘little tellow star come on now. Him look this way. Him look that way. Him talk which way sun sit down’ ; and it seemed, as I watched, as if they really were peeping cautiously about. Suddenly raising her voice to its very highest and shrillest pitch, she called—

‘Sun bin go away alright.’

After she had called, a great number of stars came quickly one after the other, and she got very excited about it.

‘Him bin hear me, Missus,’ she cried. ‘Straight fellow : him bin hear me.’

Mrs. Æneas Gunn.

Bett-Bett : A Little Black Princess.

Hodder and Stoughton. By permission.

A CERTAIN missionary named Robinson had the credit of inducing the remnant of the wild men and women of Tasmania to surrender to the clemency of the Government. They were then, with a somewhat doubtful generosity, presented with an island, and maintained thereon at the charges of the State. It does not appear henceforth that they lacked any material comfort. But the fierce savages who had long harassed the outlying settlers, and who possessed considerably more 'bulldog' in the way of courage than their continental congeners, refused to thrive or multiply when 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' even though they had alteration of landscape in their island home, and but the restless sea for their encircling boundary. They pined away slowly; but a few years since the last female of the race died. The monotonous comfort told on health and spirits. It was wholly alien to the constitution of the wold hunters and warriors who had been wont to traverse pathless woods, to fish in the depths of forest streams, to chase the game of their native land through the lone untrampled mead, or the hoar primeval forests which lay around the snow-crested mountain range.

Rolf Boldrewood.

Old Melbourne Memories.

Macmillan. By permission.

FOR thirty-three years he remained amongst them. Little by little he lost every trace of civilisation, and finally forgot his own language. Once only had he seen white faces during all this long period. While he was upon the beach one day, a ship anchored close alongside. Buckley came down to the shore with every desire to communicate. A boat put off, and a party came ashore to bury the body of a seaman. Poor Buckley made every effort to make himself known, but all in vain. The boat's crew took him simply for a friendly native, and disregarding his imploring looks, left him among the savages. He was recovered from the natives in 1836, when Port Phillip was colonised. He died from an accident in 1857. An account of his life with the natives has been published, but it affords very little information concerning their habits.

Buckley, a white man, spent a life-time with the blacks.

Rev. Julian E. Tenison-Woods.

Exploration of Australia.

Sampson Low, Son, and Marston. By permission.

SOME remnants of the river tribes remained about their old haunts, apparently in their old state of independence. I had seen them

from the deck of the steamer squatting on the banks in their 'possum skins, or fishing naked from a boat that was simply a sheet of bark as torn from a tree; in W— they trailed about the streets in some of the garments of civilisation, grinning amiably at the white residents, on the look-out for any trifles of tobacco and coppers that a kindly eye might give hope of. They are hideous creatures, poor things, and their attempts at European costume did not improve their appearance. The most extraordinary human figure that I ever saw was a black gin in a bird-cage crinoline. She had something else on, but not much—only what would drape a small part of the lattice-work of steels and tapes, through which her broad-footed spindle legs were visible, strutting proudly. . . . Some of the stations made a point of protecting and showing kindness to the blacks. On these they made their camps, and swarmed like the dogs about the homesteads, bringing offerings of fish, and receiving all sorts of indulgences in return. I visited at the one of these places that was most notoriously benevolent in this direction. The gins, whose husbands had used the waddy to them, used to come to the house to have their wounds plastered; the nursing mothers got milk and other privileges; some of the least lazy and dirty young ones were put into the family's cast-off clothes and taken into a sort of service—given little jobs of dish-washing and wood-chopping, for which they were overpaid in such luxuries as they most valued. I was deeply interested in seeing them at such close quarters, and studying their strange habits and customs; it was a valuable and picturesque experience. But there was not a lock or bolt on any door, and a half-witted black woman, who was a particular pet, used to roam into my bedroom in the middle of the night to examine me, my baby, my clothes, my trinkets on the dressing-table—which was too much of a good thing. When I hinted as much to the hospitable family, they used to say easily, 'Oh, she's quite harmless.' But I never could get used to it.

Ada Cambridge.
Thirty Years in Australia.
 Methuen. By permission.

THE Government of Australia annually distributes blankets to the blacks on the Queen's birthday. . . . This is the only thing the Government does for the black.

Carl Lumholtz.
Among Cannibals.
 Murray. By permission.

ONE of the quieter items in the year's news is that measures are being taken for the settlement of the native problem. A native problem, in the real sense, Australia never had, for the aborigines have sickened and disappeared before the incoming of the white man as before some pestilent breath. Now, however, a piece of land in the Kimberley district, eight hundred and fifty thousand acres in extent, has been purchased, and is to be made into a reserve for the natives. It was formerly the territory of three squatters, and is stocked with ten thousand head of cattle, and thirty-eight thousand horses. The plan originated with the chief Protector of Aborigines because of the trouble experienced by the settlers through the spearing of their cattle by the blacks, and it has been proved absolutely useless to imprison these children of the wilds for theft. It is hoped that the black colony will be self-supporting, and that from it the authorities will be able to recruit the native mounted police, *i.e.* black trackers—veritable human sleuth-hounds in following up a trail.

Nearly one hundred years ago, Lord John Russell wrote to the then Governor concerning our 'sacred duty' to provide for the blacks; yet this is the first real effort made on their behalf. Apart from the humanity of the scheme and our sense of duty in the matter, the race is of distinct value to us as a field study for anthropologists. The Australian aborigines are the living link between ourselves and prehistoric man—quite the most interesting nation on the globe; oddly enough, being a low Caucasian type, they are far more nearly allied to Europeans than many much more highly civilised negritic peoples. Let us hope that this century, which opened so gloriously for the 'White Australia,' will discover some means by which the remaining vestige of the 'Black Australia' may be preserved for a short space in our midst.

Florence Gay.

The Oncoming of Australia: The Outlook.

By the Editor's permission.

VII

GROPING AFTER THE SPIRIT

MANY natives were seen about this upper part of the range. They were generally hostile and treacherous, shunning communication with the explorers. Once, however, the latter had come upon a camp, and the owners had quitted it in such haste and fright that two children were left behind. They seemed very much frightened, so Eyre tied a red handkerchief round the neck of one and left the place. Some days afterwards the camp was again revisited. The children were now gone. The red handkerchief had been carefully taken off and hung upon a tree, while all around the plains were strewn with green boughs, as if to propitiate the supernatural beings who had thus come mysteriously among them.

Rev. Julian E. Tenison-Woods.

Exploration of Australia.

Sampson Low, Son, and Marston. By permission.

THE ordinary magic, though it may be curative or prophylactic, or even actively beneficent in its object, as in the case of rain-making, is more often intended to compass the death of an enemy. It is, however, interesting to note that evil magic may be wrought by any one, including the medicine-man, or magician. Curative magic, on the other hand, is the special function of the magician, who *qua* magician is seldom provided with means of inflicting harm. An exception is found in some of the gulf tribes investigated by Dr. Roth.

N. W. Thomas, M.A.

Natives of Australia.

Constable. By permission.

THE belief in magic in its various forms—in dreams, omens, and warnings—is so universal and mingles so intimately with the daily life of the aborigines that no one, not even those who practise deceit themselves, doubts the power of other medicine-men, or that if men fail to effect their magical purposes the failure is due to error

in the practice, or to superior skill, or power of some adverse practitioner. . . .

It is not difficult to see how, amongst savages having no real knowledge of the causes of disease, which is the common lot of humanity, the very suspicion of such a thing as death from natural causes should be unknown. Death by accident they can imagine, although the results of what we should call accident they mostly attribute to the effects of some evil magic.

. . . In all the tribes I refer to there is a belief that the medicine-men can project substances in an invisible manner into their victims. One of the principal projectives is said to be quartz, especially in the crystallised form. Such quartz crystals are always, in many parts of Australia, carried as part of the stock-in-trade of the medicine-man, and are usually carefully concealed from sight, especially from women, but are exhibited freely to the novices at the initiation ceremonies. Among the Yuin the hair of deceased relatives, for instance of father or brother, is used for making bags in which to carry quartz crystals, called by them *Krugullung*.

When travelling in the country back of the Darling River, before it was settled, I came across a black-fellow doctor, who accompanied me for the day, and he greatly alarmed my two black boys by seemingly causing a quartz crystal to pass from his hand into his body.

The *Kunki*, or medicine-man of the Dieri tribe, is supposed to have direct communication with supernatural beings called *Kutchi*, and also with the *Mura-muras*. He interprets dreams, and reveals to the relatives of the dead the person by whom the deceased has been killed. . . .

In the *Tongaranka* tribe, and in all the tribes of the *Ilchumundi* nation, pointing with the bone is practised. The medicine-man obtains the fibula of a dead man's leg, which is scraped, polished, and ornamented with red ochre, and a cord of the dead man's hair is attached to it. It is believed that any person towards whom the bone is pointed will surely die, and a medicine-man who is known to have such a bone is feared accordingly.

A. W. Howitt.

Native Tribes of Australia.
Macmillan. By permission.

WHEN Goggle-Eye stopped talking, I asked him what the peculiar marks on his shoulder meant.

'What name this one talk, Goggle-Eye?' I said, touching it with my finger.

He was just trying to decide whether it would be all right to tell a white woman what a black lubra must not hear, when a wretched little willy-waggletail flew into the verandah after spiders.

No black-fellow will talk secrets with one of these little birds about. They say they are the tell-tales of the bush, and are always spying about listening for bits of gossip to make mischief.

They call them 'Jenning-gherries,' or mischief-makers, and say that they love mischief of all kinds.

'Jenning-gherrie come on,' said Goggle-Eye, pointing to the little flitting, flirting bird, and I knew I should hear no more that day.

Mrs. Æneas Gunn.

Belt-Belt : A Little Black Princess.

Hodder and Stoughton. By permission.

STRANGE to say, many of the civilised blacks believe that they will be changed hereafter into white men—that they will 'jump up Whitefellow,' and it is also an interesting fact that many tribes use the same word for 'spirit' and for 'white man.' It has frequently happened that the savages have taken white men to be their own deceased fellows, which confirms the theory prevalent in many parts of Australia, that the natives believe in a future life.

Carl Lumholtz.

Among Cannibals.

Murray. By permission.

THE best known, and perhaps the most important instance is that of William Buckley, a convict, who escaped in the year 1803 from the settlement, attempted by Colonel Collins within Port Phillip Bay, where Sorrents is now. After wandering round the shore of the bay he was found by some of the *Wudthaurung* tribe carrying a piece of broken spear, which had been placed on the grave of one Murrangark by his kindred, according to the tribal custom. Thus he was identified with that man, and as one returned from the dead received his name and was adopted by his relation.

A. W. Howitt.

Native Tribes of Australia.

Macmillan. By permission.

VERY few inquirers have attempted to penetrate deeply into the Australian ideas about the soul; one of them is Dr. Roth. He says that on the Tully River the soul is associated both with the shadow and with the breath. It goes away during sleep, fainting fits, etc., and has 'no bones.' For some days after death it can be heard tapping on the tops of the huts, creaking the branches; the

koi finally goes away into the solitudes of the scrub, where it can be met with everywhere ; it is much more dangerous to solitary individuals than to a number together. . . . Dr. Roth says that blacks believe the *koi* can be seen ; and if the sight is shared by no other person, the human being pines away and dies.

N. W. Thomas.

Natives of Australia.

Constable. By permission.

AND though the dusky race that to and fro,
Like their own shades, pass by and leave no trace,
No age-contemning works from quick brain throw,
They still have left what Time shall not efface—
The legends of an isolated race. . . .

Johannes Carl Andersen.

The Otago Witness.

By permission.

'THEY believe in a Supreme Being called *Boyma*, who dwells in the north-east, in a heaven of beautiful appearance. He is represented as sitting on a throne of transparent crystal, with beautiful pillars of crystal on each side. *Grogorally* is his son who watches over the actions of mankind. He leads the souls of the dead to *Boyma*. The first man made by *Boyma* was called *Moodgegally*, who lives near the heaven of *Boyma*. He lives on the earth and has the power of visiting *Boyma*, whose place he reaches by a winding path round a mountain, whence he ascends by a ladder, or flight of steps. There he receives laws from *Boyma*. . . .'

Belief in God
the Father
and His Son.

Boyma,
frequently
written
Baime.

Mr. Manning has built up on these facts a superstructure which represents Christian dogmas, and he has done this evidently with full faith in the nature of his deductions. The following are his own words : 'They not only acknowledge a Supreme Deity, but also believe in his providential supervision of all creation, aided by his son *Grogorally*, and by the second mediator in the supernatural person, of their intercessor *Moodgegally*. . . .'

A belief is common to all the tribes referred to in the former existence of beings more or less human in appearance and attributes, while differing from the native race in other characteristics. Their existence, nature, and attributes are seen in the legendary tales which recount their actions. . . .

These legends relate to the *Mura-muras*, who were the predecessors and prototypes of the blacks, who believe in their former and even their present existence. . . .

The legends show what the *Mura-muras* are supposed to have been. At the present time they are said to inhabit trees, which are therefore sacred. It is the medicine-men alone who are able to see them, and from them they obtain their magical powers. . . .

Going back to this far-away time, we find ourselves in the midst of semi-human creatures endowed with powers not possessed by their living descendants. . . .

Every individual is supposed to be the reincarnation of an Alcheringa being, or, in other words, one of their ancestors.

A. W. Howitt.

Native Tribes of Australia.

Macmillan. By permission.

Alcheringa a
being both
beast and
man gave
rise to
totems.

THEIR religion, it is true, is a simple form of fetishism. But such as it is, they have a real belief in it, in the immortality of their souls, and in the existence of the spiritual world. Some of the tribes have a belief in an 'All Father.' It has been suggested that this idea has only been adopted from the missionaries ; but it was certainly not European influence which suggested the appeals to the Kadmakara to control the rain, or the propitiatory rites which Spencer and Gillen have shown that the Warramunga pay to the spirit of the mythical animal the Wollunqua.

J. W. Gregory.

Dead Heart of Australia.

Murray. By permission.

PRAISEWORTHY efforts have been made by both Protestant and Catholic missionaries among the natives of Western Australia ; the most successful of the missions being that started by Bishop Salvado. This monastic institution at New Nursia—conducted by Spanish monks—was that spoken of by Sir F. Napier Broome, G.C.M.G., in a paper read by him to the members of the Royal Colonial Institute. . . .

Lady Barker also writes of this noble monastery of Spanish Benedictines : . . . 'A regular string band, some eighteen or twenty strong, of native boys ; one played a big double bass, others violins, a 'cello, and so forth. Such nice little fellows, black as jet, but intelligent, well looking and well mannered. . . .'

They pine at times after their wild bush life, and this 'home-sickness' is best allayed by allowing them an occasional hunting expedition.

Father Carrido, also an excellent authority on everything appertaining to the natives, assures us that they make good stockmen, teamsters, and shepherds, and considers that an agricultural life is the easiest and most natural path towards civilisation.

Albert F. Calvert.

The Aborigines of Western Australia.

Simkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent. By permission.

WHEN I landed in Australia in September 1835, I had but six clergymen with me; at this moment I have twenty-three priests under my jurisdiction. Of these, two are established at Norfolk Island, and three in Van Dieman's Land. Thus, religion has been able to extend its benefits to a vast extent of territory; and yet my clergy and I have felt, and still feel, sincere and deep regret for not having a priest to devote to the conversion of the savage natives. I am convinced by my own experience that the faith would easily spread among the tribes which are removed from all intercourse with the Europeans, or with whom any contact is constantly the source of corruption. These savages—the object of so much contempt—appear to us intelligent, cheerful, and very observing. I had from time to time the opportunity of seeing them, and when I could speak to them on religion, I found it very easy to make them comprehend the principal truths of the Catholic faith. The Cross, particularly, is for them a matter of serious reflection. Oftentimes we have the happiness of seeing fathers bring to us, at Sydney, their children that they may receive a name—it is thus they signify baptism. We grant, without difficulty, this favour whenever a priest resides on the territory which the tribe inhabits, and we give a certificate which is to be presented to the missionary in order that he may watch over the regenerated infant. Any writing which we entrust to these savages has, in their eyes, something mysterious and sacred; and if they happen to know that the letter or ticket concerns themselves, or their children, they preserve it with a truly religious care. The friendship which they have for each other, and the affection which they testify for any kindness shown to them, are qualities which characterise and recommend their good disposition. Nothing is more affecting than to hear them speak of their attachment to Father Therry, who, during several years, was alone occupied with their salvation; so that if you wish to give them a favourable idea of the priests, you have only to represent them as brothers of Father Therry, and the Bishop as father of all. . . .

Origin of
Benedictine
Monastery of
New Nursia.

From a letter of Dr. Golding.

THE Pope having spoken kindly to Dr. Brady, turned to the two Benedictines and addressed them in these remarkable words : 'Remember, my sons, that you belong to the great family of our glorious patriarch, St. Benedict, your father and mine. You are about to enter in the path trodden by the illustrious apostles, who were our brethren. They converted a great portion of the people of Europe to the Christian Faith, and procured for them the blessing of civilisation : whilst by their preaching and labours, savage people have been transformed into cultured nations. Go then and do honour to the habit you wear, and may the blessing of the God of Heaven inflame your zeal and render your apostolate fruitful. . . .'

They set sail for Australia from London with Bishop Brady, forming part of a large religious party of eight on the 16th of September 1845. . . .

They had landed at Freemantle, and next day proceeded to Perth. But in their brief stay at Freemantle the monks beheld for the first time some of the savages among whom their lot was to be cast. It was not a pleasant introduction, and their hearts sank on beholding the depth of degradation to which these wretched aborigines appeared to have fallen during the years of their intercourse with the European population. For about a year after their landing in Australia, Dr. Brady kept the two missionaries in Perth. He appeared to have little faith in any real good being done among the savage inhabitants of the bush, and he and other friends did what they could to dissuade the monks from undertaking a mission so full of danger. Every imaginable difficulty was placed in their way, and it was not until the beginning of 1846 that they were allowed to carry out their desire.

'On the 16th February (says Bishop Salvado), taking our little possessions on our backs with a crucifix on our breasts, and sticks in our hands, we betook ourselves to the church where Dr. Brady was waiting for our arrival. The whole colony, informed of our intended departure, filled the humble cathedral of Perth ; for Protestants as well as Catholics wished to say good-bye to us, as they quite thought it would be for ever. The Bishop addressed us in terms which greatly touched those who were present ; and having received his blessing and the kiss of peace, we quitted Perth, being accompanied on our way by a large portion of the population. The moon shed its soft light on our path, and behind followed two carts containing provisions, a change of clothes, some agricultural implements, and a portable altar. . . . For the first five days the missionaries travelled along a good road, and then

they arrived at a farm some sixty-eight miles from the city, which was the farthest outpost of civilisation. Here they halted three days to recruit their strength before entering the vast unknown region which stretched out before them. Starting once more, they soon experienced great suffering from want of water. After many hours of intense anxiety, however, they came upon a supply which satisfied their immediate needs ; but this was only the first of many days of similar suffering experienced by them during their wanderings in the bush.

On the day following, the drivers whom they had hired in Perth, refused to go a step farther into the country so difficult and dangerous to traverse, and, in spite of all remonstrances, deposited the contents of the carts under a tree, and turned their backs on the Benedictine Fathers and their two assistants. . . .

To be left alone in the woods, without means of transporting the little store of goods they had brought from Perth, caused the missionaries grave anxiety. As it was the first Sunday of Lent, however, they set up their altar under the branches of a wide-spreading tree, and offered up their Masses to obtain God's protection and blessing on the work they were thus commencing. They then set themselves to construct a rude hut of branches, and while thus engaged, failed to notice, at first, a troop of savages who had gathered about them. Their looks were not reassuring as they leaned upon their long spears and eyed the strangers suspiciously. . . . The missionaries, however, manifested no sign of the distrust they certainly felt, and went about their work as if no one was near. Having finished their hut they lit a fire, and then quietly sat down by it and sang their Compline, as if they had been in their monastery at Compastello. The night passed without much sleep for them ; and the following day, understanding from the looks of the savages that they were about to attack them with their spears, they anticipated the movement and advanced towards them, making signs that they meant only peace, and offering sugar and rice cakes. This completely disarmed the savages, and by these little presents they succeeded in making them friends.

For a time the missionaries and their savage allies remained near the rude hut they had constructed, until all the provisions the monks had brought from Perth being consumed, hunger obliged them to go in search of food. Dom Salvado and his companions went also on these hunting expeditions, and shared the labour and fatigues of those they wished to convert. Often when the women were tired, the missionaries took their turn in carrying the children

of the party on their backs. When the men brought a kangaroo or other large animal into the camp, they held a feast. Many a time they had to content themselves with a few roots and wild fruits, or perhaps with a lizard or two, or a few earth-worms. This was indeed a hard life for those accustomed to civilised ways, but they made good use of their wanderings in the woods to note each new word and expression, in order to form some knowledge of the language which was to enable them to speak the message they came to deliver to these savage people. . . .

After enduring these hardships for about three months, they began to see that it was impossible and useless for them to continue as they were ; and Dom Salvado, the strongest of the party, offered to return to Perth for assistance in their need, and thus to enable them to continue longer with their savage friends. He set out under the guidance of a youthful savage of the tribe named Bigliagoro.

'On the road,' says Dom Salvado, 'we ate anything we could find, which was often only lizards and earth-worms. Bigliagoro always left me the best part of what he caught, but my stomach often revolted at what was required of it. At the end of some days, however, I could eat anything, and I must say that a grilled lizard, a boiled maggot, or a steak of opossum cooked in a handful of green leaves with an earth-worm or two, are not the most disagreeable of food, particularly when one has fasted since the morning.'

At last Perth came in sight, and so sad was the plight of raggedness to which the poor missionary was reduced, that he had to make a halt at Barden's Hill, a mile or two out of the city, till he could be made sufficiently presentable to venture on entering within its limits. A Catholic lady in Perth provided him with a pair of shoes, and made him a new cassock, and thus enabled him to enter the city in decent garb. On his arrival in Perth, Dr. Brady, the Bishop, tried to prevent his return to the bush, and endeavoured once more to make him abandon a mission so full of danger and hardship. With great firmness, however, the monk withstood all entreaties and refused to give up a work once begun. He had merely come for aid ; but the Bishop, himself the poorest of his missionaries, could afford him none. For some time he had the greatest difficulty in getting any money to enable him to purchase the stores he and his fellow missionary stood most in need of. At last, however, it struck him he might turn his talents as a musician to account, and give a concert in Perth. The idea was approved of by every one, and peoples of all denominations

assisted him to make it a success. A Jewish citizen became the chief patron of the projected entertainment. The Protestant clergyman lent his piano. Dom Salvado appeared on the platform in his Benedictine habit, or rather such part of it as remained after his wanderings in the bush.

'My tunic,' as he relates, 'was in tatters, and only came down to my knees; my stockings, which I had tried to mend with any kind of thread, presented the most strange appearance as to colour; as to my shoes, they were broken in numberless places, and displayed my feet as much as they covered them. Add to this a beard which had been allowed to grow wild, a face black as that of a collier, and hands like those of a blacksmith, I thought I should be an object at once of compassion and laughter. Loud applause, however, greeted me and gave me courage.' For three hours Dom Salvado delighted his audience on that memorable evening with an exhibition of no ordinary musical skill; and, what was more to the point to him, the collection made at the end, added to the price of the seats, formed a good round sum with which to make his purchases. He soon got together a supply of clothes, provisions, seeds, and a plough, and with these all packed in a waggon he had also bought, he set out to return to his companions. He had hoped to have had a quick, easy journey; but the wet season had unfortunately set in, and he experienced the greatest difficulty in finding his way. On the second day he was overtaken by a severe storm, during which he lost his path, and for some time he travelled on in ignorance of his mistake. 'It was a terrible moment,' he says, 'when I first discovered my error. The thought of finding myself alone, without a guide, in that vast solitude, and in such a season, troubled me more than I can say. I knew not which way to turn, so I threw myself on my knees, and raising my eyes and hands to heaven, called upon God to help me. My short prayer gave me confidence, and taking my oxen by the horns I turned them and began to retrace my steps. After an anxious march of many miles I regained my first tracks and continued my journey.' . . . Their meeting was not so joyful as he had anticipated, for he found that one of the three, an Irish Catechist, had succumbed to the hardships they had endured, dying but a few days before his arrival. . . . Having at length found what seemed to them a suitable spot, in the month of August, they constructed a rude hut, and set about bringing the land around them into some sort of cultivation. Dom Serra led the oxen, and Dom Salvado guided the plough, and so well did they work that within a month they

had sown several acres with corn, and planted a great number of fruit trees. During this period of labour they still constantly studied the language of the aborigines, and, little by little, gained such an influence over them, that on several occasions they were able to interpose in the continual fights the tribes had with one another. Providence also enabled them to work most wonderful cures, by means of very simple remedies, in favour of the people they desired to influence. Gradually, the example of these two Spanish monks, working silently in the field, and devoting their lives to works of Christian charity, added to the wonderful cures which they effected, had the desired influence on the minds of the savages. At first they regarded them with wonder, and then began to look on them as superhuman beings, and were ready to listen when they wished to speak about religious subjects. The great difficulty they experienced was the method of life led by the native Australian. The savages were obliged to be always on the move in search of food, and even then seemed to be ever on the verge of famine. The only method known to them of supplying the needs of hunger was by hunting, and the missionaries felt that it was not possible to civilise such a people whilst they continued this nomadic mode of life. They had tried to follow them to their hunting-grounds, but the results of their experience was that this labour and all the hardships they had braved had been thrown away. Moreover, they remembered the old traditional monastic method of evangelisation, whereby the great monk missionaries had begun their work by founding a monastery, which in time became the centre of religious and civilised life. And thus Dom Serra and Dom Salvado resolved to imitate, in the Australian bush, a policy which had proved successful in past ages in Europe. . . . They were so fully persuaded of the ultimate success of their schemes that they obtained a grant from the Government of some forty acres of land on the banks of the Moore River, at a place called Victoria Plains, and commenced at once to prepare the land for cultivation. A number of French and Irish colonists from Perth came to their assistance, and they began to build a spacious house of stone, and a stable for their animals. The foundations were laid on the 1st March 1847. In fifty days the wild solitude of that portion of the Moore River had completely changed its aspect, and a stranger, had he gazed upon the scene, might have thought he beheld the well-kept homestead of an English farm. They led a busy life during those fifty days. The monks ploughed up the ground and scattered the seed in the furrows. The colonists built up the walls, and the savages, coming up first to look on, stopped

to aid in cutting down the trees in the clearing, whilst their children watched the flocks. They called their settlement by the name of New Nursia, in memory of the little town in Italy which is New Nursia. honoured as the birthplace of St. Benedict, the patriarch of Western monks. . . .

In a very short time the calculations of the monks began to be realised. The aborigines at first came from all parts to look at buildings which were so strange to them. They admired them greatly, and soon some endeavoured in a rude way to imitate the work of the monks, and fixed their huts near the new monastery. This was what the missionaries had hoped for, and a new concession of land being obtained, many of the savages asked to be allowed to aid in getting it ready for cultivation, and later on joined the monks in gathering in the harvest. The time of rest imposed on them during the heat of an Australian summer was devoted to instructing the savages in the truths of religion. At this time, one of the aboriginal assistants, being mortally wounded, was the first to receive baptism at the hands of the Benedictine Fathers. . . .

Cardinal Moran quotes the description of the life at New Nursia as given by Dr. Grives, Bishop of Perth, in his visit *ad limina* in 1882 :

‘There were then about two hundred aboriginals settled down there, having their own homes and holdings. They cultivate the land, take part with the lay brothers in all the various details of farm work, and conform to all the usages of civilised life. One day each week they get a run in the woods, hunting the kangaroo and opossum, or collecting wild fruits. They display considerable agility, and have been particularly successful in all matters of handicraft. Their cricket club is the best in the Colony (!) ; they have borne away the palm in shearing ; some of the native girls displayed wonderful skill in telegraphy ; some of the grown boys trained at the monastery have proved themselves excellent masons. On one occasion, at a remote missionary station, the Bishop met with an aboriginal who had grown up at the monastery of New Nursia. He prepared the altar most tastefully, arranged everything with the greatest skill, served Mass with singular precision, and approached the Sacraments with exemplary piety. The native children eagerly learn the catechism, and are particularly fond of music ; several of them have become excellent musicians.’

Miss Florence Nightingale, of Crimean reputation, after her visit to the colonies, wrote : ‘The necessity of allowing the habits of civilised countries to penetrate gradually into savage nations, by

means of education, seems to me to be nowhere understood except in the Benedictine Monastery of New Nursia.'

. . . It is no uncommon sight, though a somewhat strange one to those who are only acquainted with the tranquil life of the Benedictines in older countries, to see a mounted party of monks, dressed in their bush garb, gallop up at a break-neck speed swinging their long stock-whips close at the tail-end of a mob of wild horses, which they have been galloping after in the forest, until they have at length out-generalled them and have forced them down to the stock-yard. Having yarded the mob, and led their steaming stock-horses to the stables and unsaddled, these riders might be observed proceeding to a corner of the stable, whence each would extract a carefully rolled up garment, and in the twinkling of an eye each sunburnt bushman would be transformed into a monk, and walk off towards the monastery or the abbey church, as the case might be, as staid and solemn a company as one could see anywhere, were it not for an occasional tell-tale clink of the spurs or the coils of the raw hide stock-whip peeping out from under the habit. . . .

Dom Norbert Birt, O.S.B.

Benedictine Pioneers in Australia.

Herbert and Daniel. By permission.

THE Yarrabah Mission shows that it is perfectly possible, not only to civilise, but to Christianise the Australian aborigines. 'The men from the Yarrabah Mission,' says the Bishop of Carpentaria, 'can not only be trusted on the station, but in the season go and pick coffee on the plantations thirty miles away, without any control or supervision, walk in of their own accord, ten miles and back in the day, to receive Holy Communion at Cairns, and bring back all their wages for the common fund.'

Rev. C. H. S. Matthews.

The Church in Australia.

S. P. G. By permission.

HAPPILY the true religious sentiment, however dormant, can be reawakened in their case. The pollutions of savagery are not speedily effaced in a people: but I speak of what I know, when I say that the Australian aboriginal can apprehend and embrace the Christian Gospel, and that, when embraced indeed, it can transform his life. The Victorian Government,

though rigidly non-religious, encourages religious ministrations in the governmental black stations, on the ground of the potent and salutary influence of religion upon the conduct of the aborigines.'

The Right Rev. S. Thornton, D.D., Bishop of Ballarat.

Problems of Aboriginal Art in Australia.

By permission.

BOOK III

THE WHITE MAN AND HIS
ENVIRONMENT

I

THE SQUATTERS, OR THE EARLY KINGS OF AUSTRALIA

IN the older colonies the cattle and sheep farmers are also the owners of the land where their herds and flocks graze, but in the larger part of Queensland the pastures are rented from the Government. These great cattle and sheep farmers are called squatters, and are the aristocracy of Australia.

Carl Lumholtz.
Among Cannibals.
Murray. By permission.

PRIDE and successful ambition swelled my breast on that first morning as I looked round on my run. My run! my own station! How fine a sound it had, and how fine a thing it was that I should have the sole occupancy—almost ownership—of about 50,000 acres of 'wood and wold,' mere and marshland, hill and dale. It was all my own—after a fashion—that is, I had but to receive my squatting licence, under the hand of the Governor of the Australias, for which I had paid ten pounds, and no white man could in any way disturb, harass, or dispossess me. I have the first licence yet, signed by Sir Charles Fitzroy, the Governor-General. It was a valuable document in good earnest, and many latter-day pastoralists with a 'Thursday to Thursday' tenure would be truly glad to have such another. There were no free-selectors in those days. No one could buy land except at auction, when once the special surveys had been abrogated. There were no travelling reserves, or water reserves, or gold-fields, or mineral licences, or miners' rights, or any of the new-fangled contrivances for letting the same land to half a dozen people at one and the same time.

Rolf Boldrewood.
Old Melbourne Memories.
Macmillan. By permission.

'Twas merry in the glowing morn, among the gleaming grass
 To wander as we've wandered many a mile,
 And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and watch the white wreaths
 pass,
 Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.
 'Twas merry 'mid the blackwoods, when we spied the station roofs,
 To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard,
 With a running fire of stock-whips, and a fiery run of hoofs ;
 Oh ! the hardest day was never then too hard !

Adam Lindsay Gordon.

By permission of A. H. Massina and Co., Melbourne,
 proprietors of the copyright of Gordon's Poems.

WE have all heard of squatters' stations. We imagine (at least I did) a wild tract of forest, a great pastoral range ; a wooden hut run up in the middle of it ; men, dogs, horses, cattle, semi-savage all ; bushrangers perhaps skulking not far off ; the native and naked blacks of the soil retiring slowly before advancing civilisation, and hovering on the white man's skirts ; and for the rest the rude hospitality of nomad settlers amid a life like that of the ancient Scythians. This is what I looked for when I was told I was to be taken to the squatter's station, and the reality was again unlike the anticipation. . . .

We were at the door of what might have been an ancient Scotch manor-house, solidly built of rough-hewn granite, the walls overrun with ivy, climbing roses, and other multitudinous creepers, which formed a border to the diamond-paned, old-fashioned windows. On the north side was a clean-mown and carefully watered lawn, with tennis-ground and croquet-ground, flower-beds bright with scarlet geraniums, heliotropes, verbenas, fuchsias—we had arrived, in fact, at an English aristocrat's country-house reproduced in another hemisphere, and shone upon by night by other constellations. Inside, the illusion was even more complete. . . . We found a high-bred English family, English in everything except that they were Australian born, and cultivated perhaps above the English average—bright young ladies, well, but not over-dressed ; their tall, handsome brother ; our host, their father, polite, gracious, dignified ; our hostess with the ease of a *grande dame*. Two young English lords on their travels were paying a visit there, who had been up the country kangaroo-shooting. Good pictures hung round the rooms. Books, reviews, newspapers—all English—and 'the latest publications' were strewn about the tables—the *Saturday*, the *Spectator*, and the rest of them.

The contrast between the scene which I had expected and the scene which I found took my breath away.

James Anthony Froude.
Oceana (Longman's Library Edition).
By permission.

I DID not know where I was. I conjectured that I had turned off the track somewhere . . . that I was lost in the bush where I might never be found again—where I should have to spend the night alone, at any rate, in the horrible solitude and darkness, and the drenching rain. Bush hospitality.

Appropriately, in this extremity, and just as dusk was closing in, I heard a splashing and a crashing and my knight appeared—one of those fine, burly, bearded squatter men who were not only the backbone of their young country, but everything else that was sound and strong. He drew rein in amazement; I rose from my log and stood before him in the deepest confusion. Finally I explained my plight, and in two minutes all trouble was over. Bidding me stay where I was for a short time longer, he galloped away and presently returned with a buggy loaded with rugs and wraps, and bore me off to his house somewhere near. . . . Ah, those dear Bush-houses—so homely, so cosy, so hospitable, so picturesque—and now so rare! At least a dozen present themselves to my mind when I try to recall a perfect type, and this one amongst the first, although I never was in it after that night. They were always a nest of buildings that had grown one at a time, the house father having been his own architect, with no design but to make his family comfortable, and to increase their comfort as his means allowed. . . . I used to be much struck by the contrast of his cherished 'imported' furniture with its homely setting—the cheval glass and the mahogany wardrobe on the perhaps bare, dark-grey hard-wood floor—incongruities of that sort which somehow always seemed in taste. Never have I known greater luxury of toilet appointments than in some of those hut-like dwellings. In the humblest of them the bed stood always ready for the casual guest, a clean brush and comb on the dressing-table, and easy house-slippers under it. And then the paper-covered canvas walls used to belly out and in with the wind that puffed behind them; opossums used to get in under the roof and run over the canvas ceilings, which sagged under their weight, showing the impression of their little feet and of the round of their bodies where they sat down. . . .

The inward ordering matches the outward architecture, and, although Australian hospitality has survived the homes that were

its birthplace, one hesitates to present one's self as an uninvited guest at the door with the electric bell and the white-capped maid who asks 'What name, sir?' when you inquire if the family are at home. There is an off-chance that you may be unwelcome, or, at any rate, inopportune; whereas it was impossible to imagine such a thing in what we now lovingly call 'the old days.'

I came in, an utter stranger, out of the dark night and wet and boggy wilderness, weary and without a dry stitch on me, to such a scene, such a welcome, as I could not forget in a dozen lifetimes. The door had been flung wide on the approach of the buggy, and I was lifted down into the light that poured from it, and passed straight into what appeared to be the living room of the family, possibly their only one. The glorious log-fire of the country—the most beautiful piece of house-furniture in the world—blazed on the snowy white-washed hearth, filling every nook with warmth and comfort; and the young mistress, a new-made mother just up from her bed, in a smart loose garment that would now be called a tea-gown, came forward from her arm-chair to greet me as if I had been her sister at the least. The table was spread for the dinner, to which the husband had been riding home when I encountered and delayed him; and what a feature of the charming picture it was! I remember the delicious boiled chicken and mutton curry that were presently set upon it, and how I enjoyed them. But first I was taken into an inner bedroom, to another glowing fire, around which were grouped a warm bath ready to step into, soft hot towels, sponge and soap, and a complete set of my hostess's best clothes, from a handsome black silk dress to shoes and stockings, and a pocket-handkerchief. In these I dined, and retiring early as she had to do, found a smart nightgown, dressing-gown, and slippers toasting by my fire. And I sank to rest between fine linen sheets, and slept like a top until crowing cocks, within a few feet of me, proclaimed the break of day.

Ada Cambridge.
Thirty Years in Australia.
Methuen. By permission.

'OVERDALE,'
CURRAWINYA, QUEENSLAND.

'DEAREST BEE,—Peter got leave and came up in the train with us. When we reached Currawinya, Mr. Macgregor was waiting with the motor. It was nearly seven o'clock, so the chauffeur didn't waste any time on the way. It was a strange sensation—flying down the dark bush tracks at racing speed—but our great arc-lamps threw

a splendid light, and we saw every step of the way as we rushed along. I could hardly believe we had reached our journey's end when we turned in at the gates and stopped in front of the house. Mrs. Howard and two pretty daughters gave us the warmest welcome, and her maid helped me to dress, as it was dinner-time.

'There are two men staying here—Major Danby, a neighbouring squatter, who, Mr. Howard told me, distinguished himself in the Boer War, and tells the most thrilling tales of his experiences: the other, Mr. Bethune, is a young Englishman, a great admirer of Alice's. He has only been out here six months, and talks of buying a station and settling in Queensland.

'Lucy, the second girl, is very pretty, just eighteen. She came out at the Government House ball in race week. Peter has made great friends with both girls, and is quite the life of the party. Mrs. Howard is charming: both she and her husband have been so kind to me. She is a splendid horsewoman, besides being an excellent shot, and they go over to New Zealand every season for the trout-fishing.

'Last night we had some great battles at "bridge": Major Danby and I against father and Mrs. Howard; but my luck was out, and they beat us badly. It's a good thing I don't play for money!

'After we had finished "bridge" Mr. Bethune was talking about his "camp cooking," and Mrs. Howard offered to teach him how to make a savoury omelet. He jumped at it, the girls flew to the pantry for ingredients, and in two minutes we were all busy.

'Mrs. Howard kept her word: she made a perfectly delicious omelet over a little electric kettle, and we ate it at 11.30 p.m. !!!'

Rose Boldrewood.

Complications at Collaroi.

Ouseley. By permission.

I HAD the pleasure of being the guest at several 'stations' out on the downs, far removed from the railway. Charming hosts I found, with houses built after the manner of English country-houses and with all the accompanying luxuries—a delightful bit of 'home' far from the 'Old Country.'

J. Foster Fraser.

Australia.

Cassell. By permission.

As nearly every Government in Australia begins with an attempt to alter the existing land laws, it is not a surprise to hear that the Labour Party will commence with a Land Tax Bill. The question is: Will they blindly continue the aggressive policy towards the squatters which was inaugurated in 1851? Or will they reflect a little upon the altered conditions of the big landowners since Mr. (afterwards Sir) John Robertson drafted the first Bill of a system of legislation which was to establish and foster an agrarian upon the pastoral industry. Since that date various Acts, culminating in the Closer Settlement Act of 1907, have been passed to make conditions harder for the squatter. About twenty years ago, Henry George's fallacy of single-tax took possession of men's minds, and with the advent of the Labour Party the idea became firmly rooted in some quarters that the landowners should supply all deficiencies in the revenue. But there was a cloud arising on the fair horizon of the squatters' prosperity, never taken into consideration by the followers of either Sir John Robertson or Henry George, and never dreamt of by the squatters themselves, but which was to envelop them in trouble far more serious than any attack by the Labour Party. This was the rabbit scourge. The change wrought by this little rodent in the condition of the Commonwealth is extraordinary. Oddly enough, it may be said both to condemn and to support the policy of the Labour Party towards the squatters. It must condemn any over-taxation of men who are faced with ruin through the approach of a pest as deadly as any of the ten plagues of Egypt. But it undoubtedly supports the Labour Party in their policy of Closer Settlement, and of parcelling out the land into portions which can be easily overlooked and kept free from the scourge. Above all, it justifies the demand made by the Commonwealth for more immigrants—as it is only in thickly populated lands that the numbers of a fast-breeding animal, such as the rabbit, can be kept within bounds.

The squatter, with his fair domains completely riddled by rabbit warrens, acquiesces in the necessity for the Closer Settlement Act: but the short-sighted policy by which some of the land is taken from the big landowners can surely be of benefit to neither the squatter nor the Labour Party. Under the present Act the Government is authorised to compel an owner to sell his land, in order that it may be cut up into blocks suitable for settlement, and already millions of pounds have been spent in buying out squatters. A man bereft of his lands, his interest in his country destroyed, very soon finds his way to some other quarter of the globe, and both the man and his money are lost to the State. The fact that

so much land still awaits settlement renders the policy of compulsory sales most extraordinary. . . . Huge sums of money are spent by the landowners in keeping down the rabbits, apart from the measures which legislation compels them to take against the pest. A rabbit-proof fence is the only known method of freeing land from the scourge, but the expense of such a structure is entirely beyond the means of small settlers; the squatters have spent enormous sums in the laying down of these fences.

The squatters admit the need for the Labour Party's policy of Closer Settlement, as they now admit that the Labour Party was right in the introduction of the Protective Tariff. Is it possible that the present Government will continue to harass a class, the pioneers of civilisation, now faced by certain ruin through the rabbits? With the advent of the terrible rodent the squatter's golden days have passed away. He was lord of the soil, and he gave out of his bounty with the same lavishness as Nature herself. He dispensed hospitality to rich and poor. In days of yore the pilgrim knocked at the castle gate and craved a night's lodging. But the 'Sun-downer' accepted his bunk in the travellers' hut with the *sang froid* he would possess himself of the bed he has paid for in an inn, and the chances are that he continued his way the next day with a few days' rations in his swag. It is all too common to speak of the squatter as a rich man. The wealthy members of the class are few, but all are expected to respond to every appeal to their purses, and the tramp looked upon his bunk and rations merely as his perquisites.

. . . The squatters themselves are hopeful that the necessity acknowledged by all parties for concerted action against the rabbit pest will completely demonstrate that the interests of the squatter and the labourer are identical—that from the very nature of things the squatter must spend his capital for the good of the community, and therefore his interests should be protected.

Florence Gay.

Land and Labour in Australia: The Outlook.

By the Editor's permission.

AN OLD BUSH ROAD

DEAR old road, wheel worn and broken,
Winding thro' the forest green,
Barred with shadow and with sunshine,
Misty vistas drawn between.

Grim, scarred blue-gums ranged austere-ly,
Lifting blackened columns each
To the large fair fields of azure,
Stretching ever out of reach.

See the hardy bracken growing
Round the fallen limbs of trees ;
And the sharp reeds from the marshes
Washed across the flooded leas ;
And the olive rushes leaning
All their pointed spears to cast
Slender shadows in the road-way,
While the faint slow wind creeps past.

Ancient ruts grown round with grasses,
Soft old hollows filled with rain ;
Rough, gnarled roots all twisting queerly,
Dark with many a weather stain ;
Lichens moist upon the fences,
Twiners close against the logs ;
Yellow fungus in the thickets,
Vivid mosses in the bogs.

Dear old road, wheel worn and broken,
What delights in thee I find !
Subtle charm and tender fancy,
Like a fragrance in the mind.
Thy old ways have set me dreaming,
And out-lived illusions rise,
And the soft leaves of the landscape
Open on my thoughtful eyes.

See the clump of wattles, standing
Dead and sapless on the rise ;
When their boughs were full of beauty,
Even to uncaring eyes,
I was ever first to rifle
The soft branches of their store.
O the golden wealth of blossom
I shall gather there no more !

Now we reach the dun morasses,
Where the red moss used to grow,
Ruby bright upon the water,
Floating on the weeds below.

Once the swan and wild-fowl glided
By those sedges green and tall ;
Here the booming bitterns nestled ;
Here we heard the curlews call.

Climb this hill and we have rambled
To the last turn of this way ;
Here is where the bell-birds tinkled
Fairy chimes for me all day.
These were bells that never wearied,
Swung by ringers on the wing ;
List ! the elfin strains are waking,
Memory sets the bells a-ring !

Dear old road, no wonder surely,
That I love thee like a friend !
And I grieve to think how surely
All thy loveliness will end.
For thy simple charm is passing,
And the turmoil of the street
Soon will mar thy sylvan silence
With the tramp of careless feet.

And for this I look more fondly
On the sunny landscape, seen
From the road, wheel worn and broken,
Winding thro' the forest green,
Something still remains of Nature
Thoughts of other days to bring—
For the staunch, old trees are standing,
And I hear the wild birds sing !

Grace
Jennings
Carmichael
born and
educated in
Australia.

Jennings Carmichael.
Watson, Ferguson. By permission.

II

THE OPEN LIFE

THEY had told us of pastures wide and green,
To be sought past the sunset's glow ;
Of rifts in the ranges by opal lit,
And gold 'neath the river's flow.
And thirst and hunger were banished words
When they spoke of that unknown West ;
No drought they dreaded, no flood they feared,
Where the pelican builds her nest !

Mary Hannay Foott.

Morna Lee and Other Verses.

Gordon and Gotch. By permission.

As they advanced, the view became more pleasing. The country was undulating and lightly wooded, showing, in the spots which became visible from time to time, that the grass was green and luxuriant. It was remarked that the hills only rose very gently, but still high, and the timber upon them seemed excellent. No harbour was, however, seen along the whole course ; and this fact unfortunately has not been contradicted by more recent explorations, except in the case of one or two insignificant bays. The first indentation of land noticed by Cook was Bateman's Bay. Behind this, and for several leagues on each side, the country was very mountainous. Sometimes the ship approached so close to the land, that the natives were seen watching them intently ; but the coast was too open to attempt a landing. As they went northward a strong current was found setting to the southward, and this, combined with the heavy rolling sea towards the west, made Cook imagine that Van Diemen's Land would be found separated from Australia.

They sailed along the coast for several days, anxiously looking out for a place upon which they could land. As each succeeding mountain rose upon their view, the ingenuity of the crew was taxed to compare it to something. Thus, as the ship glided onwards, unfolding the new shore to their absorbed gaze, Mount Dromedary,

Mount Pigeonhouse, Long Nose, and Red Point received their names. The mountains became thicker and higher, more gloomy and grand. The coast became more rocky, bold, and precipitous. Let us picture to ourselves the scene. There is Cook upon the quarter-deck, resting his glass upon the cabin lights, and communicating his observations to the officers who stand round. Dr. Solander is straining his eyes to see a native, and Mr. Banks is wondering what a world of botanic discovery lies in that dense thick foliage. The man at the wheel glances aside from the binnacle now and then, as the exclamations of the officers indicate something new. The crew lean listlessly over the side, and wonder what sort of a place that dark-looking shore can be. Meanwhile, the panorama before them differs from the aspect of most of the countries they have seen. There is first the surf, which comes from long, booming waves striking upon the black cliffs, and casting a shower of white foam into the air. Then there is the foreground of the coast, precipitous and rocky, but a green patch here and there between the valleys, showing that it is fertile too. Then commences the forest, rising like a sloping, rolling sea of dark, very dark, almost black foliage. Above them are the mountains, of a rich ultramarine blue colour—blue, that is to say, with a tint of beauty which only those who have travelled in Australia can believe possible. Last of all, in the far distance, there are mountains more remote; but these are of an ash-grey hue. These things must have charmed and amazed Cook, for he could not have seen them elsewhere. Owing, probably, to the dryness of the atmosphere, no country possesses such a variety of colour in its landscapes. No mountains are so blue as the Australian mountains; but then, one must not expect green trees. At a distance these appear of a positively black or dull brown colour. . . .

The usual red gum was observed oozing out from the bark, and this attracted their notice, as it did that of every explorer who landed upon the continent. This gum is a species of kino, and possesses powerful astringent and probably staining qualities. . . .

Dr. Solander and Mr. Banks were most successful, however, in collecting plants. Everything they saw was new, and, what was more fortunate, a great many of the species were still in flower. The trees were acacias and eucalypti, the latter with the surface of the leaves not at right angles to the branch, but placed edgewise towards it. There were beautiful plants like heaths and fuchsias, immortelles and blue-bells; there were new grasses, new rushes, new mosses, and new fruits, all rivalling the charm of their novelty by their rich and gorgeous hues. This was why the bay was called

Botany Bay, and this is also why the place was considered such a paradise by Captain Cook and the naturalists. . . .

Everything the explorers saw possessed an extraordinary interest for them. First, the size of the bats or flying foxes, as the settlers now call them, attracted the attention of all. Their size was so large, and their appearance so hideous, that a sailor who had found one ran back in great consternation, and reported that he had seen the devil! Next, the enormous size of the shell-fish upon the coral reefs filled them with wonder, as well it might, for the dimensions of the *chama gigas* in that locality are so great that two men could scarcely manage to lift one. The kangaroo was seen here too for the first time. The explorers were very much puzzled to say what sort of animal it was, for it fairly beat their greyhound by jumping over the long grass, exactly as a jerboa would have done under similar circumstances. At length one was caught, examined, cooked, and found to be good eating.

Rev. Julian E. Tenison-Woods.

A History of the Discovery and Exploration of Australia.

Sampson Low, Son, and Marston. By permission.

THE DAYLIGHT IS DYING

THE daylight is dying
 Away in the west,
 The wild birds are flying
 In silence to rest;
 In leafage and frondage
 Where shadows are deep,
 They pass to their bondage—
 The kingdom of sleep.
 And watched in their sleeping
 By stars in the height,
 They rest in your keeping,
 Oh, wonderful night.

When night doth her glories
 Of star-shine unfold,
 'Tis then that the stories
 Of bush-land are told.
 Unnumbered I hold them
 In memories bright,
 But who could unfold them
 Or read them aright?

Beyond all denials
The stars in their glories,
The breeze in the myalls,
Are part of their stories.
The waving of grasses,
The song of the river
That sings as it passes,
For ever and ever,
The hobble-chain's rattle,
The calling of birds,
The lowing of cattle,
Must blend with the words.
Without these, indeed, you
Would find it ere long
As though I should read you
The words of a song
That lamely would linger
When lacking the rune,
The voice of the singer,
The lilt of the tune.

But as one half hearing
An old-time refrain,
With memory clearing,
Recalls it again,
These tales roughly wrought of
The bush and its ways,
May call back a thought of
The wandering days.
And, blending with each
In the mem'ries that throng,
There haply shall reach
You some echo of song.

Andrew Barton Paterson.
Angus and Robertson. By permission.

. . . IN the bright spring morning we left them all—
Camp and cattle, and white and black—
And rode for the Range's westward fall,
Where the dingo's trail was the only track.

Slow through the clay-pans wet to the knee,
 With the cane-grass rustling overhead ;
 Swift o'er the plains with never a tree ;
 Up the cliffs by a torrent's bed.

Bridle on arm for a mile or more,
 We toiled, ere we reached Bindanna's Verge,
 And saw—as one sees a far-off shore—
 The blue hills bounding the forest surge.

An ocean of trees, by the west wind stirred,
 Rolled, ever rolled, to the great cliff's base ;
 And its sound like the noise of waves was heard
 'Mid the rocks and the caves of that lonely place.

Mary Hannay Foott.

Morna Lee and Other Verses.

Gordon and Gotch. By permission.

Salt bush.

THERE is a small grey-green shrub which grows, thousands of square miles in a patch, over most of Central Australia. It smells of bad fish if you crush it, and it is salt to taste. But it does not trouble about rainfall. A shower or two at the right time and whole plains come up covered with it. Sheep fatten on it and so do horses, though they cannot do much heavy work on it if they have no grass as well. It makes a magnificent reserve of food in this Central Australia.

That shrub is called salt bush.

C. E. W. Bean.

On the Wool Track.

Alston Rivers. By permission.

The marsupial.

THE large kangaroo bears a young 'no larger than the little finger of a human baby and not unlike it in form.' This helpless, naked, blind and deaf being the mother puts, in an almost inexplicable manner, into the pouch with her mouth, and places it on one of the long, slender, milk-giving strings found in the pouch. Here the young remains hanging for weeks, and grows very rapidly. The mother possesses a peculiar muscle with which it is able to press milk into the mouth of the helpless little one, and the larynx of the young has a peculiar structure so that it can breathe while it sucks and consequently is not choked. Gradually it assumes the form of its parents, and when big enough it begins to make excursions from the pouch, which continues to enlarge with the growth of the

young. These excursions become longer as the young grows larger, and thus its pouch serves both as second womb and as a nest and home. All marsupials are propagated in this manner, but the number of young may vary from one to fourteen. . . .

The kangaroo jumps as quickly as a galloping horse, but usually it gets tired soon, especially if it is an 'old man,' as the colonists say. He then places himself with his back against the trunk of a tree and seeks to protect himself from the dogs to the last. Woe be to the dog who comes within reach of his paws! He seizes it with his arms and rips its belly open with his strong big toe. The dog therefore takes good care not to come too near. Sometimes the kangaroo takes refuge in a pool of water, and if the dog is too intrusive the kangaroo ducks it instinctively under water and holds it there till it is dead. . . .

Kangaroo-hunting.
Kangaroo dogs are a species of large greyhound.

I here added to my collection Australia's smallest marsupial animal, the beautiful *Phascologale minutissima*. A cat playing with something that looked like a mouse led to the capture of this specimen, for on closer examination it appeared that it was not an animal of the mouse family but this little marsupial.

Kangaroos range in size from that of a gorilla to that of a mouse.

Carl Lumholtz.

Among Cannibals.

John Murray. By permission.

ON the way we stopped to watch the evolutions of an eagle-hawk, which had caught up an opossum (stupid as an owl in daylight) and was sailing through the ether with it, fiercely chased by all the other birds in the neighbourhood. They call these great creatures eagle-hawks, but they are wholly eagles, to all intents and purposes. I have seen one swoop over a terrified flock, claw up a good-sized lamb, and soar away with it as if it were a mouse. . . .

The eagle-hawk is a genuine eagle.

This snake lived in the church of G.'s first parish. Its hole was visible to the congregation, and it used to show its head to them in service time (during the sermon probably) and make them nervous. So it was sought to entice it to its destruction with saucers of milk. The parson used to lay the bait overnight and go to look for result in the morning. Always the saucer was found empty, but for a long time the snake was not found. At last he saw it asleep upon the white cloth laid over the chancel carpet, where the sun from the east window poured warmly down upon it. So he hewed it in pieces before the altar as Samuel hewed Agag. . . .

A snake story.

Opossums did not keep to the river; they loved the fruity old

Opossums.

garden, and stuck to it in spite of dogs and guns. Driving home o' nights we used to see them sitting on the house roofs, silhouetted against the sky, and they used to keep us awake with their talk to each other on a tree near our bedroom window. On one occasion we were awakened by the nurse calling to us that a 'possum had come down the chimney and was flying round the nursery and smashing everything. A candle and a stick soon ended the career of that enterprising little animal.

We had all the birds of the country flying over us in the grey dawns and the golden twilights. The lovely gabble of the cranes and the wild swans comes back to me whenever I think of the place. My diary records that on one occasion we had a young native-companion 'roast with force meat' for dinner, and that it was 'delicious.' Also that two days later we experimented upon a swan and found it 'not so good.' The gun of course went out for duck and snipe and quail in their season, to vary the too-constant mutton. They were not easy to get, for this is no true game country, but those huge sheep stations with their lonely dams, were practically wild country for them.

Platypus.

In the elbow of the river at the corner of our paddock we used to watch for the platypus, which had a home there under the broken banks. Four of these precious varieties were shot in the six years—we are sorry for that now, but were proud of it at the time—and the house smelt horribly while their dense oily coats were being stripped off and dressed. The same river provided a beautiful set of furs for my friend at M——. They were made of the golden-brown skins of water-rats caught and cured for her by her butler. There, too, we used to sit among the evening mosquitoes and angle for black fish and 'yabbies.' . . .

But Nature took toll of us in return for what she gave. Eagle-hawks that hankered after the lambs, and their lesser brethren that were interested in the poultry; hares that loved young vegetables with the morning dew upon them; nocturnal wild cats, and the tame cats gone wild that were worse than they—for them, too, the gun was kept in readiness, and alas! I grieve to say, the trap.

Ada Cambridge.

Thirty Years in Australia.

Methuen. By permission.

Water-carrying frog.

I HEARD the people on Diamantina River speak of a species of large frog which after rain buried themselves about six inches down in the ground, and remained there during the dry season. These frogs contain much water, a fact known to the natives, who dig

them up in the dry season and quench their thirst by squeezing the water out of them. The white population also sometimes resort to these frogs for water. They know the little mounds, which resemble mole-hills, under which the frogs lie hid, and dig them out. According to report, such a frog contains about a wine-glassful of 'clear, sweet water.'

Carl Lumholtz.

Among Cannibals.

John Murray. By permission.

THE Jenolan Caves . . . one of the great sights of New South Wales. They are not the only limestone caves in the colony, as there are others at Wambeyan, Yarrangobilly, Wellington, and Boree. All of these are not only remarkable for natural beauty, but are highly interesting to the geologist for their fossil remains. The Jenolan Caves, however, are the most remarkable, the best explored, and the most accessible. . . . All their characteristics are the same; vastness, grandeur, colossal proportions everywhere—huge caverns upheld by gigantic columns, great shapes recumbent, as of dead giants at rest, vaulted roofs a hundred feet aloft, and walls crowded with figures in which countless statuesque shapes may be seen of a soft, pure grey, like the interior of a mediæval cathedral, or else green-stained through saturation with coppery solutions.

**The Jenolan
Caves.**

The Picturesque Atlas of Australasia.

THE knoll of Desert Sandstone at Nungunpurannani clearly showed the origin of the 'Stony Deserts,' an origin that has been much disputed. This problem naturally excited the interest of the early travellers; for these wide wastes of stones are most impressive in their awful desolation and barrenness. The pebbles are sometimes so closely packed that a cart leaves no wheel-ruts; and, as the South Australian police know to their cost, aboriginal fugitives can cross the country without leaving the slightest trace of their footprints. I was told of one South Australian police-officer who gained the affection of the aborigines by keeping them well supplied with dogs. His motive, however, was not generosity. He was thus enabled to track the aborigines across the Stony Deserts, as the clumsy dogs disturbed the stones, or put their feet between them and left footprints on the soft clay.

**The Stony
Desert of
Central
Australia.**

The stones on these plains are angular, and are said in places to fit together with the accuracy of a mosaic; and when the pebbles are thus closely packed, patches of the Stony Desert appear like a tessellated pavement.

Sturt was the first man who gave any detailed description of the Stony Desert, and he explained it as due to the action of a former sea. He regarded the sandy desert as once undoubtedly a sea-bed,¹ and saw in each belt of stony desert 'the focus of a mighty current' sweeping across an old sea-floor. The pebbles of the stony plains, however, show no signs of water action. Sturt's view is an illustration of the habit, so prevalent in the middle of the last century, of regarding water as the universal geological agent.

The Stony Desert, in fact, is due to the absence of water. The country where it occurs was once covered by a sheet of the rock known as Desert Sandstone, in which there are abundant pebbles of quartz, sandstone, and other hard materials. The Desert Sandstone has slowly decayed under the action of the weather; the loose sand has been blown away by the wind, and the hard fragments remain scattered over the ground.

J. W. Gregory.
The Dead Heart of Australia.
 Murray. By permission.

SEPTEMBER IN AUSTRALIA

GREY winter hath gone like a wearisome guest,
 And, behold, for repayment,
 September comes in with the wind of the West,
 And the Spring in her raiment !
 The ways of the frost have been filled of the flowers,
 While the forest discovers
 Wild wings, with the halo of hyaline hours,
 And the music of lovers.

September, the maid with the swift silver feet !
 She glides and she graces
 The valleys of coolness, the slopes of the heat,
 With her blossoming traces ;
 Sweet month, with a mouth that is made of a rose,
 She lightens and lingers
 In spots where the harp of the evening glows,
 Attuned by her fingers.

.

¹ Sturt's *Central Australian Expedition*, vol. i. p. 130.

We, having a secret to others unknown,
 In the cool mountain-mosses,
 May whisper together, September, alone
 Of our loves and our losses.
 One word for her beauty, and one for the grace
 She gave to the hours ;
 And then we may kiss her and suffer her face
 To sleep with the flowers.

Oh season of changes—of shadow and shine—
 September the splendid !
 My song hath no music to mingle with thine,
 And its burden is ended ;
 But thou being born of the winds and the sun,
 By mountain, by river,
 Mayst lighten and listen, and loiter and run,
 With thy voices for ever.

Henry
 Clarence
 Kendall, born
 and educated
 in Australia.

Henry Kendall.

George Robertson. By permission.

. . . THE silence and the sunshine creep
 With soft caress
 O'er billowy plain and mountain steep,
 And wilderness—
 A velvet touch, a subtle breath,
 As sweet as love, as calm as death,
 On earth, on air, so soft, so fine,
 Till all the soul a spell divine
 O'ershadoweth.

The grey gums by the lonely creek,
 The star-crowned height,
 The wind-swept plain, the dim blue peak,
 The cold white light.
 The solitude spread near and far,
 Around the camp fire's tiny star,
 The horse-bells' melody remote,
 The curlew's melancholy note
 Across the night.

These have their message ; yet from these
 Our songs have thrown
 O'er all our Austral hills and leas
 One sombre tone.

Whence doth the mournful keynote start?
 From the pure depths of Nature's heart?
 Or from the heart of him who sings,
 And deems his hand upon the strings
 Is Nature's own?

George Essex Evans.

An Australian Symphony.

Angus and Robertson. By permission.

THE land of droughts is a land of torrential rains. On February 2nd 1893 at Crohamhurst, in the Blackall Range, a fall of thirty-five inches took place in a few hours—about two inches more than the annual rainfall of Great Britain. Other big falls between twenty and thirty inches have been known, and a fall of ten or twelve inches in one day is not rare. The great rains invariably come from the north. The changes in the landscape wrought by such torrents are greater in Queensland than in other States. The Paroo River is said to come down sometimes in a great wave thirty feet in height, and to swell in a short time from a chain of water-holes to a mighty river thirty miles wide. The Queensland streams flood many hundreds of miles in the interior. . . .

Great Australian
 Artesian
 Basin.

From the earliest days of the colonies, the mysterious disappearance of so much water led to a belief in the existence of a vast subterranean reservoir. Now the latest maps of the Commonwealth show a clearly defined Artesian Basin underlying a huge tract of land more than double the size of the German Empire. This priceless underground lake is called The Great Australian Artesian Basin, and is by far the largest in the world. It underlies more than one-half of Queensland, and considerable portions of New South Wales, South Australia, and the Northern Territory. It is being steadily tapped by some of the deepest bores in the world, amounting at present (A.D. 1912) to nearly two thousand in number. . . . The Great Australian Artesian Basin is technically known as a half-basin. Of its area of five hundred thousand square miles, only sixty thousand have intake beds; of these the larger portions lie in Queensland, and have an area as large as England. . . . Victoria lies entirely outside the Artesian Basin, and her irrigation methods are the most perfect in the Commonwealth. We hear constantly of the skill and money expended on the Waranga Basin—only part of a great system of canals and reservoirs, which will take rank with the big irrigation schemes of the world, and which enables Victoria, at the present

Irrigation.

time, to offer settlement on a large scale. . . . We are wont to think with awe of the Great Nile Dam which holds rather over thirty thousand cubic feet of water, but a proposed reservoir in the Trawool Gorge will contain over sixty thousand million cubic feet, and the bed of the dam will cover an area of twenty-eight thousand acres. Trawool Gorge is in Victoria, about forty miles south of the Waranga Basin. It is almost impossible to give an adequate idea of these projects—one is tempted to compare them with the titanic irrigation schemes seen by Professor Lowell in the canals of Mars.

Florence Gay.

Irrigation of Australia: The Outlook.

By the Editor's permission.

OF the timber one can speak with no uncertainty. Between 31° and 35° south latitude, there are splendid areas of jarrah, one of the finest woods in the world; the renowned karri, white gum, red gum, York gum, and sandal-wood. This timber is thickly set over 30,000 square miles of territory, and from it will come a great amount of wealth. . . . There was £33,525 worth of sandal-wood exported in 1888. Baron von Müller, whose researches in Australia have been of such value, speaks in the most glowing terms of the woods of this colony. Mr. W. H. Knight, twenty years ago, gave evidence as to the value of the jarrah, and Mr. Ernest Favenc quoted some of this testimony in his book on the colony. It is found that piles driven down in the Swan River were, after being exposed to the action of the wind, water, and weather for forty years, as sound and firm as when put into the water. Mr. Favenc presents a table which shows that the wood is practically indestructible. It completely resists the attacks of the white ants, where stringy bark, blue gum, white gum, and black wood are eaten through or rendered useless in from six to twelve years. The karri timber grows to an enormous height, rivalling the Gippsland and Huon gums, while at the same time it is sound and durable.

Australian
timber.

Iron-bark
wood is
practically
indestructible
under water,
and has
remained
untouched by
fire when
iron girders
have been
partially
melted.

Sir Gilbert Parker.

Round the Compass in Australia.

Hutchinson. By permission.

THE trees of Australia are of many kinds. Here are the names of some of them which yield marketable timber: jarrah, karri, tuart, blackbutt, wandoo, mallet, morrell, gimlet, jam wood. . . . But the jarrah and karri, which grow in Western Australia, are perhaps

the best known of the famous Australian hard-woods. Many of the London streets are paved with them; they are invaluable for harbour, dock, and pier work, for they resist the attacks of the teredo, and they are imported all over the world as railway sleepers and for other purposes.

Archibald Marshall.

Sunny Australia.

Hodder and Stoughton. By permission.

THERE are hills beneath, on which there is a long white gash, as though some burning plough had been driven down their sides and had made this ashy wound. But let the eye sweep to the left. Will the picture ever fade from the mind? I do not think so. The surprise was too great. We had come into the harbour in the early morning, and we had not seen the beautiful entrance. But there it was in the gathering twilight. Two great gates open, and in the centre two lovely sentinel islands. Against one of them a fleecy cloud lay—spray cast high up against its rocky sides. Away still further to the left a bay, with white beach, stole in for miles, and I could count every pretty indentation and curve. But what a congregation of curves it was! And what a wonder of dramatic composition in the scene.

For behind me and that endless sea, with its rocky embrasures, there rolled away into silence the sombre plains lit up here and there by bush fires. One, two, three, four in the half-circle, and not a house to be seen outside the town there at our feet!

Sir Gilbert Parker.

Round the Compass in Australia.

Hutchinson. By permission.

Magpies.

SITTING-ROOM and bedroom, with a door between, our other door opening upon a big plot of virgin bush, alive with magpies, whose exquisite carolling in the early hours of the day is the thing that I remember best. There is no bird-song in the world so fresh and cheery. I seldom hear it now, but when I do I am back again, in imagination, at breakfast near that open door, drinking in the sweetness of the lovely September mornings, which were the morning of my life. Never had I known such air and sunshine or such health to enjoy them; and never do I feel so much an Australian as when I go to the bush again and am welcomed by that fluty note. The spirit of happy youth is in it and of those 'good old times.'

Ada Cambridge.

Thirty Years in Australia.

Methuen. By permission.

How well one feels in this out-of-door life! When we lie down to rest we are lulled to sleep by the melancholy, sleep-inspiring, and not disagreeable voice of the night-bird *Podargus*—‘more pork! more pork!’—and we are awakened in the bracing morning air, before the sun is up, by the wondrous, melodious organ-tones of the Australian magpie (*Gymnorhina tibicen*). The mopoke.

Carl Lumholtz.

Among Cannibals.

Murray. By permission.

BY THE GREY GULF WATER

FAR to the Northward there lies a land,
 A wonderful land that the winds blow over,
 And none may fathom nor understand
 The charm it holds for the restless rover;
 A great grey chaos—a land half made,
 Where endless space is, and no life stirreth;
 And the soul of a man will recoil afraid
 From the sphinx-like visage that Nature weareth.
 But old Dame Nature, though scornful, craves
 Her dole of death and her share of slaughter;
 Many indeed are the nameless graves
 Where her victims sleep by the Grey Gulf Water.

Slowly and slowly those grey streams glide,
 Drifting along with a languid motion,
 Lapping the reed-beds on either side,
 Wending their way to the Northern Ocean.
 Grey are the plains where the emus pass,
 Silent, and slow, with their staid demeanour;
 Over the dead men's graves the grass
 Maybe is waving a trifle greener.
 Down in the world where men toil and spin,
 Dame Nature smiles, as man's hand has taught her;
 Only the dead men her smiles can win,
 In the great lone land by the Grey Gulf Water.

For the strength of man is an insect's strength,
 In the face of that mighty plain and river;
 And the life of a man is a moment's length
 To the life of a stream that will run for ever.

And so it cometh they take no part
 In small world-worries ; each hardy rover
 Rideth abroad and is light of heart,
 With the plains around and the blue sky over.
 And up in the heavens the brown lark sings
 The songs that the strange wild land has taught her ;
 Full of thanksgiving her sweet song rings—
 And I wish I were back by the Grey Gulf Water.

Andrew Barton Paterson.

Angus and Robertson. By permission.

THE GREY LAKE

(LAKE EYRE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA)

FAR away to Southward
 The grey lake lies,
 Thirty leagues of mud, bare
 To turquoise skies.

Shallow, sluggish water,
 Warm—warm as blood,
 Not enough to cover
 The quaking mud.

Hot winds drive the water
 In summer-time,
 Southward—and behind them
 There lies grey slime.

Forty miles to westward,
 A hundred north,
 Wind-fiends hunt the water
 Back—back and forth.

There are reed-grown islands
 The eye scarce sees.
 Grey ooze guarding grimly
 Their mysteries.

Strange things may survive there,
 What, who can tell?
 Monsters old—the lake slime
 Can guard them well.

No one knows those islands ;
The gulls that fly
May go near, but others
Would surely die.

For the wind-scourged water
Would flee the ships,
And the mud would open
Her soft smooth lips. . . .

So the isles are sacred
From alien tread,
Since the slime can swallow
And keep her dead.

Who can know her secrets ?
The blue sky might—
(Cloudless-hot in daytime,
Star-gemmed at night).

To and fro for ever
The water swings,
And the gulls fly over,
For *they* have wings.

Dorothea Mackellar.
The Closed Door.

By permission of H. H. Champion,
Manager Australasian Authors' Agency.

OUR WESTERN ROADS

OUR roads are long and brave and broad,
They wind by hill and plain,
And teams go slowly down their leagues
With wool and hides and grain.

And here their way is calm and smooth,
And there 'tis hedged with rocks ;
On either side wide pastures spread
With lowing herds and flocks.

From bridge to bridge they run their course
From sluggish stream to stream ;
At noon their lengths are hazed in heat,
At night they dimly gleam.

From sky to sky they creep afar,
With neither pause nor rest,
A sandhill beckons in the east,
A mirage in the west.

They are not known in Errantry,
Nor writ in old Romance;
But whirling witch-like shapes of dust
Across them leap and dance.

No storied guns with broken wheels
Lie strewn at distant whiles,
But Peace and Progress, night and noon,
Are lord of all their miles.

Their shining leagues no legend tell—
No sacred places show
Where plumed and armoured warriors rode
To battle long ago.

But here, beside his roadside fire,
A weary teamster dreams,
While star and star above him troop
And some red meteor streams.

They never knew the old Romance—
Knights pacing two and two,
The new Romance is all they boast—
The rude and strong and true.

Before the axemen carved the road
Through forests green and grey,
And broke the rocks and heaped the earth,
Stern heroes forced their way.

Though Man and Nature sought to stay
Their march and force them back,
The sun-browned vanguard fought their stars
And built the open track.

Their fame shall gather down the years
As some great torrent rolls,
And Sturt and Burke and Wills endure,
And other brother souls.

.

Adown the long grey roads at night
 A lonely figure goes ;
 He wears no glowing wreath of song,
 Nor War's triumphant rose.

The spirit of our race it is
 That trod the ways unknown,
 And forced the gates of Mystery,
 And made the west its own.

Roderic Quinn.
Sydney Mail.
 By permission.

WE had peaches of the finest quality literally in tons—and nothing else. In their season I would peel the flannel jackets from half a dozen before breakfast, and go on eating them at intervals all day (whereby I destroyed my taste for peaches, as it had already been destroyed for quinces, for the rest of my life) ; and the ground was so cumbered with them that we were grateful to the neighbours who came with buckets and wheel-barrows to get them for their pigs.

Ada Cambridge.
Thirty Years in Australia.
 Methuen. By permission.

I WISH I could show those good people and certain conceited gardeners who persist in pruning and cutting every lower limb of their fruit-trees, the orchard at Wando Vale, as in those days. Great umbrageous apple-trees with long lateral branches trailing on the ground, covered with fruit of the finest size and quality. The remarkable thing about these apple-trees was that they had never been grafted or pruned. They all came from the seed of a barrel of decayed apples, and which being of many different varieties, were, as the old gentleman expressed it, 'each better than the other.' That such is not the general result I am aware, being a bit of a gardener myself ; but it was the fact in this instance, as I saw and tasted the fruit, and have the word of the owner for it besides, who planted the trees with his own hands.

Rolf Boldrewood.
Old Melbourne Memories.
 Macmillan. By permission.

ALL the Australian birds, however, seem to me extraordinarily different from the English birds in character and expression, as well

as plumage and note. They are less simple or guileless, if one may use such a word. They are wild with the sort of wildness that gives one the idea that they are the imprisoned souls of wood-fawns and satyrs, older and wiser than any other birds, with an odd sort of cunning in their aspect. I have watched them again and again beside the pool of which I speak, which seems indeed a veritable show-ground for them. There are the mud-larks, rather like our water-wagtails, only much larger, come there with the most wanton flutter of broad black-and-white tails to disport themselves upon the patch of green at its verge. And the laughing jackass and cockatoo, wild duck, and even an occasional wild swan; lorries and galahs, and innumerable little green and grey birds, owls and hawks, the blue goshawk, and the rare white hawk.

But these are not all the strange characters to be found in the book of Nature, which lies open before us in the Australian Bush—a book of fantastic contradictions, of Rabelaisian twists and turns.

E. M. Clowes.

On the Wallaby through Victoria.

Heinemann. By permission.

‘WHAT a fine team!’ Mary remarked, as the leaders went off with a bound. ‘What are their names?’

‘Baronet and Boulder, Barmecide and Battleaxe,’ he told her. ‘They’re pretty fresh just now. I bred them myself, so I’m glad you like them.’

‘They do you great credit. I love being on the box of a really good four-in-hand. There’s nothing more stimulating!’

‘Except hunting,’ Barrington reminded her. ‘A good run, taking your fences at top speed, one after the other, with your favourite horse going strong under you. Oh, there’s nothing in the world to compare with that feeling!’

Mary was having a lesson in steering the four-in-hand which she found most enthralling. Denis, having selected a good piece of road, gave the reins into her hands, and was astonished at the way in which she handled them.

‘I drove a team once for twenty miles,’ she told him, ‘from Bunglebone to Wanningbar. But I confess they didn’t pull like these horses. Still, I learnt how to hold the reins, so as to control the leaders and wheelers at will, and it has been useful to me once or twice since.’ . . .

A black boy appeared, and with his help Mr. Barrington took out the horses. The Boltons said good-bye, and drove off, while the others walked up to the wool-shed.

Here a busy scene awaited them. The whirring noise of seventy-five shearing machines filled the air, while the small tramways were kept incessantly going with baskets of fleece up to the tables over which the wool-classer held sway.

Tar-boys and 'rouseabouts' moved up and down among the ranks unceasingly—the former in response to the cry of 'tar' when some shearers had inadvertently snipped off a piece of skin along with the wool: the latter ever and anon sweeping up small bits of greasy wool and removing them.

'How funny the sheep look with those ridges the machines leave on their bodies,' said Mary.

'The book-keeper had his hair cut by one of those machines once, and it all came out in ridges like the sheep. Denis and I nearly expired with laughter when we saw him,' said Mrs. Barrington.

'We did something funnier than that at my old station,' observed Uncle Joe. 'We wanted to get a horse ready for the show. There were no clippers handy, and we were in a great hurry, so we just put him up on one of the stands in the woolshed and shored him with one of the machines. We had to go over some of the ridges afterwards with a shears, but, on the whole, they didn't make a bad job of it.'

'Lovely!' smiled Mrs. Barrington. 'Come and look at the wool-press,' leading the way to a room on the right, where the bins, filled to overflowing with a mountain of fleeces divided into various grades of excellence, stood ready to cast into the gaping mouths of the press which yawned unceasingly, refusing to be satisfied, in spite of being fed every moment by the tireless workers. These last emptied them into the giant maw, which went on continuously disgorging them at the other end—packed, branded, and ready for the wool-drays, already waiting to be loaded, outside the shed.

Suddenly a whistle sounded, and all work was suspended. It was the signal for 'eleven o'clock,' when the shearers, the tar-boy, the rouseabout, and others adjourn to partake of tea and 'brownie.'

Rose Boldrewood.
Complications at Collaroi.
Ouseley. By permission.

John Macarthur, born in Plymouth, 1766. Bought a commission in New South Wales corps in 1789, and brought young wife with him.

IN Australia now there are close upon a hundred millions of sheep. It is a veritable land of the Golden Fleece. And it is to John Macarthur that nearly all the credit is due for introducing this vast source of wealth . . . the young officer was appointed commandant at Parramatta, and there on land granted to him he began his sheep-breeding experiments. . . . Macarthur's dream was to make England independent of Europe in procuring fine wool, but he had difficulties to contend with which would have stopped the efforts of a less persevering man. He was making headway on his land at Parramatta, but there was an agitation against the king's officers engaging in pastoral pursuits, and there was trouble among them on other grounds. Macarthur fought a duel and was sent home to England. Proceedings against him hung fire, and eventually he threw up his commission and returned to Australia as a private settler. But in the meantime, at the instance of the English wool-growers, with whom he had been in communication, . . . Lord Camden, the Colonial Secretary, ordered that he should receive a grant of 10,000 acres. . . . He is justly called the 'Father of the Colony,' for Australia owes an immense debt to him.

Archibald Marshall.

Sunny Australia.

Hodder and Stoughton.

THE Australian sheep—there are about a hundred millions of him—was originally bought by the King of England for his royal farm from the King of Spain—or, some say, from the wife of the Spanish Ambassador in London—at the price of two creamy coach-horses. At least, that is the pedigree people speak about. There were some rather less noble ancestors, who came through a mere Republic; they were given by the King of Spain to the Dutch Republic, and sent by the Dutch Republic to the Cape of Good Hope, and during the short spell when the English held Cape Colony, before giving it back to the Dutch, they were imported from there to Australia by Captain John Macarthur. There were also a few skinny, hairy Bengalese sheep, which came first of all—but they were not referred to in polite circles. Some of the original Australian sheep, at any rate, were undoubtedly bought by the King of England for two creamy coach-horses. An old Australian journal, *The New South Wales Magazine* of 1833 and 1834, tells why the coach-horses were given.

George the Third was a great experimental farmer, and he dearly wanted some Spanish merino sheep. But Spain was doing so well

with merino wool that it was a crime in Spain to export Spanish rams.

However, the King got some ewes all right. A British fleet happened to pass a Spanish fleet, and by way of complimentary gifts the Spanish Admiral gave the British Admiral some sheep for sea-stock. They were not eaten on board, and when the fleet arrived in England, Sir Joseph Banks the scientist happened to see them, and as he knew what they were, he had them presented to the King.

But the King could not get any rams. The Spanish Ambassador was asked, but he dare not promise them. Then the Lady Ambassadors was approached. She was closely watched; and it was discovered at last—on the occasion of the King's going to open Parliament—that she had a weakness for the cream-coloured horses that drew his state-coaches. The Ambassador was at once asked if she would like a pair. They were just the thing she wanted. So two creamy coach-horses were ordered from Hanover and brought over to England for her. It cost nearly £8000 to get them to England. But when they did get them the Lady Ambassador had what no other lord or lady could boast of.

What could she do in return? The donors would accept a few Spanish sheep by way of compliment.

It was useless for the Spanish Ambassador to ask the Spanish Government for the sheep: so the Spanish Ambassador applied to the Spanish smugglers to select a few. They 'selected' a few from various flocks by their own well-known methods of selection, and drove them through Spain and France and shipped them at Hamburg.

That is the story—on the authority only of *The New South Wales Magazine*, which tells it—of how the King of England came by his Spanish flocks. Later, in 1804, Captain John Macarthur bought eight of them, apparently in pretty bad condition, at His Majesty's sale at Kew.

C. E. W. Bean.

On the Wool Track.

Alston Rivers. By permission.

It is high noon at Wilcannia. A yellow haze stretches away to the burnished horizon, and on the plains clouds of dust rise, telling of sheep on the march. Making towards the River Darling is a herd of nine hundred cattle. They have come a thousand miles over the plains of Thargomindah and beyond in Queensland.

They must cross the river. The cattle seemed to know that a stranger was at hand, and began to stamp impatiently. One broke out of the bunch, and came over to inspect the alien. Others moved wildly, and threatened a stampede. But at that moment the horses were sent ahead to lead the cattle to the river, and on they all go. But on the very banks of the stream they begin to ring. There is danger in this. Should they ring in the river hundreds will be drowned. Round and round they go in a painful centripetal motion, a wheel of horns upon a heaving base of brown and red and grey. But the stock-riders force their horses in, and break the ring, with many a sharp call, and snap of whip, and sharp expletive. Then into the river the cattle plunge, following the horses, first with a tremor and snort of fear, and then with a rush. It was a forest of horns, where shaggy manes tumbled and tossed in the swift current; a *mêlée* of floating heads, warring and waggling: The current at first carries them down. Then they begin to ring again. The spectator is thrilled by the struggle. The stock-riders thrust in, and the stock-whip cuts the air like a knife. Some steers floated down, but struck out bravely and were caught in the trees on the bank, where they were held fast, for the water was flowing among the branches of the gums. A forlorn hope at last made straight after the horses for the shore. They ranged into line; they swam shoulder to shoulder; their heads became motionless; they put forth their utmost strength; they reached the solid ground. And after that, in phalanxes the herd fought its way across, and the great feat of the long travel was over. The Darling was crossed, and with only half a dozen cattle lost.

‘Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we marched on without impediment,’

said a lithe-limbed stock-rider, bearded like a pard, as he lit his pipe—the bushman’s only friend. And this was once a Fellow of St. John’s, Cambridge. Such are the fortunes of the gentle as the rude. And there, beside a clump of sandal-trees, they cooked their chops, and made their damper, and drank their quart-pot tea, and the world went very well then, whatever its errant course had been.

Sir Gilbert Parker.
Round the Compass in Australia.
Hutchinson. By permission.

THE AUSTRALIAN SUN-RISE.

THE morning star paled slowly, the Cross hung low to the sea,
And down the shadowy reaches the tide came swirling free.
The lustrous purple blackness of the soft Australian night
Waned in the grey awakening that heralded the light ;
Still of the dying darkness over the forest dim,
The pearly dew of the dawning clung to each giant limb,
Till the sun came up from Ocean, red with the cold sea mist,
And smote on the limestone ridges, and the shining tree-tops
kissed ;
Then the fiery Scorpion vanished, the magpie's note was heard,
And the wind in the she-oak wavered, and the honeysuckle
stirred ;
The airy golden vapour rose from the river breast,
The kingfisher came darting out of his crannied nest,
And the bulrushes and reed-beds put off their fallow grey
And burnt with cloudy crimson at dawning of the day.

James Lister Cuthbertson.

George Robertson. By permission.

At first the perfect stillness is disturbed by the clank of hobble-chains ; by the crackling of the cooling embers or stones beneath the fire ; and by the screech of the goliath-parrot, the coo of the pigeon, and the hoot of the owl, till the last bird has flown back from the water-hole to its safe nest in the scrub. At length the camels grow quiet and wander out of hearing, the embers are cold, even the last prowling dingo has gone to its lair, and there is nothing to break the absolute quiet but the steady audible thump of one's own heart. The camp is wrapped in a silence that appears to have crept down with the stars, and is more delicious than the sweetest music. At times this perfect peace is gently broken by a faint, barely perceptible humming caused perhaps by the wind rustling some distant scrub, or the trickle of blood through the capillaries of the brain. But one is tempted to believe it to be 'sphere music, such as that you dream'd about'—the hum of the stars sweeping across the hard, low roof of the sky.

J. W. Gregory.

The Dead Heart of Australia.

Murray. By permission.

III

THE HORSE

Horse-racing. HORSE-RACING is, and has always been, the national sport of Australia. Nearly every village has its Jockey Club which, in the majority of cases, was instituted when the foundations were being laid. In organising their Jockey Club which has its principal quarters in Sydney and Melbourne, Australia stuck loyally to the traditions of the Mother Country; even the little village branch will be run, as far as possible, on the lines of the British model, and the chances are that the weather-board bungalow, where the local Jockey Club has its headquarters, and where the horse-sales take place, will bear on its dusty signboard the famous name of Tattersall's, and its walls will be adorned with a dingy oleograph of Blair Athol or Eclipse. . . . There is hardly an occasion when a race may not be got up on the spur of the moment. To drive a few miles to pay a friendly visit may result in a trotting match, accompanied by a simple wager of a new hat or a pair of gloves. The racing instinct is in the blood. Youngsters riding to school will race on their ponies; the loafers at the wayside shanties, in the intervals of quoit-playing and haranguing on Socialism, will pit their sore-backed nags against each other. The servant-girl will spend her Sunday afternoon in trying the mettle of her ear-marked 'moke' against her sweetheart's.

The farther one presses into the interior of Australia, the more complete is the reign of the horse-race as the sole form of recreation. Where cricket and football are unknown the settlers' horses provide the settlers' sport. . . . Of late years one of the most delightful features in connection with the national sport is the institution of a club that purports to be concerned entirely with amateur racing. It was a movement that shaped itself insensibly. It took root among the big landowners — those squatters who delighted in possessing good racecourses in their own runs. They organised local picnic races among their friends and rode their own horses. The movement spread, and the Amateur Picnic Race Club

is now a power in the racing world. It started with a few grass-fed hacks, and has grown so elaborate that horses that have run on the principal courses of Sydney and Melbourne (Randwick and Flemington) do not disdain to enter for some of the events. But though the rough shoot has blossomed into such a perfect flower, its principles remain the same. It is devoted to pure sport and genuine love of horse-racing for its own sake; and the jockeys must be found among the owners of the horses, or the owners' friends. This is not difficult in a land where all men ride well, and some ride to perfection; the chief difficulty is of course that of weight, so that the racing man as a rule enlists the services of sons or younger brothers. But the spare man of middle age frequently rides, particularly in the handicaps; the value of the older jockey is great so far as knowledge of pace and capacity for rapid judgment are concerned, and in spite of the club's stringent rules to ensure fair play these older and warier men frequently display a very professional aptitude for obtaining the 'inside running.'

The meetings of the various branches of this amateur club are arranged in sequence, so that the pleasure-seeker may easily reap the joys of all. Gorgeous affairs these meetings are in some parts, where the flower of Australian horseflesh may be seen, coupled with all that money and the art of the horse-trainer can do; where priceless, pampered, satin-skinned, most thorough of thoroughbreds are paraded before admiring eyes. But the club, true to the principles laid down when founded, provides races for all—events for which the shaggy, untrained animals, fresh from soft feed and green pastures, may enter, and from which the trained animal is excluded, or so heavily handicapped he seldom enters; and the man who has neither the money nor the inclination to put a promising animal in training may try its mettle on the course for the mere trouble of donning a jockey-suit. These races are called the 'grass-feds,' and frequently the chief sport of the day centres round them.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the Amateur Picnic Race Club; it has done much to elevate a noble sport to its rightful place, and take away the reproach that attaches to the name of racing in the minds of many people. It gives full and healthy scope to the love of horses, so general and so natural in boyhood. For, after all, the ideal jockey is the youth who has tended, perhaps trained, his own horse, fondled him as a foal, and put him through his paces afterwards. Such an animal will do a hundred-fold more on the course with the youngster he loves on his back

than he will with another rider. All horse-lovers are familiar with the response, the extraordinary response, the animal makes to a beloved rider; he never bears another so proudly, so willingly. . . .

The principal event of the day at the various meetings of the Amateur Picnic Racing Club is the Bracelet. This is often enough a beautiful bejewelled ornament—treasured possession afterwards of proud mother or sister—but it is a mere bauble compared with the honour that attaches to the winning of that race, and the glory that fills the heart of the youth who rides the winning horse. More than one horse, possessing now a European reputation, made his first success by carrying off the Bracelet at country races, and one or two, distinguished in lesser racing circles, made their *début* in one of the 'grass-feds' races previously described. Every horse-owner is on the sharp look-out for the probable racer, and makes good use of these 'grass-feds' in entering anything that gives promise to gallop. Although it was an Australian who compiled the elaborate system for mathematical breeding which is now known as the 'Figure Fallacy,' nowhere else is the axiom so well recognised that breeding is a lottery, and how easy it is for the perfectly bred animal to turn out a 'weed'; and nowhere else have such pleasant surprises been known as the sudden appearance of an ideal racer among a slow and thickset stock. At the same time, it must be borne in mind that some of the Australian racers springing from undistinguished stock may have had racing blood transmitted to them through unknown channels by a 'clear-skin' parent of good pedigree. Almost every build of horse has provided a racer, but Australians pin their faith almost implicitly to the light, rather short-barrelled horses with unusual length of line and curve in the hindquarters. Australians pride themselves in their racers' staying powers on the course, but to their chagrin this is the very quality which is impaired by a long sea-voyage, and which adds greatly to the difficulty of an Australian animal distinguishing himself on the English turf.

For many years the comparative failure of their horses in the Old Country was a constant disappointment to Australian racing men. Latterly they have met with rather more success, but there is always the feeling that the voyage and the English climate militates against their chances. To enter a horse for the English Derby is the cherished dream of every Australian racing man—there is a Sydney Derby and a Melbourne Derby. Although Australians have clung with pride to old British traditions, they were naturally less conservative, and reaped to the full the advantages which were

to be found in following America's lead in the closing years of last century. Not only in galloping but in trotting there was a rage for all things American. About a score of years ago the craze for American trotters took the whole of Australia captive. And the fashion came to stay; many a man without the experience and capacity to play jockey found his racing days were beginning, not ended. Seated in one of the famous light sulkeys, which might almost be described as an armchair fitted on to his horse's hind-quarters, so close that the animal's tail is almost literally in his face, he knew the joys of trying to trot a mile in a space of time as near to two minutes as possible.

Florence Gay.

Riding and Racing in Australia; The Outlook.

By the Editor's permission.

YE gods! what a spring morning was that on which we hurled ourselves out of bed at Woodlands, with the full, absorbing, wildly-exciting knowledge, even in that first moment of consciousness, that the steeplechase was to be run that day—an Olympic game in which we were to share. A truly classic conflict in which the competitors were mostly men of mark, where the spectators were friends, relatives, and sympathisers, and where divine personages in the shape of ladies of the period, lovely and beloved, were to gaze upon our prowess, thrill at our daring, and 'weep when a warrior nobly falls.'

In that Arcadian period what a nice place Woodlands was! Somehow one could afford to take life more easily in those days. The sons of the house were sometimes up the country at their stations, especially at shearing time, but managed to be a good deal at the old home. And when they were there the chatelaine wisely took heed to make home a pleasant place; to that end inviting friends and well-wishers, among whom I had the privilege to be inscribed. Great were the doings done, and very pleasant the days we spent there.

Thus Woodlands stands before me, looking back over those half-forgotten days, as 'the country-house' *par excellence* of the period.

Neither a farm nor yet a large estate, it was something between the two, while the household and the *ménage* generally were more in accordance with the habitudes of English country-house life than often obtains in Australia. . . .

We all met at breakfast, of course. Talk about suppers! There may be, doubtless, a fair share of enjoyable 'causerie,' or even serious love-making, at supper, 'when wit and wine sparkle instead

of the sun'; but for real, honest, hearty enjoyment, when all is sanguine anticipation of excitement or success, with good weather, good spirits, and good company, commend me to a country-house at breakfast-time, where the sexes are judiciously mingled, and a hunt, a steeplechase, or a picnic is on the cards. There may be a few things better in this life of ours. If so, I have seldom come across them.

Of course it was then and there arranged who was to drive whom—what traps, carriages, hacks, and so on were to be requisitioned. The organisation even went so far—if my memory serves me—as that every knight should be presented with the colours of some ladye fayre—after humble petition on bended knee—by my halidome!—which he doubtless swore to carry to the front or nobly fall.

Rolf Boldrewood.
Old Melbourne Memories.
Macmillan. By permission.

It was on a sunshiny morning that a mixed company of men and maidens left their homes to attend the Picnic Races at Bongalong. The grass was green as an English meadow: the recent rains had laid the dust, without interfering with the soundness of the tracks.

The cheerful company was variously provided as to carriages, and mounted with greater attention to efficiency than uniformity.

Well-bred riding horses were plentiful, particularly among the feminine division, and more than one of the fast, easy hackneys had earned the 'blue ribbons' in the agricultural showyard of the district.

Gay were the gibes and jests of the laughing girls and stalwart youths as they swept through the forest glades. The glamour of youth apparently inspired the whole company, who fared joyously forth, to arrive at the appointed place in time for the first event.

As this was not a registered racing meeting, the improvements were inexpensive and temporary. The grand stand was a plainly constructed platform, its roof composed of saplings and green branches—sufficient to afford shade during the present meeting.

But if Art was rude, Nature had been gracious. The racecourse track—circular of necessity—had been marked out round the banks of a picturesque lake, the blue waters of which formed a picturesque adjunct to the surrounding woodland.

The whole area formed part of an estate of a wealthy squatter,

one of the leading country gentlemen of the district—a sport-loving Anglo-Australian who, assisted by his wife and a large family, maintained the early English traditions at their hospitable mansion. He had been unanimously elected Judge and Master of the Revels.

The buggy-pairs, having been unharnessed, were tied up and left fed: the riding horses were retained by the owners, who, between the races, enjoyed a gallop round the course.

But now a large bell rung in an agitated manner, betokened that business was imminent. 'Saddle up' was the order, and thereupon half a dozen good-looking steeds lined up and awaited the starter's word. There being no starting gate—that beneficent invention as yet confined to the larger courses—there was the usual backing and twisting, rearing and kicking: but finally the contending steeds were let go, fairly well together, for the 'Trial Stakes.'

This was a race which, without being highly sensational, excited a certain amount of interest on account of a local 'crack' and a metropolitan 'flyer' being concerned in it.

The four other horses were something above average merit, but, unless accident interfered with the favourites, were not likely to have a show. Still, they contributed to the general entertainment. As the mettled coursers fell into line, opinions are divided. 'Reprisal,' the Brisbane horse—a well-trained, dangerous-looking brown, carrying top weight—had the support of all the talent, being backed down to three to one.

The local favourite went out at ten to one, at which price a few sovereigns and half-sovereigns, and more half-crowns were speculated. The others—'unhonoured and unsung'—took their 'pipe-openers' past the stand with great confidence and appearance of pace.

'Highland Mary,' a white-legged chestnut mare: 'Graysteel,' a veteran stock-horse: 'Tomboy,' a raw filly, but well-bred enough: and 'Will o' the Wisp,' a speedy weed, after much delay and many false starts, got away, more or less together, 'Tomboy' taking the lead in great style with all the insolent rashness of unchastened youth. The local favourite and the metropolitan hero remained in humble positions, awaiting the period when the 'sprinter' should come back to them, as was looked upon as a certainty.

This race—the victory of the Brisbane horse being a foregone conclusion, according to the knowing division—proved a 'boil-over' in turf phraseology, inasmuch as the certainty broke down, and, pulling up dead lame, failed to get a place, while the local

favourite slipped and fell at the sharp turn before entering the straight, permitting the audacious 'Tomboy' to romp in, followed by 'Graysteel' and the remaining horses.

The victorious outsider, who had started at twenty-five to one, was the property of a sporting shearer who had reasons of his own for believing that 'she had the pace, if she could last it out.'

The morning being nearly over, it was announced that only one other race would be run before lunch. This contest, known as the 'Scurry Stakes' post entry, and half a sovereign entrance, brought a dozen active-looking nags of various ages, colours, and degrees of quality to the post. Their riders required much marshalling, restraining, not to say reviling, on the part of the starter before they could be got into a decent position.

At length the astute official dropped the flag to something like a start, and away they went, stringing out like a flock of wild-fowl on their way to an inland lake, three or four decidedly in the lead, a long line of the hopeless following, perseveringly, which, as the distance post was past, began to close up. Then a speedy outsider came through his horses, and catching the leading pair, who were fighting desperately for a dead heat, made a terrific rally on the post, and won by a head—a short one at that.

The excitement was tremendous. The grand stand shook to its slender foundation with the storm of applause. The amateur jocks were warmly congratulated on their riding, confidently asserted to be worthy of Flemington or Randwick.

The judge's utterance, 'I declare Bronzewing to be the winner of the "Scurry Stakes,"' produced a temporary lull, when every one voted for an adjournment till three o'clock, when the steeplechase, the great event of the day, would take place.

'By Jove! that was a good race,' Hector declared. He had driven the two girls over early in the day, and they stood beside him on the box-seat of the buggy, from which they had watched the exciting event.

'Wasn't it?' Mary responded. 'Who owns Bronzewing? Do you know?'

'Haven't an idea—rank outsider.'

'That's the best of it,' Flo declared. 'It's so thrilling when these outsiders carry off the prize. I'm sorry for those two horses: they'd have got a dead heat if the dark horse hadn't snatched it from them on the post.'

'You never know what will win any given race,' Hector affirmed.

'Quite so,' remarked Mr. Farquhar, coming up. 'That's why

racing men lose money at this engaging pastime. Come and have some lunch: the wife sent me to ask you all.'

Rose Boldrewood.
Complications at Collaroi.
Ouseley. By permission.

HAL gave the Lizard free play and the horse went like the wind. For a second the two jackets were level, then they parted company, and the white shot to the front amidst frantic cheers.

Ben Bisouki, wild with delight, seized Trix by the hand.

'Oh!' she exclaimed as he squeezed it tightly.

'He's won!' yelled Ben. The usually calm trainer had broken loose; his pent-up feelings bolted, ran away with him; he showed his delight like the veriest novice.

Nat Gould.
The Buck-jumper.
Long. By permission.

It was the day before the polo match. The town of Willurah **Polo.** being only forty miles distant, the Garulan team had been driven in during the afternoon by Bertie Hastings, generally considered to be the best four-in-hand whip in the district. His smart team of greys—descendants of the celebrated Welsh pony Tam o' Shanter—were well worth a second look as they trotted gaily up the main street and ran into Stansmore's stables.

'Willurah won't have a "walk over" this time,' remarked one of the men in the club.

'Think not?' replied the man opposite.

'I'm convinced of it. I happen to know those Garulan fellows have been getting together some first-class ponies: they have never been so well mounted before.' The speaker alluded to the fact of Bertie and Bob Elliot having made an excursion to the northern districts of New South Wales early in the winter, returning with all the available 'made' ponies with breeding and pace that were for sale—after seeing them play in the Tamerang tournament.

'I can quite believe it,' said the other. 'Fact is, you see wool is up! These fellows have determined to meet Willurah on equal terms—now or never—as far as horse-flesh is concerned, and haven't considered the price when a good animal was in question. The decisive lesson taught them last season by the superiority and staying powers of the Lawley brothers' ponies has not been without its effect.'

'Quite so,' the first speaker agreed. 'As a matter of fact, though the Garulans have only met one or two minor teams this season, they have shown marked improvements in combination. It has been noticeable that they have devoted more attention to keeping their places than any of the adjacent district clubs. Also, it is evident that since Hastings has taken to playing No 2, Upton—their No. 1—has improved his game tremendously. Of course, he was always a fine hitter!'

Such was the tenor of conversation heard in the Willurah Club that evening, among a few polo men who knew what they were talking about, having journeyed no small distance to see this match.

'What luck! We couldn't have had a more perfect day!' Bertie Hastings thought, as he looked out of his window at the 'Royal' at 6.30 a.m. on the eventful morning.

'We shall have a "fair go," and the best side will win.' With that—like an astute general—he proceeded to pull his sleeping team out of bed, who, after a good-natured protest, washed down by cups of morning tea, finally went down with him to the river for a swim. From this healthy exercise he brought them back triumphantly—fit, fresh, and clear in the eye, in spite of a few extra cigars at the Club over-night.

A stroll round to the stables to inspect the ponies—including a fair amount of discussion on the way as to which each man should play in turn—followed by a drive out to the polo-ground, put in the morning comfortably.

Then came a hastily swallowed lunch, and it was time for the combatants to arm themselves for the fray.

The Lawleys, burly and strong, if rather short of stature, sat their horses like men well used to the saddle: and with M'Master—a man of similar height, though rather more active in appearance—were a workmanlike four, looking every inch the effective players they had often proved themselves to be.

The Garulan men were the exact opposite in point of figure, being tall and lithe of frame. They had the advantage of being younger men than their opponents—all, with the exception of Hastings, being under eight-and-twenty. Also they had been coming on fast lately, both in accuracy of hitting and (under their captain's guidance) paying close attention to combined and unselfish play, as well as calls and signals from their side.

'Are you ready?' said the umpire: and the ball was thrown in.

Dick made no attempt to stop it, but dashed straight through the line for Ned Lawley, the Willurah 'back.'

Wharton smacked the ball out in front as it reached him, while Bertie—already on the move—dashed out of the ruck like lightning. Fairly slipping the 'No. 3,' he got in a fine, long hit, driving it well past the 'back,' now turned and riding for his life after the ball, hoping to outpace his opponent.

But, quickly as his pony turned, he was too late, Dick had reached him: Bertie was galloping close on their tracks. 'Leave it,' he roared, in a voice of thunder, as Dick rode Ned firmly off the ball.

Then coming on with a masterly stroke, he put it well between the posts. A generous cheer burst from the crowd. The red flag waved—one goal to Garulan already.

The Willurah men were not to be caught napping again, however; and after changing ends, some very fast play was put in all round. A splendid run by Bill Lawley, finishing by a fine, long drive for goal, was admirably saved by Bob Elliot with a strong back-hander, which relieved the pressure for the moment, though, after some scrimmaging, a behind was scored by the Willurahs as the bell rang at the close of the first chukkur.

When the teams reappeared on the ground it became evident that the Lawleys meant business. All three were playing at their top from the outset. Andrew lustily cheering on his team, while he worked like a tiger to force the play to the Garulan end. But Charley is a cool and crafty 'No. 3': again and again he checked Bill Lawley's brilliant onslaught, crooking his stick whenever he thought he was safely off with the ball, frequently slipping back into Bob's place, when that eager enthusiast dashed into the fray, he (Bob) being in fine hitting form. Andrew was in turn paying great attention to Bertie whenever the ball was driven up to him by his 'back'; and the two, continually together, rode one another off with great vigour.

So the battle ebbed and flowed during that chukkur, and the onlookers heard the bell without further scoring from either side.

So far the umpires had had an easy time. Not once had the whistle's warning note been heard, the game being so fast and open, with little or no scrimmaging.

Both sides now began to look as if the pace had told—the ponies' sides were heaving, their docked tails bobbing at a frantic rate. 'No harm done, however,' the Garulan men declared. 'They could last if their opponents could!'

A hurried swallow of lemon and barley water, and out they go once more—Andrew Lawley mounted this time on Quiver, confidently asserted to be the fastest pony in Australia.

Bertie is riding his favourite, Little Mary—a handsome bay filly, daughter of Predominant, Lord William Beresford's marvellous pony from India—generally regarded by him as his trump card; Bob Elliot mounted on Jewel—a Queensland mare, winner of several races, bought originally from a drover, and accustomed to cattle camps.

The score was still standing at one goal to Garulan: one behind to the Willurahs.

This sort of thing couldn't last, however, in spite of the equality of the play.

Soon after the ball was thrown in, it was taken with a rush almost to the Willurah's goal. Ned was all there, however, and having got the start of Bob, was able to place it with a strong back-hand stroke in Andrew's reach, who, being turned and already galloping, straightened it up with one or two dribbling strokes, then—with a mighty swipe—drove it well up in front. Getting up to it again first on the flying black Quiver, he hit a goal with a beautiful near-side stroke, while going at top speed, just as Bertie was closing with him—a brilliant display of skill and dash.

The applause was deafening from the Willurah supporters, who now thought their turn had come.

This joy was short-lived, however, as the Garulans were not to be denied. Some daring play followed, when Charley cleverly passed the ball out to Bertie, who took it away with a rush like a destroying angel. That brilliant player, after achieving a magnificent run, eventually put it well up in front of Dick—just then locked level with the 'back'—calling loudly to him to 'take it on if he could.' Upton's pony answered gamely to his call, beating Ned for pace, and the second goal for Garulan was scored. Shortly after, another behind was registered to Willurah, but very wide of the goal, when again the bell was heard.

This being half-time, it was decided to have a long interval (ten minutes), whereupon every one flocked up to the cool spot under the trees, where the buggies were standing, to partake largely of tea and cold drinks. It was anybody's game so far, and both teams were in high good humour. Muffled up in their sweaters and overcoats, they were patted on the back by their men pals and smiled on by their fair supporters.

But though the Lawley brothers were known to be absolutely tireless—winning, as a rule, the hardest tussles in the latter part of

the game—their backers looked in vain for any sign of fatigue in the lighter team.

‘You will see the Lawleys will force the game now and wear the others down,’ said Amy Elliott.

‘Don’t you believe it,’ said Dolly. ‘Mr. Hastings and his team are holding the others safely all the time. The Willurahs will never catch them up!’

‘Time’s up!’ shouts Alec Wood, and Bertie rides on to the ground with the burly captain of the Willurahs, the latter on Black Bess, a dwarf thoroughbred, own sister to Dungan, the Australian ‘Grand National’ winner.

Hastings is mounted on Freedom, that wonderful old pony, bending his neck, and bridling as he walks, in a way that compelled the onlookers to pick him out on any polo ground: fast as a Derby winner for two hundred yards, yet with a mouth like a lady’s glove, and possessing a thorough knowledge of the game. By a celebrated imported Arab, from a thoroughbred mare, he combined the best qualities of both. Probably the two best ponies in the Commonwealth were at that moment walking to the centre mark.

The others rushed for their ponies, and followed the two captains in a trice.

Up and down the ground went the ball, followed by the galloping ponies. The men, by this time fairly on their mettle, rode with a dash and freedom bordering on the reckless. Once or twice the umpire warned a player who came in at a dangerous angle.

The first ‘free hit’ was, however, given against Dick for ‘off side.’ It only resulted in a ‘behind’; but immediately afterwards Andrew Lawley, with a clever bit of play, passed the ball to Bill, who took it along the side-line at a terrific pace, eventually hitting a goal from an almost impossible angle.

It was a lucky stroke, but they all ‘count,’ and this made the goals equal. Great excitement prevailed amongst the onlookers: the pace grew hotter and hotter. Once more the same player seized the ball, and racing down the ground with a determined rush, took it very close to the Willurah’s goal before being stopped.

Some close work was going on, with plenty of bumping and interposing. Suddenly a peremptory ‘Ride Dick!’ from Bertie was heard by all. The sportsman in question promptly closed with his opponent, apparently in one jump.

Bob Elliot, watching every movement, had passed out the ball on Bertie’s side.

Like a shot from a gun, old Freedom was away, with a clear three-lengths start from the rest. Nothing could get galloping quicker—which was not the least of his many good qualities.

‘They will never catch that pony!’ Kitty Waters declared.

Many a true word is spoken in jest, and this was no exception to the rule. Andrew Lawley flogged Black Bess right up the ground, but never gained an inch on him, as, with nothing in front but Charley and the ‘black’ racing neck and neck, Bertie, with clean, telling strokes, took the ball from end to end without slackening his pace.

But what is Ned Lawley doing? All held their breath. Seeing no other hope of saving the goal, he suddenly left Charley’s side, and, crossing the line of the ball, essayed a near-side back-hander before Hastings could reach him.

But he misjudged Freedom, now absolutely at his top. On he came, full of pluck, without swerving an inch—the old pony would have charged an elephant! Both men struck simultaneously at the ball, but Bertie got there first, and straight as an arrow from a bow, it flew between the goal-posts. The next moment he was rolling over and over on mother-earth, while poor Freedom, on his knees, hit the ground hard with his head. However, with a strenuous effort, the gallant pony recovered himself, then stood like a rock, his head thrown high and scornfully in the air.

Hastings was on his feet: a mighty roar of applause swept the ground as, vaulting into his saddle, he trotted back to the centre.

Ned Lawley’s mare was knocked right round, but, active as a cat, managed to keep on her legs, while her rider, though pitched off the saddle, still hung on with his arm round her neck.

Andrew appealed for a ‘free hit’ on the ground of ‘dangerous play,’ but the umpire shook his head.

‘If I gave it to any one, it would be to the Garulan; but I’m not going to penalise them by taking away their goal now. Ned should have known better than to take that risk.’

Every one felt he was right, though there was no doubt about the ‘cross.’ This put Garulan a goal ahead once more, and the rest of the chukkur was played without further scoring.

‘This is no runaway match, Mrs. Lawley,’ remarked Alec Wood, riding up to the fence during the interval.

‘Don’t speak to me,’ she retorted. ‘I’m absolutely ill with excitement. My husband is playing his best, but Andrew and Ned don’t seem to be up to their usual form.’

The umpire laughed. ‘That’s right! Give it to them!’ he said. ‘So like a woman.’

'Go away, you rude person; this is no time to generalise,' said Mrs. Bill. 'Seriously, though, I was terrified that one of these two men would be killed when they collided, as Mr. Hastings hit the last goal—only that he was up in a moment. He must have got a nasty shaking.'

'Yes, he's not the sort that stays long on the ground when he gets a fall,' Alec responded, as he went back to his post.

This chukkur was fast and furious. Again and again the Lawleys attacked with all their might, striving to get level once more: but all in vain. Bertie kept his men well in hand, cheering them ever and anon with a word of encouragement whenever a particularly successful bit of play was shown. Always in the thickest of the fray, he acted as a strong stimulant to the game on all parts of the ground.

'Keep galloping, you fellows!' was invariably his cry, on the principle that attack is the safest defence, infusing fresh enthusiasm into his team by his own conspicuous dash and tireless energy. So the tide of battle ebbed and flowed. The penalty of 'crossing' was given against Ned Lawley, much to his wrath. But only a 'behind' from Garulan resulted from the 'free hit,' and with that minor exception the scores remained as they were to the end of the chukkur.

Garulan, 3 goals, 2 behinds,
Willurahs, 2 goals, 4 behinds,

was how the game stood when the teams changed ponies for the final chukkur.

Once more the battle waged, and it was soon evident that, in spite of the tough fight already contested, there was no sign of weakening on the part of the younger team.

They were, in fact, to all appearance the fresher of the two, while the attacking came mostly from their quarter.

Andrew and Ned were hard pressed to defend their goal from time to time, and were not driving the ball on their forward players with the same strength as they had displayed earlier in the game. Eventually, Bob, meeting a ball with a brilliant forward stroke, followed it up, and—while Bertie and Wharton kept the coast clear—made a fine run, which brought up the red flag.

Tremendous applause from the Garulan side ensued, faintly echoed by the townspeople, who realised that their chance of success was growing fainter.

Bill Lawley, who never knew when he was beaten, was riding all he knew, and doing the work of two men. Taking the ball on at

whatever pace it came to him, with unerring eye he made dash after dash, his near-side strokes in particular being a treat to see.

But it was no go! That wily player, Dick, was watching all the time, never letting him get very far.

Either his stick was crooked, or he was ridden off, invariably: while the ball was returned to Bob with decision and regularity.

At last poor Bob, bending low in a *mêlée* to reach the ball, got a mighty crack on the head from Andrew Lawley, who was now swiping hard at everything.

His reins dropped, the pony trotted on, his rider swaying in the saddle like a drunken man, and, before any one could reach him, had fallen heavily to the ground.

Bertie was off like a shot, and taking the wounded one's head on his knee, wiped the blood from a deep cut on his forehead, which was bleeding profusely.

Andrew Lawley, backed up by two fair friends from a buggy, suggested stopping the game for a while. Bob, however, declared 'he was all right,' and his captain, having stuffed a handkerchief into his cap to stop the bleeding, asked him if they wanted to make a woman of the man, and added in peremptory tones, 'We will play on.'

Bob's pony was brought back, the ball was thrown in without further delay, and the young man soon showed that the letting of a little blood had no detrimental effect on his nerves.

With a pretty bit of combined work he and Bertie took the ball with a rush down the full length of the ground. Bertie, dropping behind Bob, made a determined dash, which the Willurahs could not withstand, and, only that the ball happened to hit Ned Lawley's pony, would have got another goal at the last moment.

This check, however, enabled Andrew to reach it, and with a cleverly executed stroke under his pony's neck, he drove it out of danger. Just at this crucial moment the bell rang, and the match was over.

Rose Boldrewood.
Complications at Collaroi.
Ouseley. By permission.

Buck-jumping.

BUCK-JUMPING is a trick learned in the wilds of the bush, and confined to the offspring of horses that have run unhandled for a certain time. It takes two or three generations to produce a really expert buckler. The successful horse-breaker is generally a man of fine and perfectly balanced character, as cautious as he

is courageous, gentle but absolutely determined. Pride in his calling is a passion ; he has the utmost scorn for any careless or half methods. A horse-breaker, in love with his work, will guard his charge most jealously from other hands. It is bitter to see the animal on which he has worked turn out to be a failure ; most galling, when a good horse, naturally without vice, becomes in some unaccountable manner a mere trickster, and his trainer sees him handed over to a buck-jumping show, there to be not butchered, like Byron's Gladiator, but badgered to make a holiday ! No one can observe a wild horse, in tackling, without being aware that his existence at such a time, even when under the rule of the kindest master, is a life of terror. The whole world for him is fraught with fear ; sounds and sights he has known all his life now array themselves against him ; the crackling of the very twigs beneath his hoofs causes him to start and snort ; he shivers at the touch of every reed and bush. The horse-breaker, who is capable of appreciating the depths of fear in which the animal is merged, has generally the gift of reaping the benefit by bringing him to seek peace and confidence at his master's hands. In the case of the horse it must be ' wild nature won by kindness.'

Nearly every buck-jumper is handled for the first time in the crush, a kind of equine pillory with which every stockyard is provided. Many days will elapse after the first handling before the trainer will trust himself to mount. For weeks the horse will run in tackling, and his mouth will be formed by guiding him with long reins, which are held by the man as he walks at his side or back. As a rule an Australian dispenses with all unnecessary horse-trappings, and rides without crupper, curb, or any species of martingale or breast-straps. But when he mounts a buck-jumper he makes use of every method of securing the saddle to the horse's back. To the usual complement of twin girths a broad surcingle is added and a form of martingale placed round the neck—not, as is generally the case in the use of the martingale, to regulate the movements of the horse's head, but for the sake of the added security given by the straps which connect this trapping with the saddle, and, passing between the fore-legs, attach it to the girths. The crupper will be strengthened by a second and longer set of straps, for one of the first disasters in a bucking contest is often a broken crupper, caused by the upheaval and consequent lengthening of the horse's back. A bucker, in spite of all such precautions, has been known, after first unseating his rider, to squirm and struggle out of all his accoutrements and leave saddle as well as man on the ground. The utmost care therefore will be exercised

to buckle the girths tightly. The trainer's dress will be as close and simple as possible. He will carry no whip, wear no spurs, and put on nothing in the nature of leggings or gaiters to impede his grip. The man who declares he rides by perfect balance, and balance alone, would enjoy the briefest of innings on a buck-jumper's back. Leg-grip, and grip with every available muscle from thigh to toe, is essential. Impossible though it may seem, a successful buck-jumper rider will often maintain a tight seat in his saddle from start to finish, although that saddle may oscillate at times on the sharp ridge of the buck's back like a rocking stone on a megalith. Proficiency in the gentle art of 'falling easy' is invaluable.

In the minutes before the fray the trainer will use all his wiles to ingratiate himself with his animal. On the clear air to the ears of the silent spectators, the murmur of a soothing voice will be borne, and the sound of occasional brisk pats as the man's hand wanders, caressingly, over the creature's fell. Every buckle will be examined, the girths tried, and stirrups pressed upon. And touch of hand and tone of voice will be controlled by the caution and delicacy of an artist dealing with a highly strung instrument. But in some subtle way the knowledge of his pending ordeal seems imparted to the horse. On other days he has taken the caresses quietly; now he shrinks from them. Suddenly the bystanders see something white flash in the sunlight; it is the trainer's kerchief furtively hidden from the trained's sight. Swiftly and deftly the man gathers it in the palm of his broad hand and, with the same dexterity and rare gentleness, lays it across the animal's eyes, pushing the ends lightly into the head-stall. Even the care exercised in adjusting the blindfold is indicative of the cautious horse-breaker. Nothing adds more to the excitability of the animal than fumbling and bungling over this process. Plunged into sudden gloom, fear in all its power takes possession of the horse. He is so shaken by an access of trembling that his legs sway as though he would fall.

After adjusting the blindfold the trainer mounts swiftly. Then bending forward, from the waist only, he removes the kerchief from the horse's eyes; this is done with the softest, deftest movement, and again the man is careful that no fluttering linen startles the creature. The trembling vanishes with the blindfold. In a moment the animal is rigid—transfixed, calm as stone. For a minute, horse and man might be an equestrian statue set in the wilds. The next, the man's figure is jolted and fluttered like a leaf in the blast; and that of the horse presents a score of fantastic shapes never to be expected from his anatomy. In the whole gamut, through which the animal runs, of rearing, plunging, and

kicking, the characteristic and oft-recurring feature is the strange distortion of his smooth, hollow back (shaped by Nature for the saddle) into a bony ridge, on which the man and his saddle sway helplessly. At such moments the head of the horse disappears entirely from the rider's view, the next it is jerked back with such violence that it almost strikes him. The swift downward thrust of the horse's head is the ominous prelude to genuine buck-jumping, hence the friendly but futile adjuration that invariably follows every horse-breaker as he enters the lists to 'Keep up his head, old fellow!' It is this peculiar humping of the horse's back which distinguishes buck-jumping from pig-jumping. Many vicious animals squeal with rage.

After a time, if all go well with the rider, the horse will cease to buck; he will rear till almost perpendicular, and seek with savage shudders to shake off both man and saddle. It is at this period that the martingale straps are of service. But a determined horse has other and more deadly methods. If he cannot rid himself of his awesome burden, he will crush it. Worst and last of all he rolls on the ground; an operation invariably attended with success from the animal's point of view, the man thinking himself lucky if he can spring clear of his steed. The worst accident is when a horse throws himself backward and falls on his rider. Rolling, fortunately, is not often attempted by horses; this is singular, because it is nearly always one of the first resources of other animals in ridding themselves of an encumbrance. On one occasion the writer saw a dauntless youth fling himself clear of a buck-jumper, wait whilst it rolled, and then slip with lightning speed into the saddle as the animal rose from its knees. The horse neither bucked nor reared again. With one winged movement it broke into a wild gallop, bolted over the plain and into the scrub beyond. Horse and rider came quietly back an hour later. The brown fell of the animal was black with sweat, and sprayed with white where the sweat had lathered into foam. The rider was well-nigh as spent as his steed, but triumph was in his eye. Slowly he swung himself from his saddle, then quietly mounted again to demonstrate that his victory was complete. When he stood by the side of his horse and caressed it, the animal with a long, shuddering sigh laid its head against his arm. Again the wild creature trembled, but it was a tremor of surrender.

Florence Gay.

Buck-jumping in Australia: The Outlook.

By the Editor's permission.

A bullocky's
yarn.

'It's a cur'ous thing,' said the bullock-driver, shifting his pipe from one corner of his straight, strong, comprehensive mouth to the other, 'it's a cur'ous thing, when you think of it, that though we most has made our whack out of 'em, you never 'eard tell a good yarn about a sheep. . . .'

We were at Fourteen-Mile Well, on the boundary of Roto run. The bullocky's team must have been somewhere near, enjoying themselves in the Roto grass, which was luscious and long. The bullocky was camped right under the well. His wagon, all sheeted in, showed vaguely, like some huge rounded boulder, in front of the fire. Behind, black against the sky, we could see the great winze of the well; and the low, long iron of the trough occasionally glinted in the firelight. Far away, like a cigarette-end in the dark, a tiny spark showed where we, too, had camped for the night under a wilga tree. The chink . . . chink . . . of hobbles came to us, always getting farther away. Our horses, too, were enjoying themselves on Roto grass. The bullocky shifted his pipe again.

'You see, a 'orse is different,' he said. 'A 'orse has the feelings of a man; and a mare—she's just a woman over again. I had an old mare once that had a foal, and she was that jealous of it she wouldn't any 'orse to come near it. You know how 'orses will always come up to a foal. Well, if they came anywhere near her foal she lathered out at them quick and lively. She'd let the station children come up and play with it, but the scraggy stock-'orses she couldn't bear. When 'orses came near that foal, she'd lay back her ears and charge them like a bull. I've seen her rush at 'em and wheel round in such a terrible hurry that she missed her footing and tumbled fair over on her back.

'Well, one day there was some one came along with a good sort of a 'orse—a beautiful, big, well-groomed riding 'orse, and they let him out in the paddock with her. I was half-frightened what might happen to him, for I knew he'd take notice of the foal. Right enough! He went straight up to him, and bent his neck over him and nosed him. I tell you, the old mare never winked an eyelash. She just arched her neck—preened herself like you see an old parrot—fairly flowing over with pride and pleasure.

'Tell me she didn't know the difference between a handsome, well-groomed feller and a scraggy stock-'orse?'

C. E. W. Bean.

On the Wool Track.

Alston Rivers. By permission.

IV

IN SUPREME PRAISE

MY COUNTRY

THE love of field and coppice,
Of green and shaded lanes,
Of ordered woods and gardens,
Is running in your veins.
Strong love of grey-blue distance,
Brown streams and soft dim skies,—
I know, but cannot share it,
My love is otherwise.

I love a sunburnt country,
A land of sweeping plains,
Of rugged mountain ranges,
Of droughts and flooding rains.
I love her far horizons,
I love her jewel-sea,
Her beauty and her terror—
The wide brown land for me !

The stark white ring-barked forests,
All tragic to the moon,
The sapphire-misted mountains,
The hot gold hush of noon.
Green tangle of the brushes
Where lithe lianas coil,
And orchids deck the tree-tops,
And ferns the warm dark soil.

Core of my heart, my country !
Her pitiless blue sky,
When sick at heart, around us
We see the cattle die,—

And when the grey clouds gather
 And we can bless again,
 The drumming of an army,
 The steady soaking rain.

Core of my heart, my country !
 Land of the rainbow gold,
 For flood and fire and famine
 She pays us back three-fold.
 Over the thirsty paddocks
 Watch, after many days,
 The filmy veil of greenness
 That thickens as you gaze.

An opal-hearted country,
 A wilful, lavish land—
 All you who have not loved her,
 You will not understand.
 Though Earth holds many splendours,
 Wherever I may die,
 I know to what brown country
 My homing thoughts will fly.

Dorothea Mackellar.

The Closed Door.

By permission of H. H. Champion,
 Australasian Authors' Agency.

AUSTRALIA

O RADIANT Land ! O'er whom the sun's first dawning
 Fell brightest when God said, ' Let there be Light ' ;
 O'er whom the day hung out its bluest awning,
 Flushed to white deeps of star-lustre by night !
 O Land exultant ! on whose brow reposes
 A queenlier coronal than has been wrought
 From light of pearls, or bloom of Eastern roses,
 In the bright workshops of high Poet-thought !

O thou who hast, thy splendid hair entwining,
 A toil-wove wreath, where are no blood-won bays,
 Who standest in a stainless vestment shining
 Before the eyes and lips of love and praise !

O wrought of old, in Orient clime and sunny,
 With all his richest bounties largely decked ;
 With heart all virgin gold and breath all honey,
 Supremest work of greatest Architect !

John Farrell.

Angus and Robertson. By permission.

A SONG OF SYDNEY

HIGH headlands all jealously hide thee,
 O fairest of sea-girdled towns !
 Thine ocean spouse smileth beside thee,
 While each headland threatens and frowns ;
 Like Venice, upheld on sea-pinion,
 And fated to reign o'er the free,
 Thou wearest, in sign of dominion,
 The zone of the sea.

No winter thy fertile slope hardens,
 O new Florence, set in the South !
 All lands give their flowers to thy gardens,
 That glow to thy bright harbour's mouth ;
 The waratah and England's red roses
 With stately magnolias entwine,
 Gay sunflowers fill sea-scented closes,
 All sweet with woodbine.

Thy harbour's fair, flower-crowned islands
 See flags of all countries unfurled ;
 Thou smilest from green sunlit highlands,
 To open thine arms to the world !
 Dark East's and fair West's emulations
 Resound from each hill-shadowed quay,
 And over the songs of all nations
 The voice of the sea.

Ethel Cas-
 tilla, born
 and educated
 in Australia.

Ethel Castilla.

George Robertson. By permission.

MELBOURNE

O SWEET Queen-city of the golden South
 Piercing the evening with thy star-lit spires,
 Thou wert a witness when I kissed the mouth
 Of her whose eyes outblazed the skyey fires.

Patrick
Moloney,
born and
educated in
Australia.

I saw the parallels of thy long streets,
With lamps like angels shining all arow,
While overhead the empyrean seats
Of gods were steeped in paradisiic glow,
The Pleiades with rarer fires were tipt,
Hesper sat throned upon his jewelled chair,
The belted giant's triple stars were dipt
In all the splendour of Olympian air,
On high to bless, the Southern Cross did shine,
Like that which blazed o'er conquering Constantine.

Patrick Moloney.

George Robertson. By permission.

QUEENSLAND OPAL

OPAL, little opal, with the red fire glancing,
Set my blood a-spinning, set my pulse astir,
Strike the harp of memory, set my dull heart dancing
Southward to the sunny land and the love of Her !

Opal, shining opal, let them call you luckless jewel,
Let them curse or let them covet, you are still my heart's desire ;
You that robbed the sun and moon and green earth for fuel
To gather to your milky breast and fill your veins with fire !

Green of fluttering gum leaves above dim water-courses
Red of rolling dust-clouds, blue of summer skies,
Flash of flints afire beneath the hoofs of racing horses,
Sunlight and moonlight and light of lovers' eyes.

Pink clasping hands amid a Southern summer gloaming,
Green of August grasses, white of dew-sprung pearls,
Grey of winging wild geese into the sunset homing,
Twined with all the kisses of a Queen of Queensland girls !

Will. H. Ogilvie.

Angus and Robertson. By permission.

FROM the wondrous orchids of her northern tropical forests, from her corn, sugar-cane, wine and oil—oil to light a million home lights—from plant and plume, from her shears of the golden fleece, from the mineral and gem fields in her possessions, from her mountains, mounds, and motley, paragon in all, Australia is calling for men of pluck and industry, able and willing to work, not for foreign nations only, but for hearths, homes, and a bright future prosperity. . . .

L'ENVOI

WREATHING blue of camp-smoke
 Where the Thistle stings ;
 Austral voices calling
 Where the Shamrock clings ;
 Eucalypti broadcast
 Where the Rose-bee wings ;
 Maple, Palm, and Rimu
 Sharing equal things :
 Assets of the Empire's
 Mighty issuings.
 Growing Nations worldwards
 Loyal offerings,
 Mundane, seaborne, levin
 Deep sea mutterings.
 Britain, know your children,
 Servants of your King's.

'Coo-ee.'

The Silver Queen.

Ouseley. By permission.

NOWHERE in the wide world is to be found such a pleasant combination of sight, scent, and sound as there is on a bright, fresh morning in an Australian bush township, if you are out for an early stroll. The living record of it comes back with just the same keen attributes to the memory of the senses, as it did of yore to those who have experienced it. Nowhere else will the ministry of the pungent camp-fire smoke, or a vagrant whiff of incense bearing river pinewood from fresh-lit chimneys claim the appreciation more. Nowhere else are there such aromatic records of perfume and joyousness. The scent of the virgin ground-grasses, the sweet odours from the leaves and bark of the varied forest trees, the cheerful tinkling of horse-bell chimes from the out-station waggon camps, the clank of the copper bullock 'frogs,' the blended jubilant chorus of the feathered tribes, the clear bright air, the bounding pulses of the vigorous life and health of these first early exhilarations of primitive settlement, make many calls in their whole presence to the Empyrean of the Australian-born.

It was an ideal spot, this base camp of theirs, and long did Conroy after their first meal, leaning against one of the brown stone pillars flanking the gorge, gaze about him. He was fascinated

by the wonderful colour in the landscape, the breadth, wildness, the intense loneliness of it all.

'It makes a fellow feel a man to see such a country,' he thought. 'Puts a spread on him, as Roddy would say.'

Blue-misted, olive-green, purple and gold, the landscape spread itself before his sight. It was a new world with no white inhabitants upon it save themselves ; not a sign of mankind anywhere. And the wild grandeur of it was indescribable and enchanting, never to fade away again from his vision as a dream of amethyst, sapphire, emerald, purple and gold.

'Coo-ee.'

What Lay Beneath.

Ouseley. By permission.

NIGHT

OH, summer night of the South ! Oh, sweet languor of zephyrs
love sighing !

Oh, mighty circuit of shadowy solitude, holy and still !

Music scarce audible, echoless harmony joyously dying,

Dying in faint suspirations o'er meadow and forest and hill !

James Brunton Stephens.

Watson Ferguson. By permission.

Norfolk Island.

WHILE Norfolk Island may be said to be one of the physical glories of the world, the description of it given by Dr. Ullathorne in his *Catholic Mission in Australia* must find a place here. . . .

'Passing on by a ledge cut in the cliffs that hangs over the resounding shore, we suddenly turn into an amphitheatre of hills which rise all around until they close into a circle of the blue heavens above, their sides being thickly clothed with curious wild shrubs, wild flowers, and wild grapery. Passing the hasty brook and long and slowly ascending, we again reach the open varied ground. Here a tree-crowned mound, there a plantation of pines : and yonder below a ravine descending into the very bowels of the earth, and covered with an intricacy of dark foliage interluminated with chequers of sunlight until it opens a receding vista to the blue sea. And now the path closes, so the sun is almost shut out ; while giant creepers shoot, twist, and contort themselves upon your path ; beautiful pigeons, lories, parrots, parroquets, and other birds, rich and varied in plumage, spring up at your approach. We now reach a valley of exquisite beauty, in the middle of which, where the winding, gurgling stream is jagged in its course, spring up—

the type of loveliness—a cluster of some eight fern-trees, the finest of their kind, which with different inclinations rise up to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, a clear black mossy stem, from the crown of which is shot out on every side one long circling fern leaf, the whole suggesting the idea of a clump of Chinese umbrellas. Ascending again through the dark forest, we find rising on every side, amongst other strange forest trees, the gigantic pine of Norfolk Island, which ascending a clean stem of vast circumference to some twelve feet, shoots out a coronal of dark boughs, each in shape like the feathers of an ostrich, indefinitely prolonged, until rising, with clear intervals, horizontal stage above stage, the great pyramid cuts with its point the clear ether at the height of two hundred feet. Through these we at length reach the crown of Mount Pitt, whence the *tout ensemble* in so small a space is indescribable, of rock, forest, valley, cornfield, islets, sea-birds, land-birds, sunshine and sea. Descending we take a new path to find new varieties. Emerging after a while from the deep gloom of the forest, glades and openings lie on each side, where among many plants and trees the guava and lemar prevail. The fern-tree springs gracefully out, and is outstripped by the beautiful palmetto rising its lifted shaft of orient mould from above the verdant level, and at the height of twenty-five feet spreading abroad in the clear air a cluster of bright green fans. In other places the parasite creepers and climbers rise up in columns, shoot out arch after arch, and again descend in every variety of Gothic fantasy. Now they form a long high wall, which is dense and impenetrable, and next comes tumbling down a cascade of green leaves, frothed over with the white convolvulus. Our way at last becomes an interminable closed-in vista of lemon-trees, forming overhead a varied arcade of green, gold, and sunlight. The orange-trees once crowded the island as thickly, but were cut down by the wanton tyranny of a former commandant as being too ready and too great a luxury for the convict. Stray over the farms, the yellow hull bends with the fat of corn. Enter the gardens, especially that delicious retreat “Orange Vale”; there by the broad-breasted English oak grows the delicate cinnamon tree—the tea, the coffee, the sugar plant with nutritious arrowroot, the banana with its long, weeping streamers and creamy fruit, the fig, all tropical fruits in perfection, and English vegetables in gigantic growth. The air is most pure, the sky most brilliant. In the morning the whole is drenched with dew. As the sun comes out of his bed of amber, and shoots over a bar of crimson rays, it is one embroidery of the pearl, the ruby, and the emerald; as the same sun at eventide slants his yellow

rays between the pines and the mountains, they show like the
bronzed spires of some vast cathedral flooded in golden light.'

Dom Norbert Birt, O.S.B.
Benedictine Pioneers in Australia.
Herbert and Daniel. By permission.

VOICES OF AUSTRALIA

MONARO in the summer, it is a halcyon land,
Where spill the creeks their silver with free and lavish hand,
Where golden glows the sunlight and preciously the rain,
Bestains a drying herbage with emerald again.

Beneath a knotted apple, whose twisted limbs so strong,
Spread out a velvet shadow I sit to write my song,
Behind me frown dark forests, before me laugh blue seas,
Unclouded circle o'er me the sky's infinities.

The wonder of Australia, the splendour of her hills,
The beauty of her beaches, my musing vision fills ;
And home across the distance her voices call to me,
With all their message laden of life and mystery.

I sing the pleasant suburbs of Sydney by the sea,
Where from enflowered gardens the fruit lands open free,
In fertile orchard acres, there 'midst his vines and bees,
The patient grower tendeth his plot of planted trees.

A luscious scent of peaches and nectarine and pear,
And honey'd grape makes fragrant the drowsy summer air,
And by cool forest clearings, green glossy leaves enfold
In orange groves the richness of ripened globes of gold.

I sing the golden harvests of ripe Australian grain
That billow towards the Lachlan from rolling Bathurst Plain ;
The waving wheat of Molong, the laden wealth of wool,
By thirsty teamsters freighted from black lands bountiful.

I sing those winding waters that bring their tribute clean,
Unto a lordly Murray from all the Riverine,
The reaches of the Namoi, the Darling's sunlit bends,
Where cloudless days are numbered and night unclouded ends.

My pictures of Australia spread out thro' all the day,
By ana-branch and cawal and billabong away,
Unto the central silence, where on her burning throne,
The spirit of the desert for ever broods alone.

And I have songs for singing of laughter and of frown,
From plain and mountain gathered and coast and track and town,
Who've seen the brolga dancing and by the dark belah,
Cloud up before the sunrise, in flocks, the pink galah.

From high New England ranges and gullies deep and sheer,
The four winds bring me greetings, and softly too I hear
The calling of the rivers from Hunter to the Tweed,
Their banks aglow with lilies and bush with flow'r and seed.

I sing the lusty rivers, their wealth of corn and cane,
Their reedy swamps and pastures, their crops of gourd and grain;
I sing the Northern Rivers in numbers deep and strong,
That pour their tropic waters the silted fields along.

I sing our sister Queensland, fair bridesmaid of the sun,
Her green palms and plantations and farm and cattle run;
Her jungles of the Blackall, her tilth along the Downs,
Her wide unsettled spaces and young ambitious towns.

I sing the North Unproven, where call in vacant room,
The miles that spread their bounties from Burketown on to Broome;
The wide untrodden acres with native wealth displayed,
That beg for occupation from Broome to Adelaide,

So call my country's voices, inspirited and strong,
From torrid straits of Torres to tem'perate Dandenong.
So rings Australia's anthem from Sydney round to Perth
In strains of music splendid, the sweetest of the earth.

Edwin James
Brady, born
and educated
in Australia.

E. J. Brady.

Sydney Mail. By permission.

WELL, those mornings in the hills . . . let me try to describe
one of them—in April, let us say.

It begins with a nipping cold bath and a fire to breakfast by.
But while we pile the logs on the hearth, we also set wide the
two door-windows to the sun. The meal, and little house-keepings
disposed of, I look out over the tree fern on the rockery to the

sky above the bank of new-blown chrysanthemums that line the upper fence—look at the cat basking full length on the threshold—and fetch my big hat. Half an hour later I am in another world.

It is ten o'clock and the sun has been shining with all his might since eight, yet the dew is thick on the steep and rugged track and on the little strips of lawn between the rocks; my stout boots, made on purpose for this work, and the hems of my petticoats are drenched. No delicate wild flowers in these verdant spaces now. The grass tufts are sprinkled with dead leaves and wisps of bark with the colour bleached out of them. When these brittle shavings were freshly peeled their outsides were a rich chocolate tint and the insides a tender shade of lilac. They come from a large-leaved kind of gum-tree, and I have often carried bits home and laid them on my writing-table, merely to look at the colour as if they were flowers; but they fade like flowers too.

11 A.M.—I sit with pencil and paper on my knee. The sun has long since dried my skirts and is now burning my boots. I bask in the warmth and the matchless air, like the cat on the doorstep, and (having successfully dodged my dog) in the utmost solitude that can be imagined. Though the hidden town is near I have only once, in scores of mornings, met a human being here—a local naturalist with a butterfly net. Not even a bridle-track threads the thousand hills of which the one I sit on is as a single wave on a heaving sea—a sea flowing to the horizon. The distant ranges and the sky are of hues that neither language nor pigment could give an idea of. The ranges are covered with trees, the rounded feathery tops only showing, with the effect of plush or the bloom of downy fruit; their turquoise tint has a shade of indigo in it, deepening in the folds to an intenser colour. The sky is living blue light without an earthly stain.

Nearer—more within the limits of this world—wooded and rocky slopes, darkly green against these heavenly blues, fold over unseen valleys at my feet; nearer still the gum saplings with the sun shining through their leaves, the sharply contrasting spears of Murray pine, the tossed heaps of granite rocks, mossed, lichened, fern-fringed in shady crevices, the wattle-tree that makes a frame for the beautiful whole. It will be a golden frame later on; to-day its blossoms are represented by crinkled buds of the size of a pin's head. Spiders' webs shine between twigs and the green blades under them. The light flashes up and down the little threads continually; they are never still though there is hardly a stir of air.

But never was solitude less lonely. There is only too much companionship for the purpose I have in view. The leaves talk—

the little tongues glitter at the edges as they swing and turn ; and another voice accompanies them, one that never ceases and cannot be ignored. It belongs to a waterfall in a hidden gorge near by. The stream, yellower than any Tiber with the washing of gold mines, tumbles several hundreds of feet over a staircase of jagged rocks to the valley beneath and makes a great commotion at that place ; here it is merely a purring, crooning whisper all the time. Birds are scarce, but every now and then a handful of minute brown things, with a delicate little unobtrusive twitter, scatter themselves round me. A crow comes and sits as near as he dare, to complain of my intrusion ; perhaps he does not mean to complain, but his comment upon my presence seems a perfect wail of woe. As for the ground dwellers—lizards, spiders, ants—they are constant company, and the most distracting of all with their complicated manœuvres, which are full of complicated intelligence when you come to look into them. There was a time when the presence and curiosity of so many little active creatures seemed a drawback to the otherwise perfect charm of the place, but now I do not mind them any more than they mind me. The trouble is that I cannot mind them less. More and more I neglect my own business to watch them at theirs.

Ada Cambridge.
Thirty Years in Australia.
Methuen. By permission.

AUSTRALIA is only waiting the arrangement of a preferential tariff with the Mother-country further to develop her wheat industry, which is already advancing by leaps and bounds. Statistics from every state of the Commonwealth show a tendency to make this industry the foremost on the continent. Australians look forward to the time when they will grow wheat for the world ; or, at any rate, supply every Briton with his loaf, so full of promise is the ease with which the grain is grown in every one of the States. . . . In her western plains New South Wales has a great wheat future awaiting her ; in eight years, the wheat-growing area leaped from about five hundred thousand to nearly two million acres, and she has ready awaiting settlement eighteen million acres of virgin soil of splendid corn-growing quality and within the twenty-inch rainfall belt. . . . With the steady advance taking place in a system of irrigation we may not unreasonably look forward to a time when gigantic corn-fields, the size of some European countries, will dot the vast reaches of the dry Australian interior. . . . In every country of Australasia not only is the wheat-industry coming rapidly to the fore, but there

Wheat.

are millions of acres still untouched, and ready to be 'only tickled with a hoe to laugh with a harvest.'

Florence Gay.

Our Australian Granary: The Outlook.

By the Editor's permission.

Gold.

VICTORIA was the foremost gold-producer of the States for forty-seven years, when Western Australia electrified the world by the treasure discovered in her deserts. At Kalgoorlie one man obtained five hundred ounces of gold in two or three hours by the aid of a common tomahawk. Another became possessed in a few hours of the sum of £20,000. . . . Australia has given forth mineral treasures to the world equalling those met with in dreams and the pages of romance, and there is absolutely no reason why she should not yield such stores in even greater abundance. Kalgoorlie—'island of gold and civilisation'—set in the great sea of the desert, may be but the germ of the untold wealth of the future.

Florence Gay.

Australia's Heart of Gold: The Outlook.

By the Editor's permission.

. . . COULD tints be deeper, skies less dim,
 More soft and fair,
 Jewelled with milk-white clouds that swim
 In faintest air?
 The soft moss sleeps upon the stone,
 Green tendrils of the scrub-vine zone.
 The dead grey trunks, and boulders red,
 Roofed by the pine and carpeted
 With maiden hair.
 But far and near, o'er each, o'er all,
 Above, below,
 Hangs the great silence like a pall
 Softer than snow.
 Not sorrow is the spell it brings,
 But thoughts of calmer, purer things,
 Like the sweet touch of hands we love,
 A woman's tenderness above
 A fevered brow. . . .

George Essex Evans.

An Australian Symphony.

Angus and Robertson. By permission.

A BALLADE OF WATTLE-BLOSSOM

THERE'S a land that is happy and fair,
 Set gem-like in halcyon seas ;
 The white winters visit not there,
 To sadden its blossoming leas.
 More bland than the Hesperides,
 Or any warm isle of the west,
 Where the wattle-bloom perfumes the breeze,
 And the bell-bird builds her nest.

When the oak and the elm are bare,
 And wild winds vex the shuddering trees ;
 There the clematis whitens the air,
 And the husbandman laughs as he sees
 The grass rippling green to his knees,
 And his vineyards in emerald drest—
 Where the wattle-bloom bends in the breeze,
 And the bell-bird builds her nest.

What land is with this to compare ?
 Not the green hills of Hybla, with bees
 Honey-sweet, are more radiant and rare
 In colour and fragrance than these
 Boon shores, where the storm-clouds cease
 And the wind and the wave are at rest—
 Where the wattle-bloom waves in the breeze,
 And the bell-bird builds her nest.

ENVOY

Sweetheart, let them praise as they please
 Other lands, but we know which is best—
 Where the wattle-bloom perfumes the breeze,
 And the bell-bird builds her nest.

**September 1
 has been
 proclaimed
 Wattle Day.**

**Robert
 Richardson,
 born and
 educated in
 Australia.**

Robert Richardson.
 John Grant. By permission.

A CUP of opal
 Through which there glows
 The cream of the pearl,
 The heart of the rose ;
 And the blue of the sea
 Where Australia lies,
 And the amber flash
 Of her sunset skies,

And the emerald tints
 Of the dragon-fly
 Shall stain my cup
 With their brilliant dye.
 And into this cup
 I would pour the wine
 Of youth and health
 And the gifts divine
 Of music and song,
 And the sweet content
 Which must ever belong
 To a life well-spent.
 And what bread would I break
 With my wine, think you?
 The bread of a love
 That is pure and true.

Inez K.
 Hyland, born
 and educated
 in Australia.

Inez K. Hyland.
Bread and Wine.

George Robertson. By permission.

FROM creek gullies close by I used to gather armfuls of maiden-hair fern for church decoration, some fronds of which, measured on the dining-room table, spanned the whole width from side to side.

Ada Cambridge.
Thirty Years in Australia.
 Methuen. By permission.

AND as your Summer slips away in tears,
 Spring wakes our lovely Lady of the Bush,
 The Kowhai, and she hastes to wrap herself
 All in a mantle wrought of living gold;
 Then come the birds who are her worshippers,
 To hover round her; tuis swift of wing,
 And bell-birds flashing sudden in the sun,
 Carolling: Ah! what English nightingale,
 Heard in the stillness of a summer eve,
 From out the shadow of historic elms,
 Sings sweeter than our Bell-bird of the Bush?

Dora Wilcox,
 born and
 educated in
 New Zealand.

Dora Wilcox.
Verses from Maoriland.
 George Allen. By permission.

WATTLE AND MYRTLE

GOLD of the tangled wilderness of wattle,
 Break in the lone green hollows of the hills,
 Flame on the iron headlands of the ocean,
 Gleam on the margin of the hurrying rills.

Come with thy saffron diadem and scatter
 Odours of Araby that haunt the air,
 Queen of our Woodland, rival of the roses,
 Spring in the yellow tresses of thy hair.

Surely the old gods, dwellers on Olympus,
 Under thy shining loveliness have strayed
 Crowned with thy clusters, magical Apollo,
 Pan with his reedy music may have played.

Surely within thy fastness, Aphrodite,
 She of the sea-ways, fallen from above,
 Wandered beneath thy canopy of blossom,
 Nothing disdainful of a mortal's love.

Aye, and her sweet breath lingers on the wattle,
 Aye, and her myrtle dominates the glade,
 And with a deep and perilous enchantment
 Melts in the heart of lover and of maid.

James Lister Cuthbertson.
The Australasian. By permission.

AND it is truly a wonderful harbour. It is large enough to hold **Sydney Harbour.** all the fleets of the world, and its beauty reminds one of the celebrated entrances to Rio and to Naples.

Carl Lumholtz.
Among Cannibals.
 Murray. By permission.

I DOUBT if there is any city in the world more exquisitely situated. The beauty of the harbour—great deep-water fingers of the sea, stretching miles up between wooded banks—is captivating. My ears had tingled so much with praise of Sydney Harbour that I was prepared to be disappointed. The loveliness of the situation, however, was all that words had painted it. . . .

Then the courtesy of everybody. Those who have knocked about the world know something of the brusqueness, nearing rudeness, of some democratic communities—rather a straining to make **Australian courtesy.**

you understand that they are quite as good as you. Politically and socially, there are no more democratic people than the Australians. But there is no noisy self-assertiveness. The quiet, dignified courtesy, genuine and not conventional, was delightful to witness. . . .

You gave me a good time. I have told the people of Britain about your hospitality. It never faltered from the moment the first bunch of greeting telegrams was pushed into my hand on reaching your shores, till, in the droop of the day, I watched the flutter of handkerchiefs as my boat steamed homewards.

A beautiful land. I loved it. I loved the people. . . .

John Foster Fraser.

Australia.

Cassell. By permission.

The character
of Australian
children.

WITH regard to this, the present Principal of the Brotherhood of the Good Shepherd writes of—

The Beauty of Home Life in the Bush.—The courage of the women and girls in resisting the tendency to let things slide, insisting on all the refinements and courtesies of the home in spite of isolation and trying weather; *every girl a lady and every boy a gentleman in the poorest 'humpty.'*¹ One fruit of our social equality being not to degrade our 'aristocracy,' but to elevate our democracy; no fear of our getting down to a dead level. The care the girls take about their dress, although there is no one but their brothers to see that they are dressed nicely. The fine chivalrous spirit of the boys. (A house of bags and tin, but manners and dress fit for court.)

Rev. C. H. S. Matthews.

The Church in Australia.

S.P.G. By permission.

THE Australians have a perfect genius for hospitality.

Archibald Marshall.

Sunny Australia.

Hodder and Stoughton. By permission.

LORD KITCHENER said the other day in Melbourne: 'A great deal of training that would, in the ordinary course, have to be supplied to obtain an efficient soldier, is already part of the daily life of many of our lads.' He went on to pay his hearers the very high compliment of saying that, as raw material for soldiers, Australians were the equal, if not the superior, of any people he knew. Lord Kitchener, a little before, had seen a troop of light horse vanish at a gallop into thick bush and reappear at a gallop the next

¹ A humpty is a little hut.

moment. Lord Kitchener himself relieved at Eland's River, in South Africa, three hundred men, who without one gun had held on for ten days after the authorities had given up the position as hopeless, against ten times their number of Boers planted with many guns on high hills all around them. Such qualities as Australians have are, of course, only drawn from the British race, because the people of Australia are as purely British as the people of Great Britain—perhaps more so than the population of London.

C. E. W. Bean.

On the Wool Track.

Alston Rivers. By permission.

RUNNING across the Great Australian Bight, Tom found it very strange to think how, from the early beginnings of his life, things had altered in the after years for his own land. He thought much of the great possibilities and probabilities of his native country out there to the northward over the big ocean cradle of the blue Pacific.

That marvellous land of his, so beloved, so vast, so unpopulated in its unknown interiors, so comparatively untouched on its enormous stretch of coastline. He was musing altogether pleasurably on the starboard side of the vessel, his face turned northwards, solely about Australia; of her first tender tones from his boyhood in Sydney, to the present time of his life; of the marvels of her lands, her flowers, her minerals, her precious stones, her future development; of the free, almost unexplainable, energy and health given to all her children. . . . And out there to the north were limestone cliffs undeveloped as to their certain neighbouring treasures, where the coal and kerosene and gold of their inner and outlying riches lay as yet untouched beyond them.

‘Coo-ee.’

The Silver Queen.

Ouseley. By permission.

HERE was the Bush—the wide, flat landscape of all shades of brown and purple shot with vivid spring green—the bright sun, the heavenly freshness of the morning air, filled with indescribable scents from the soil and the vegetation, the brooding stillness, broken only by the fluting of the Australian magpie, most musical of all bird sounds. I never felt happier than at that moment. The fascination of it came upon me with a rush, and I was suddenly twenty years younger.

Archibald Marshall.

Sunny Australia.

Hodder and Stoughton. By permission.

IF I had a friend to whom I wished to be kind, I should send him to the Blue Mountains first, and then across the hills from Brisbane to Toowoomba, and beyond to the vast plains. You start early in the morning, and go swiftly by those places which from the river are very pretty, and in days to come will be what the Hudson River suburbs are to New York and the Thames suburbs to London—Toowong, Taringa, Indooroopilly, Graceville, and Ipswich; and then, after a few score miles, begins the climbing to Helidon, Murphy's Creek, and Highfields. Let us pause. Did you ever see anything more exquisite than this? Vast billows of wooded land stretching out and beyond for eighty miles, and you are winding round the mountain side, where are repeated the marvels of construction, the tunnels and the curves, you saw at Cairns. On one side of a horse-shoe you look across and see the way by which you came, cut through the ends of vast mounds like graves, driven through great hills, fringing deep chasms, triumphant over Nature and centuries of loneliness. There hang in yellow grandeur orange orchards; there droops beside a mountain stream the willow; there hides a quiet home among the bushes, and there while you dream is Toowoomba, a quiet town, and full of possibilities.

Sir Gilbert Parker.

Round the Compass in Australia.

Hutchinson. By permission.

GAY with the gold of sheoaks
 And the green of the stunted gums,
 With the silver-grey of honeysuckle,
 With the wasted bracken red,
 With a tuft of softest emerald
 And a cloud-flecked sky o'erhead.

Oh, sweet in the distant ranges,
 To the ear of inland men,
 Is the ripple of falling water
 In sassafras-haunted glen,
 The stir in the ripening cornfield
 That gently rustles and swells,
 The wind in the wattle sighing,
 The tinkle of cattle bells.

James Lister Cuthbertson.

At Cape Schanck.

George Robertson. By permission.

V

IN DOUBTFUL PRAISE

IN lands where bright blossoms are scentless,
And songless bright birds ;
Where, with fire and fierce drought on her tresses,
Insatiable summer oppresses
Sere woodlands and sad wildernesses,
And faint flocks and herds.

Adam Lindsay Gordon.

'TARRONE' was the station which suffered most on that day of **Bush fire.** fiery wrath, long remembered as 'Black Thursday.' All did so, more or less ; but Mr. Chamberlain, who then lived there, lost fences and homestead, house and furniture, his household escaping barely with their lives. For weeks previously the summer weather had been hot and dry. There was, for a wonder, a cessation of the coast showers. The fatal morning was abnormal—sultry and breezeless. The vaporous sky became lurid, darksome—awful. More than one terrified spectator believed that the Last Day had come, and not altogether without reason. The whole colony of Victoria was on fire at the same time, from the western coast to the eastern range of the Australian Alps. Farms and stations were burning at Port Fairy and Portland. The wife and children of a shepherd on the Upper Plenty rivulet, eastward of Melbourne, were burned to death, nearly three hundred miles in another direction. Far out to sea passengers viewed with wonder and alarm a dense black cloud overhanging the coastline like a pall, such as may have shrouded buried Pompeii when the volcano heaved its fiery flood. . . .

Mr. Chamberlain told us afterwards that, feeling indisposed for exertion and unaware of actual danger, he was lying down reading *Vanity Fair*. So enthralled was he by Becky Sharp's fascinations that he delayed going out to reconnoitre, though uneasily conscious that the smoke-clouds were thickening.

He went at length on foot. Then he saw, to his astonishment, a fearful wall of fire approaching the homestead with appalling rapidity. He turned and fled for his life, but had barely time to warn the station hands when the devouring element swept after. It was idle to resist in any ordinary method. The flames seemed to leap from the tree-tops, as they scaled the trunks, then the higher branches, and were born on loose fragments of bark far ahead of the line of

fire. In a quarter of an hour each fence, building, and shed of a well-improved homestead was in flames. So great was the heat that after the first flight of the inmates from the dwelling-house it was impossible to re-enter. Nothing of the contents was saved but a desk and a picture, while the household stood awestricken in a plot of garden vegetation, moistening their parched lips from time to time, suffocating with heat and smoke, and holding much doubt as to their ultimate safety. As they gazed around they could see the wild birds dropping dead from the forest trees, the kangaroos leaping past with singed and burning fur, while cattle, bellowing with fear and astonishment, dashed wildly to the river bank, to plunge into the deepest water-holes.

Rolf Boldrewood.

Old Melbourne Memories.

Macmillan. By permission.

UNDER suitable conditions nothing is easier than to start a blaze that flies out of your hand before you see the spark. A castaway bottle, a little ash knocked out of a pipe, will do it. My own eyes have seen from what a small cause a great conflagration may result. A cavalcade of vehicles from M—— while we were staying there was on the road to church; it was a well-used, fenced Bush road, all dust and wild peppermint-weed—a fire-brake in itself, one would have thought. But I, in the second buggy, saw a flicker under the wheel of the first; it ran from one scrap of tinder to another, and was away over the country before one could draw breath. ‘Like wildfire’ is the best image for speed that I know. It used to pour over those grassy rises, just as released water does, a spreading black stream with a scintillating yellow edge; not a menace to life as in forest country, but sickening to the heart of one who knows his home to windward of it, and knows the frailty of the most carefully prepared ‘break.’ The buggies were stopped, the men in their Sunday coats out and after it on the instant, but there was no church that day for any male of the party, except the parson. An examination of the spot where the fire started, showed that the buggy wheel had passed over a wax match. The unwritten law of the Bush is, that no matches must come into it, at these times, except the wooden ones, guaranteed to strike on the box only.

The ‘fire year’—or the fire summer, rather (1879-80), is literally burnt into my memory. Now, when I smell Bush smoke, I feel as I would at the sudden sight of blood in large quantities.

Ada Cambridge.

Thirty Years in Australia.

Methuen. By permission.

IN the Commonwealth there is always one course open to the city-dweller in want of country air, but with a purse too light to provide himself with change of scene. He may go 'rabbiting.'

Should he have qualms that by so doing he will perforce be obliged to accept the companionship of social inferiors, he may dismiss them; members of the upper class may be found in the ranks of the great army—Bohemians, it is true, or penniless men making a living for the time being. As to the pay, a successful hunter may make fifteen shillings a day; at the worst he hopes to gain over a pound a week—a Bohemian will not starve on a good deal less than this. Above all things a rabbitier's life is a life of privilege, for he is practically licensed by Government to have his own way; no one may impede or restrict his movements; a man has only to sling a few rabbit-skins over his shoulder, and proclaim himself a hunter, and he may go anywhere he pleases. He may beg, borrow, and (sometimes) steal with impunity. . . .

Rabbiting has added to the difficulty of obtaining labourers. Formerly a man was willing to do rough work for fifteen or twenty shillings a week (hut and rations given in), but now he finds more sport and an easier life massacring rabbits. Rabbits fetch about fourpence a pair, but a professional rabbitier naturally would not think of dealing retail. He snares, shoots, clubs and poisons poor Bunny by thousands and tens of thousands, and sends either the skins or the carcasses to the nearest railway station to be disposed of by agents, who export them in the shape of cheap furs and chilled meat. The latest method of dealing with the carcass is to convert it into extract of meat. A well-fed Australian of the lowest class would never dream of eating rabbits; he looks upon them as vermin only, but when his larder is empty he is glad enough to know there is meat ever at his door. . . .

During the winter months of June and July, something like ten thousand tons of rabbits will pass through a little country railway station. The carnage is horrible. The worst passages of this perennial warfare occur when a rabbit drive is organised, thousands driven into a great yard and there clubbed to death. Every one is supposed to aid and abet the hideous butchery; the Government of the Commonwealth—paternal, but exacting—has decreed that each individual shall do all in his power to help towards the deliverance of the continent from the scourge. . . .

A hundred thousand pounds is, if I remember aright, the prize held out for some effectual means of ridding the Commonwealth of rabbits, but the man who can promise to do this may safely calculate that the reward will be doubled or trebled if he so desire.

In the early nineties, when Dr. Koch's bacteriological researches were being flashed round the world, hope ran high that a bacillus might be cultivated which would spread an infectious and fatal disease among rabbits, but to which other animals would be immune. This was claimed to have been accomplished by an assistant of Pasteur; the fine old Frenchman being too old to undertake the voyage, sent a representative to whom the Australian Government handed over a small island stocked with every kind of animal in the Commonwealth. Pasteur's assistant failed to satisfy the authorities that his system of inoculation could be carried out without danger to other animals, and the magic bacillus, which is to work the salvation of the Commonwealth, is still to be discovered. . . .

Certain animals inimical to the rabbit are under the protection of the Government, and may not be killed under payment of a heavy fine. . . . Creatures as diverse as the iguana and the domestic cat are among the protected animals. Iguanas, or 'goannas' in bush parlance, are repulsive creatures—great, sprawling, yellow-bellied monsters, much like a crocodile in size and appearance; they are harmless, if unmolested, but have a trick of suddenly issuing from a grove of gum-trees, and, rushing across one's path, invariably cause one's horse to start and shy. Pussy goes rabbiting in the Commonwealth, just as she goes mousing in the Old Country: a strong cat will bring home several rabbits in a day—poor baby Bunnies straying near garden or stable. . . .

Even in a fairly well-populated district, and where the strongest measures are taken against the pest, squatters are obliged to reduce their stock considerably. Take, for instance, the beautiful and temperate region lying around Molong and Borenore, in New South Wales. Here the land is supposed to carry a sheep to an acre; but now a small run of about twenty-five thousand acres will only support twenty thousand head of stock. The prolificacy of the rabbit is proverbial, but its numbers in the Commonwealth must be seen to be realised. They dot the earth like leaves in autumn, and sometimes may be driven before horse and rider in vast flocks which hop quietly over the land, often strangely tame. It was in Victoria that the unhappy idea originated of letting the rabbit loose. Any one glancing at the map of Australia will see that Victoria should be the easiest portion of the continent to isolate. A rabbit-proof fence, stretched from sea to sea, ought to have saved the rest of the Commonwealth from the scourge. It is too late now. The enemy has overrun New South Wales, and the vanguard is in the southern part of Northern Queensland. Long

lines of burrows, in fan-like form, extend into the heart of Australia ; great hordes of rabbits invade the Lake Eyre district, and sometimes die in millions in its parched and saline basin. The rapid power of increase is not the main factor in the completeness with which the rabbit has taken possession of the land ; it is the fatal habit of burrowing that makes it so difficult to exterminate. Had the rabbit, like the hare, brought forth its young fully furred, and not naked and shuddering and needing the protection of a burrow, all this trouble and expense in the Commonwealth would have been saved.

Florence Gay.

The Rabbit War in Australia: The Outlook.

By the Editor's permission.

ONCE we had an extraordinary visitation of caterpillars ; a dense, enormous mass, marching straight in one direction, taking everything as it came. We were in its path, and, until it had disentangled itself from the premises, were simply overwhelmed. We barricaded all doors and windows ; we tried, like so many Mrs. Partingtons, to sweep back the living waves with brooms—in vain ; those little soft green things were as irresistible as the sea. We ran about, shuddering and in tears, while they crowded up legs and arms, and down necks and amongst our hair ; we went into the dairy to find them lining roofs and walls and drowning all over the cream in every milk-pan—went to bed to find sheets and pillows thick with them. No plague of Egypt could have been more agonising while it lasted, which, fortunately, was not long. They did not stay to eat the garden up as the grasshoppers did when similarly out on a big march.

Ada Cambridge.

Thirty Years in Australia.

Methuen. By permission.

DROUGHT

My road is fenced with the bleached white bones,
And strewn with the blind white sand.
Beside me a suffering dumb world moans
On the breast of a lonely land.

On the rim of the world the lightnings play,
The heat-waves quiver and dance,
And the breath of the wind is a sword to slay,
And the sunbeams each a lance.

I have withered the grass where my hot hoofs tread,
I have whitened the sapless trees,
I have driven the faint-heart rains ahead
To hide in their soft green seas.

I have bound the plains with an iron band,
I have stricken the slow streams dumb ;
To the charge of my vanguards who shall stand ?
Who stay when my cohorts come ?

The dust storms follow and wrap me round ;
The hot winds ride as a guard ;
Before me the fret of the swamps is bound,
And the way of the wild-fowl barred.

I drop the whips on the loose-flanked steers ;
I burn their necks with the bow ;
And the green-hide rips and the iron sears
Where the staggering lean beasts go.

I lure the swagsmen out of the road
To the gleam of a phantom lake ;
I have laid him down, I have taken his load,
And he sleeps till the dead men wake.

My hurrying hoofs in the night go by,
And the great flocks bleat their fear,
And follow the curve of the creeks burnt dry
And the plains scorched brown and sere.

The worn men start from their sleepless rest,
With faces haggard and drawn.
They curse the red sun into the west,
And they curse him out of the dawn.

They have carried their outposts far, far out,
But—blade of my sword for a sign !—
I am the Master, the dread King Drought,
And the great West Land is mine !

Will Ogilvie.
Angus and Robertson. By permission.

VI

SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT

THE OLD AUSTRALIAN WAYS

THE London lights are far abeam
Behind a bank of cloud,
Along the shore the gas-lights gleam,
The gale is piping loud ;
And down the Channel, groping blind,
We drive her through the haze
Towards the land we left behind—
The good old land of 'never mind,'
And old Australian ways.

.

Our fathers came of roving stock
That could not fixed abide :
And we have followed field and flock
Since e'er we learnt to ride ;
By miner's camp and shearing shed,
The land of heat and drought.
We followed where our fortunes led,
With fortune always on ahead,
And always further out.

The wind is in the barley grass,
The wattles are in bloom ;
The breezes greet us as they pass
With honey-sweet perfume ;
The parakeets go screaming by
With flash of golden wing,
And from the swamp the wild-ducks cry
Their long-drawn note of revelry,
Rejoicing at the Spring.

So throw the weary pen aside
 And let the papers rest,
 For we must saddle-up and ride
 Toward the blue hill's breast ;
 And we must travel far and fast
 Across their rugged maze,
 To find the Spring of Youth at last,
 And call back from the buried past
 The old Australian ways.

When Clancy took the drovers' track
 In years of long ago,
 He drifted to the outer back
 Beyond the Overflow ;
 By rolling plain and rocky shelf,
 With stockwhip in his hand,
 He reached at last, oh lucky elf,
 The Town of Come-and-help-yourself
 In Rough-and-ready land.

And if it be that you would know
 The tracks he used to ride,
 Then you must saddle-up and go
 Beyond the Queensland side—
 Beyond the reach of rule and law,
 To ride the long day through,
 In Nature's homestead—filled with awe ;
 You then might see what Clancy saw,
 And know what Clancy knew.

Andrew Barton Paterson.

Rio Grande's Last Race.

Angus and Robertson. By permission.

Bush travel-
 ling.

OUR track was through the wild bush, scarcely bisected by the primitive bush-fence—two or three a day perhaps—brush, dog-leg, chock and log, the post and rail reserved for the stockyards and home enclosures ; and it soon began to climb rough hills and fall into abrupt ravines such as no sane driver would attempt to negotiate nowadays. . . . Some of those sidings were so steep that while the staunch creatures clung to the track, digging their toes in at every step, the buggy hung at right angles to them down the hill ; the least jib would have run us plump into the water beneath. . . . The horses ran in and out amongst the trees and

scrub whilst any shadow of stump or trunk could be discerned by the straining eye; then they slackened, checked, stumbled; branches broke under their feet and in the buggy wheels and swished our hands and faces; and we had to recognise that we were off the track and that the darkest of dark nights had untimely caught us. . . . If the reader asks what carriage lamps were made for, I reply, not for Bushmen in those days. People living in and about the towns used them in obedience to by-laws, and the coaches travelled at night with grand hoods of light around their faces, top and sides; but country-folk despised such artificial aids, such enervating luxuries. They used to say they could see better without lamps than with; and we, being Bush persons, thought so too.

Ada Cambridge.
Thirty Years in Australia.
 Methuen. By permission.

BETWEEN Gunnedah and Baggadei, overlooking the Namoi river, is a handsome modern homestead. . . . The walls were built by station labour. The floor joists and roof beams, the wainscots and window frames, every atom of woodwork, was fitted, joined, mortised by the station carpenter; some of it cut by the station blacksmith at the station saw-mill. The plans were designed by the station owner.

Now, imagine a country gentleman in any State in Europe sitting down to plan a house; and then calling in the groom, butler, and coachman, a gamekeeper or two, a gardener and a lodge-man, and suggesting that they should manufacture and cut and fit the stone walls, floors, roof beams and ceilings, and then build them together into his baronial mansion. It is probably literally true that if he did so, the statement of every man who heard him would be taken as good evidence of his insanity by the judge in the suit of any disappointed relatives who would certainly dispute his will. For these men simply could not begin the work; or if they could they would think they couldn't—which comes to the same thing. The Australian, too, has his shortcomings, a full round share of them, and one would be blind to deny it. One would be equally blind not to see that he possesses one virtue in a degree in which, as far as one has experience of them, no other people possess it. He can do anything; he is aware of it.

Bush
 resource.

A. E. W. Bean.
On the Wool Track.
 Alston Rivers. By permission.

THE most delightful thing in the life of Northern Australia is its *sans souci* appearance. Existence is literally out of doors, and people live as if burglars were unknown. I have ridden past houses in the early morning, and have seen the verandahs littered with books, *bric-à-brac*, walking-sticks, hats, lamps, and other articles—and the door wide open. Night after night things are left so, and they are not stolen. Stealing is punished in Queensland with the greatest rigour. A man might be guilty of manslaughter, and stand in better odour with the authorities than the thief.

I have ridden to a plantation late at night, turned my horse into the horse-paddock, entered the house, struck a match, found a sofa, lain down, and awakened in the morning to find life bustling about me, my breakfast ready on the table, and I an utter stranger.

Such is the freedom of life. I was a traveller. I suppose I did not look like a vagabond; they appreciated the desire on my part not to disturb their rest, and they apologised for the hardness of the sofa.

Sir Gilbert Parker.
Round the Compass in Australia.
 Hutchinson. By permission.

. . . THE sun may burn, the mirage shift and vanish
 And fade and glare by turns along the sky;
 The haze of heat may all the distance banish
 To the uncaring eye.

By speech, or tongue of bird or brute, unbroken
 Silence may brood upon the lifeless plain,
 Nor any sign, far off or near, betoken
 Man in this vast domain.

Though tender grace the landscape lacks, too spacious,
 Impassive, silent, lonely, to be fair.
 Their kindness swiftly comes more soft and gracious
 Who live or tarry there.

All that he has in camp or homestead, proffers
 To stranger guest at once a stranger host,
 Proudest to see accepted what he offers
 Given without a boast.

Pass if you can the drover's cattle stringing
 Along the miles of the wide travelled road,
 Without a challenge through the hot dust ringing
 Kind though abrupt the mode.

A cloud of dust where polished wheels are flashing
 Passes along, and in it rolls the mail.
 Comes from the box as on the coach goes dashing
 The lonely driver's hail. . . .

Thomas W. Heney.
A Riverina Road.

The Echo, Sydney. By permission.

Thomas
 William
 Heney, born
 and educated
 in Australia.

WE found a highly civilised society. The police magistrate at the head of it—always a P.M. was at the head in those days in the country towns big enough to have one. . . . Next to the doctors, the bankers—*i.e.* the officials of the four or five banks which have branches in every town of any importance. The managers are handsomely housed and live in the best Bush-town style; they are really the backbone of country society, it being to the interest of their employers that they should be popular with their constituents, as well as to a man's own interest to make life pleasant in a place where he may be settled for many years. The smart young bank-clerks are the natural complement of the young Bush ladies, whose brothers always go away; the clerks will be managers in time, and meanwhile are essential to the upkeep of tennis clubs and the success of balls and picnics.

Living and feeding in Australia is proverbially good, although the cooking is often unworthy of the material. Fruit that in England was nursed in orchard houses and counted on south walls we could batten on now; a few pence would heap the sideboard with grapes or apricots, but all was so plentiful that it generally cost us nothing. . . .

Household supplies had to be laid in wholesale—sacks of sugar and flour, chests of tea, boxes of kerosene and candles. We had to make our own bread and our own yeast for it; we had to kill our own mutton and dress it; gather our own firewood and chop it. This meant keeping a man, besides whom we had a general servant, a nurse, and a young lady companion. . . . The kitchen party was not at all lonely in those wilds. They had friends on the neighbouring stations and farms, with whom they foregathered in their leisure hours; they had many picnics and excursions to the town; they gave a ball every Christmas (which rather scandalised a section of the parish, though the rigid etiquette observed at them might have been copied with advantage in higher circles), and were tendered balls in return.

Ada Cambridge.
Thirty Years in Australia.
 Methuen. By permission.

TAKE Adelaide, the Philadelphia of Australia, about the drowsiness of which the other cities like to make jokes. It has a population under 200,000. I know of no similar-sized town at home where anything approaching the same kind of stimulating life prevails : colleges, museums, art galleries, botanical and zoological gardens, an extensive public library, a geographical society, and, in social circles, a refinement and a culture which were a little astonishing to me, who had allowed myself to accept the popular idea that Australians were of the crude backwoodsman type.

John Foster Fraser.

Australia.

Cassell. By permission.

**Australian
women.**

ABOVE all, there are the women. In the old times, the Bush wives, from the highest to the lowest, made their homes, so to speak, with their own hands. The squatter's wife, who later came to her town house and her carriage, did 'all her own work' cheerfully 'when she had to do it,' and is rarely ashamed to acknowledge the fact—refers to it, in fact, with a wistful tenderness of voice and heart that plainly tells how she compares the hard times to the easy ones. And after that cataclysm already described—the Bursting of the Boom—when the revels of riches were so rudely interrupted, as if somebody had turned the gas off suddenly, what did we see? The girls, who had never had to work, who had seemed to live entirely for pleasure, who appeared to us eaten up with the frivolity of their luxurious lives, as soon as their great houses fell, instead of sitting down to mourn and weep, overwhelmed by the shame of such a tremendous social 'come-down,' turned to, like Britons indeed, to help their ruined fathers and to support themselves. In no faddy, fine-lady fashion either. They took the work that they could do, with no false pride about its being trade or otherwise, and at this day you may see them still at it, calm and business-like, never wanting favour on the score of having 'seen better days,' never so much as reminding one that they had seen them. They run many tea-rooms, or wait in them, or make cakes for them; they keep various little shops, are milliners and dressmakers, typewriters, dentists, all sorts of things.

Ada Cambridge.

Thirty Years in Australia.

Methuen. By permission.

BARRINGTON stooped suddenly and gathered one of the half-closed buds that floated upon the lagoon.

'These lotus-lilies,' he said, 'remind me of a type of womanhood which I know—passionate, yet pure—combining the frankness of innocence with the strongest susceptibility to the influence of love.'

Honorio took the lily from his hand, and held it against her flushed face.

'You know whom I mean. Such a creature could only have had birth in a wild free atmosphere. She belongs to woods and streams; she is the classic nymph—the essence of womanliness. You are the ideal Australian.'

Mrs. Campbell-Præd.

Policy and Passion.

Macmillan. By permission.

THE lass of the back-blocks has grown into horse life. She has been in the saddle every day of the year; she has ridden a hundred miles to a dance, or to see a kangaroo battue, and no horse can throw her, no danger break her nerve. She has not the colour and warm beauty of the English girl; not the simplicity and piquancy of the Canadian girl; not the verve, artificial deftness of intelligence, and wit of the American girl; but she has a litheness of body and mind, and a pretty, breezy directness quite her own.

Sir Gilbert Parker.

Round the Compass in Australia.

Hutchinson. By permission.

AN AUSTRALIAN GIRL

SHE has a beauty of her own,
A beauty of a paler tone
Than English belles;
Yet southern sun and southern air
Have kissed her cheeks until they wear
The dainty tints that oft appear
On rosy shells.

Her frank clear eyes bespeak a mind
Old-world traditions fail to bind.
She is not shy
Or bold, but simply self-possessed;
Her independence adds a zest
Unto her speech, her piquant jest,
Her quaint reply.

O'er classic volumes she will pore
With joy ; and true scholastic lore
Will often gain.

In sports she bears away the bell,
Nor, under music's siren spell,
To dance divinely, flirt as well,
Does she disdain.

Ethel Castilla.

An Australian Girl.

George Robertson. By permission.

'ISN'T this glorious?' exclaimed Isabel, drawing rein after a gallop on the black mare.

'Rather,' Charley echoed. They were riding home from the siding, and had brought the mail-bag, tied on to his saddle.

'By Jove, you and Kitty are a picture! I'd like to show you to the old governor. Bob has got a camera. I'll get him to come over on Saturday and photograph you.'

'Let's get him to take a group?'

'So we will. I'll get him to take you on Kitty, on the verandah, and in the boat—they will console me when you are gone to India.'

His eye fell proudly on the girl at his side—her cheeks flushed, her dark eyes sparkling, her graceful figure swaying to every movement of her horse.

'The governor is quite right.'

'As to what?'

'He always says a pretty woman looks her best on horseback, and if she is well mounted, nothing can touch her.'

Rose Boldrewood.

Complications at Collaroi.

Ouseley. By permission.

IF I were asked the chiefest charm of Queensland, I should put it in these two words—orderliness and cleanliness. From the moment I crossed the border I felt the charm, and I can honestly say that I have not been in a town where I have not been instantly struck with the apparent dominance of these two characteristics. . . .

In justice, too, let it be said that the Queenslander loves flowers. He does not know their names—he calls most things bougainvillea—but he trains them about his door-steps, and runs vines up his verandahs and upon the iron roofs. It is as common as the sun to see houses almost buried in the orange-flower

and the bougainvillea, and every house has its verandahs; and kept—you should see it.

Sir Gilbert Parker.

Round the Compass in Australia.

Hutchinson. By permission.

THE Australians, like the Americans, love bigness. It is not unpleasant to see a long-limbed Australian stretch his legs on the club verandah, and whilst he twirls his cigar, tell you what a gigantic continent Australia is—as though he made it—and what a tiny little hole of a place England must be—just as though you were responsible for that. His favourite design is a map of Australia with Europe, minus Russia, swallowed up in it. His favourite word is ‘potentiality.’ No region on the face of this earth is favoured with such ‘potentialities’ as Australia. Australia has a wonderful crop of ‘potentialities.’ ‘Potentiality’ is a blessed word, and no occasion is missed to use it. . . . But the people themselves are just British people. If by a magician’s wand I had been wafted from England to Australia, to Sydney or Melbourne, and been asked at the end of a week where I was, I would have answered: ‘Some well-managed English provincial city that I seem to have missed.’

To say that all Australians talk Cockney is just one of those **Cockney** exaggerations which the mass of people have a right to repudiate. **accent.** The grown Australian struck me as a particularly clean speaker. That is, he spoke without the slovenliness of which we have plenty in England, and with a correct pronunciation.

Yet that Cockney is spoken is undoubted. The speaking of it is not limited to one stratum of society. The curious thing to me was that Cockney was spoken by one member of a family, whilst the other members of the family spoke perfectly correct English. It is not only the visitor whose ears notice the Cockney. Australians themselves are conscious of it; they talked freely to me about it, and even made fun of it.

Where does this Cockney accent come from? To say it is an inheritance from London settlers is absurd. My own belief is that it is an independent growth, partly due to climate, but mainly due to carelessness in speech. I watched carefully, and I noted it was chiefly children and young women who had the loose pronunciation—very rarely a man, and only occasionally a woman who had reached middle life.

John Foster Fraser.

Australia.

Cassell. By permission.

Pure English. THE first thing that struck me—and the impression remained during all my stay in Australia—was the pure English that was spoken there. They do not raise the voice at the end of a sentence, as the Americans do, as if with a challenge to differ from them. They drop it courteously like ourselves.

J. A. Froude.
Oceana (Library Edition).
Longmans. By permission.

The Press. AUSTRALIA has good cause to preen itself on its newspapers. With town populations that are small, in comparison with those of the great cities of Europe and America, it is little short of wonderful the way in which first-class morning, evening, and weekly illustrated papers are turned out. They keep to the British rather than follow the American model. They do not screech. They are dignified. This is one of the secrets of their power.

With an experience of newspapers all the world over, I know of no place where the Press exercises so strong an influence.

John Foster Fraser.
Australia.
Cassell. By permission.

NOWHERE in the world are there newspapers of more dignified, unpurchasable temper than the long-established, conservative journals of these five colonies. They, with their weeklies, fill the place of magazines to the people, so varied and extensive is their matter. . . . In a crisis such journals can be trusted; they go far to steady the waves of popular feeling, which occasionally take possession of this very decided, confident, and adaptable people.

Sir Gilbert Parker.
Round the Compass in Australia.
Hutchinson. By permission.

I OUGHT to have mentioned sooner—what every one who knows this country knows—how high and dignified is the moral and intellectual, as well as (comparatively speaking) the literary standard of our representative journalism. It is beyond a doubt, and it never was more so than at this moment, that the Press of Australia has a consistent respect for itself that is not found in some far greater nations. If there is a 'gutter' belonging to it, it is so small and inoffensive that no whiff has reached my nose. As with some other of our national institutions, the founders of our Press system were gentlemen. A standard of good taste and high-mindedness was set in the beginning, and the tradition of it

remains a living force. When Edward Wilson of the *Argus* bequeathed the charge of his interests in that paper to the friend who for thirty years conserved them so well—who for two-thirds of that time, until his death, was my friend also, and told me the story—the last instructions of the dying man were: ‘Keep it gentlemanly, and never let them be mean.’ The rival ‘great daily,’ the *Age*, is a power in the State such as I should think no individual paper was in any land, and the literary beauty and philosophical significance of some of its Saturday leaders have reached a level that would have made them notable amongst men of letters anywhere.

Next day to Coogee—an ocean shore, with great breakers thundering on it. Here lived a literary wife and painter husband, in a little wooden house perched high upon the cliffs, where I think we lunched. A Saturday-night party of authors, artists, and pressmen—my host being a distinguished member of the latter clan—completed another day in the most brilliant manner. Talk of good company! I smile when I compare that party with any society that I ever attended. But no comparison is possible.

It is one of my delightful memories of Sydney that it had this intellectual kernel at its heart. I might not have found it in a lifetime had I entered the social life of the place by any other door, and so I hardly like to say that we have nothing of the kind in Melbourne, where my opportunities of search are limited. But friends of my own profession who know the resources of both capitals, agree in the opinion that there really is nothing like it here. The number of representatives of letters and the arts, to whom mind and not money is the essential thing, may be as great, but there is no cohesion amongst them. They are lost in the general crowd. The little guild in Sydney was a compact and living body, and carried out its object in uniting together with a sincerity rarely to be met with in the history of clubs. . . . I was its guest at a *conversazione* on the Wednesday following the Saturday supper-party. . . . The mural decorations were fine. Phil May was a leading light of the society, and the grimy and bedaubed plaster laughed with his conceits at every turn. Amongst them was a portrait of the then Governor of New South Wales, Lord Carrington, as an utterly disreputable vagabond. With no name to it, it was such a speaking likeness of him as he would have been if he could have metamorphosed himself into such a character, that no one mistook the subject for an instant.

It was a focus of mirth the evening through. I wonder what became of it? It might have been disrespectful, but it was a work of art, and I think he who had inspired it would have valued it as much as any one. When, amongst other entertainments, this gifted artist—and his equally (I used to think more) gifted colleague 'Hop' of the *Bulletin*, who, still remaining with us, has not shared his comrade's fame—drew 'lightning sketches' on the blackboard with a lump of chalk, we saw pictures that indeed it was a wicked waste to destroy for ever a few seconds after they were made.

Ada Cambridge.

Thirty Years in Australia.

Methuen. By permission.

Surf bathing. It was very hot, and in the breakers were thousands of happy surfers. And Em got quite a lot of placid happiness out of criticising the figures of the women bathers, reserving her shafts of satire for those that were thin. She wondered however such rakes could have the 'cheek' to bathe before all that crowd. But she envied them a little; the breakers did look so cool.

'Look here, Em,' suddenly said her husband, 'what about a bathe?'

'All right,' Em assented. 'I'll wait here. You go and get a bathing costume.'

Galahad went off and returned with two parcels. He handed one to Em.

'What's this?'

'Your bathing dress.'

'For me?' she snorted.

'Yes. Size all right. Largest they'd got in the shop.'

'Do you mean to imagine, Gally, that I'd go in in this before all that crowd?'

'Why not?' said her remarkable husband.

'But mixed bathing!'

'But it'll be gloriously cool.'

'And it's hot here,' admitted Em, with a little envy.

'Nobody will notice you among all the lot. Besides, nobody would recognise you in a bathing dress.'

And Em was tempted and fell. It was years since she had been in the surf. And there was a holiday air about the place, and altogether it would be daring and reckless, and she was sure she would fill her bathing dress much better than most of those skinny, brazen scarecrows out there.

So later, the crowds of spectators were enlivened with a view of the podgy figure of an ex-bank-clerk and incurable romantist, gallantly leading to the breakers the bulky and almost magnificent figure of his spouse. But there were other bathers to look at—especially the girls in their Canadian costumes of bright colours, with their many-hued bandanna handkerchief headdresses (which of course they did not get wet), and the bronzed figures of the inveterate surfers—young men who cultivated brownness as assiduously and as enthusiastically as a *débutante* cultivates her complexion. And both men and girls (it was whispered) used a special cream, which under the sun put that brown bloom on bare legs and arms. For the dream of the surfer is to be brown.

It was glorious fun in the surf, and Galahad could not persuade the happily laughing Em that she had had enough.

They advanced further out to meet the big breakers, carefully keeping within the line of the advance-guard of 'shark-bait'—those sturdy swimmers who risked the ever-present danger of the sharks and the under-tow, for the delight of 'shooting' the long rollers. But Galahad and Em had plenty of fun with the smaller breakers that would slap you over and roll you in the sand in a way exhilaratingly provocative.

And during one of his entreaties to Em to come out—for Em was but a happy and irresponsible child again—a larger breaker came upon them unawares and flung them in a skurry of foam and sand off their feet. It had caught other unwary bathers too; and as Em and Galahad ruefully sat up and wiped the water from their eyes, two figures—those of a young man and a girl—that had been swept in from further out, put their heads out of the water.

There was a short stare of recognition, and then four almost simultaneous cries:

A pretty, slim girl called, 'Father!'

A podgy ex-bank-clerk snorted, 'Horace!'

An agonised mother spluttered, 'Kathie!'

A clean-limbed young man groaned, 'Mr. Jones!'

Then a second big roller scattered the group, and when Galahad and Em emerged from the foam, that couple of young bathers had been whirled away into the crowd.

So Galahad knew now that Horace Lothian's mysterious 'other girl'—the girl he had seen with him that evening when running for his boat—was his own pretty Kathie!

Arthur H. Adams.

Galahad Jones.

John Lane. By permission.

Madame
Melba.

THE greatest of all living singers was born in Victoria, and in spite of her triumphs in every part of the world is unwilling to keep away from it for many years together. She was just at the end of a two years' visit when I was in Australia. She had brought out some of her treasures to furnish a flat in Melbourne, and had taken this house up on the hills, to retire to it in the hot weather.

Mont Macedon is about forty miles from Melbourne. It is the Simla of Victoria. It can be very hot there, and was when I was there at Christmas; but the first night I spent there in the middle of November it was very cold, and the air is always fresh and bracing. The Governor of Victoria has a country-house on the slopes of the mountain, and there are other houses there, large and small, and many lovely gardens. It is as pretty a place as you could find to live in, in the whole of Australia. . . .

Madame Melba possesses all the Australian gifts of hospitality and open-hearted generosity in a marked degree. Her house was always full of guests, girls and boys, who made merry, as well as their more sedate elders. And she was the merriest of them all. Once every week during her stay at Upper Macedon, she motored down to Melbourne and gave singing lessons at the University, out of the pure kindness of her heart. She was anxious to find a voice, so it was said, which, with due training, should some day give the world as much pleasure as hers had done, and wanted to find it in Australia; and was ready to go to any trouble to find it, and, when found, to train it.

Those were happy days. There was a great deal of talk and a great deal of laughter, some heavenly music, reading and writing on the verandah, or in some shady nook of the garden, lolling in hammocks, Bridge under an apple-tree on a little shrub-enclosed lawn; in the cool of the evening, friendly visits and saunters round other beautiful gardens, justice done to the successful efforts of an admirable cook, and, in a general sort of way, the best of everything.

I think my most vivid recollection is of sitting out in the garden on Christmas night, under the light of the great round southern moon, and listening to the chimes of Big Ben. Madame Melba had had a gramophone record made of them to bring out with her, and it was beyond measure strange to hear those familiar notes in such surroundings; and yet it was natural too, for English life wraps one all round in Australia, and although you are farthest away from England in distance, you are never far away from her in spirit.

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I was fortunate on the voyage from Adelaide to Perth to have the companionship, amongst others, of Sir George Reid, who was then on his way home as High Commissioner. I had met him a good deal in Sydney and elsewhere, and found him the most delightful of companions, jovial and witty, kind-hearted, as all the best sort of Australians are, interested in everything that was going on anywhere, and adding to his great social gifts an intellectual power that long since brought him to the front in State and Federal politics.

Mr. Deakin I met at Mont Macedon, and a good deal in Melbourne. He would make his mark in any country, not only for his fluent oratory, but for his grasp of affairs and his wide outlook.

Archibald Marshall.

Sunny Australia.

Hodder and Stoughton. By permission.

It may be said without exaggeration that New South Wales has one of the best water-colour collections in the world.

**Love of
pictures.**

Sir Gilbert Parker.

Round the Compass in Australia.

Hutchinson. By permission.

VII

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

A.D. 1790. IN 1790 the S.P.G. began to help Australia for the first time by allowing £40 a year for four schoolmasters, in answer to an application made by a corps about to embark for New South Wales. A little later, again aided by S.P.G., Mr. Johnson, the Chaplain, 'united several small schools into one at Sydney, in which some hundred and fifty of the children of soldiers and sailors, as well as the convicts, received instruction.' In 1794 a new clergyman, a Yorkshireman, the Rev. Samuel Marsden,¹ was sent out to help Mr. Johnson, who returned to England in 1800, leaving Mr. Marsden alone for seven years. Mr. Marsden did a magnificent work, but became very unpopular with the convicts, one of whom tried to take his life.

The story is thus related in the life of Samuel Marsden: He was one day walking by the banks of the river when a convict as he passed plunged into the water. Mr. Marsden threw off his coat and in an instant plunged in after him and endeavoured to bring the man to land. He contrived, however, to get Mr. Marsden's head under water, and a desperate struggle for life ensued between them; till Mr. Marsden, being the stronger of the two, not only succeeded in getting safe to shore, but in dragging the man with him. The poor fellow, struck with remorse, confessed his intention. He had resolved to have his revenge on the Senior Chaplain, whose offence was that he had preached a sermon which had stung him to the quick; and he believed, as a sinner exasperated by the reflection of his own vices does frequently believe, that the preacher had meant to hold him up to the scorn of the congregation. He knew too that the sight of a drowning fellow-creature would draw out the instant help of one who never knew what fear was in the discharge of duty; and he threw himself into the stream confident of drowning Mr. Marsden, and

¹ Mr. Marsden not only worked in Australia but also evangelised New Zealand, and indeed is known as 'The Apostle of New Zealand.'

then of making good his own escape. He became very penitent, was a useful member of society, and greatly attached to his deliverer, who afterwards took him into his own service, where he remained for some years.'

Rev. C. H. S. Matthews.
The Church in Australia.
 S.P.G. By permission.

'IN the course of this year our dear Sisters of Charity arrived **A.D. 1840.** in Australia; we shall for ever preserve a grateful recollection of the event. After residing some weeks near Sydney, they established themselves in a house founded for them at Parramatta, that they might be able to attend to the unhappy female convicts in the great prison and in the factory. At this place a glorious mission is opened to them; and oh! what miracles of grace has God wrought through their ministry. The establishment, which is under their care, contains at the present moment near six hundred Catholic women; and never, perhaps, have the light, the consolation, the succour of faith been bestowed on more desolate beings. The Sisters attend the prisoners twice in the day at stated hours: they also visit them frequently in the intervals. Their labours are directed by my Vicar-General, and have in a short time worked a remarkable improvement in character which seemed incapable of correction.'

We may leave Dr. Ullathorne to tell the story of the plans he was silently fashioning out, as he retold it in his *Autobiography*: 'During the early part of the voyage (from Australia to Europe) I had thought much on the religious requirements of Australia. There were then five Colonies, at great distances from each other, as well as the distant penal settlements of Port Macquarie and Norfolk Island. And yet the one Bishop was entirely occupied with New South Wales and could know little of what passed in the other Colonies. Until they had each a Bishop they were not likely to have a due provision of priests. It appeared to me that what was wanted was an Australian Hierarchy with an Archbishop at its head. I thought also that the Bishop would enter into a scheme of multiplying Bishops more readily if a Hierarchy could be gained instead of Vicars Apostolic. I therefore drew up a scheme for a Hierarchy, alleging the reasons for it that I thought expedient, specifying the Sees to be gradually filled up. I presented my scheme to the Bishop, and urged the subject on his attention, until he became disposed to see its importance and to enter into it.

**Australian
Hierarchy.**

'This document Bishop Polding afterwards took to Rome, and he informed me that it was made the basis of the plan afterwards approved by the Holy See. Archbishop Nicholson, then a Carmelite Father, also told me that it was through his influence, knowing the ways of Rome, that the plan became successful at Propaganda.' Here in a few words we have sketched for us a vast and expanding scheme, which seemed so improbable of realisation at the moment that it is evident from Dr. Ullathorne's expressions that Dr. Polding for some time at least could not be brought to see its feasibility, and it was only by persistence in discussing his plans and forcing them on the Bishop's attention that at last the Vicar-General prevailed on his superior to enter into them. 'I presented my scheme to the Bishop,' he said, 'and urged the subject on his attention *until he became disposed* to see its importance.'

It has already been pointed out that while Dr. Ullathorne thus strove to augment the numbers of Bishops, he was immovably determined that he himself should not be of the number : so that it cannot be laid to his charge that his plans were founded on ambition or self-love. As an English paper has pointed out in words that are an epitaph in themselves : 'It will always be remembered that the founder of the Australian Church was a simple monk, who returned to England without distinction or decoration beyond that of having laboured for the salvation of souls, wherever he could reach them.'

Following a
British
precedent.

St. Augustine and his Benedictine companions set out at the bidding of St. Gregory the Great from their monastery on the Coelian Hill to evangelise the Island of Britain. The precedent thus set was repeated when St. Ausgar went to Scandinavia, St. Willibrord to Friesland, St. Boniface—from England—to Prussia. In all these cases, when the monks had done their work and formed a Christian nation out of a horde of pagans, the secular clergy stepped in ; the monks, in great part, retired, and the normal conditions of a well-ordered and canonically constituted Catholic Hierarchy were established. Something of the same procedure may be observed in the foundation of the Church in Australia. That vast and little-known island-continent was placed by the highest ecclesiastical authority under the fostering care of the Benedictines of the English Congregation. A succession of Bishops emanating from the ancient body—the true and lineal descendants of St. Gregory, St. Augustine, and St. Boniface—evolved order out of chaos, and after a labour of fifty years, a well organised church passed from the hands of the sons of St. Benedict

into the ordinary hierarchy of the Church. The achievement was no ordinary one, and with one exception—Dr. Slater—the men who accomplished it were monks of St. Gregory's Monastery, Downside, near Bath. They have shed a lustre on the Order and the house that trained them. The work they did was well done, should not be forgotten, and cannot but prove an incentive to those who come after them to be ready at the call of duty and of authority, to emulate their spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion.

The community of Benedictine nuns settled at 'Subiaco,' Parramatta, . . . early in 1910, opened a new church attached to their convent. A signal feature of this new sanctuary is the series of portraits of the English Benedictine Bishops, connected so intimately with the rise and progress of the Church in Australia, in the stained glass windows. These are, of course, in one : Bishop Slater, Bishop Morris, and Archbishop (then Dr.) Ullathorne ; in another : Archbishop Polding, Bishop Davis, and Archbishop Vaughan.

Here is another admirable pen-sketch of the Archbishop, made two decades before his death, when he was still in the vigour of his physical strength. It appeared in 1859 in a work entitled *Southern Lights and Shadows*. 'Let me sketch the Archbishop in a stained-glass light,' says the writer. 'No monk ever looked more like a monk than he. There is scarcely a secular sign in his face. It is a benign, lovable countenance, shaded, but not sombred, with the dim religious light of the monastic atmosphere of other days. It is a face dated long before shilling-pieces, and *Fid. Def.* Look at that long trailing grey hair tumbling down his neck, like the snow about the head of a brother of St. Bernard. Look at the large deep eyes, blue, yet burning as the "twin orbs of Leda." The mouth too is a study of power and patience ; an almost terrible rectitude, with an almost feminine sympathy—a mighty tenderness and a tender might—meet us at a glance in the fine Fra Angelico visage before us. The double chin is a great point ; it throws a touch of home and everyday passion into the face, like—to borrow a figure—the wine-cellars under an old Rhenish cathedral. What a world of good fooling and geniality there is about that chin ! Drop the cowl over all the rest of the face, and one might swear upon that feature he was Falstaff or Brother John at once. A glorious thing, this index of "like passion with ourselves" in the countenance of an ecclesiastic whose religion has smothered all weakness. . . . The bearing of his grace is particularly courtly. Here is a man, you say at once,

**Archbishop
Polding, an
appreciation
from an
Anglican.**

who has moved in palaces, sipped from the vessels of the magnificent Lorenzo, and hob-a-nobbed with Cardinals and Popes. . . . They say his learning is fine—the light of the scholarly lamp without its smoke. His preaching is of a high order. The merits and specialities of his style are described in a phrase, when we call it elegantly fervid. . . . In light and shade it is like an old crucifix, where the figures of ivory are laid upon a background of ebony. His elaborations are particularly chaste. They are never heaped on, but grow out and form part of the subject itself, like the glowing arabesques in an old missal. The same lofty qualities meet us in his literary addresses. A splendid sobriety and a sober splendour mingle and charm us. I first heard him in the Catholic Institute in Sydney. . . . I thought his address on that occasion the best thing I had heard since Talfourd. There was that precision of touch about it that never arises from mere scholarship, but only from the severest literary discipline. At the same time the power of the scholar was apparent ; it stole through the chinks and crannies of the discourse as the light streams into the great hall of the Vatican from its seven thousand surrounding chambers. With him the gracious and delicate hand plays almoner to a large and liberal heart. I heard the most lavish praises bestowed upon him, and never during my residence in Sydney a single disapproving word. In his own church he is adored, in *ours* he is admired.'

Archbishop
Vaughan,
1873-83.

Roger William Vaughan, who took in holy religion the name of Bede, was born on the 9th January 1834 at the ancestral home of his family, Courtfield, near Ross, Herefordshire. His father was Colonel John Francis Vaughan of Courtfield, and his mother was Elizabeth Louise, daughter of Mr. John Rolls of the Hendac, Monmouthshire. . . .

It was whilst at Downside that he had two singular presentiments. The one was a certain knowledge of his mother's death before the news of it had reached Downside, and this at a time when he could have had no grounds for supposing her to be ill. The other was a kind of foresight into his future. It seemed to him, as he used to describe it, that he saw himself grown up and sent to Australia to do a great work, and then suddenly disappear in the blue mist. This feeling so impressed his mind that he actually took down the map of Australia to examine it, and when he saw marked on the map a range of the Blue Mountains, he concluded that this was the blue mist in which he was to disappear. And often afterwards, and still more when he had been nominated by the Holy See for

Sydney, he used to tell his friends that they were to expect his sudden disappearance some day among the Blue Mountains. There is something curious and remarkable, to say the least of it, in the way in which this latter presentiment was fulfilled. And it is curious also to note that the cell he occupied at Downside as a young religious was the identical one which had previously been the cell of two other great English Benedictines, who also distinguished themselves in New South Wales—Archbishop Bede Polding, and Dr. Ullathorne, later Bishop of Birmingham and Archbishop of Cabasa. . . . When Dr. Polding visited England in 1865, he spent a few days at Belmont, and met Prior Vaughan, and immediately became much attached to him, and desired to have him for his Coadjutor and successor. . . . On 5th February 1873 Prior Vaughan received a telegram from Rome announcing to him that he was appointed Coadjutor with right of succession to the Metropolitan See of Sydney. . . . To his father he wrote about it as follows on 29th December 1873: 'I had a grand reception. Six steamers loaded with enthusiastic Catholics came out to sea to meet me and accompanied me to land. There I met the dear old Archbishop and a crowd of over 20,000 people, of all classes and denominations, who had been expecting my arrival all day. We drove through the town to the cathedral, and the *Te Deum* being sung, two addresses were read to me—one from the clergy by the Vicar-General, the other from the laity by Judge Fawcett. I replied in such a way as seems to have conciliated all. Every one, Protestants and all, has been most kind. The weather is very beautiful, but very hot. Christmas Day was roasting, but fortunately the heat is not oppressive, and I am in capital form.' . . . On his arrival in Sydney, he lived for a few weeks at the Sacred Heart Presbytery with the aged Dr. Polding. But Eveleigh House, which Archbishop Polding had bought a short while before in the St. Benedict's district, was furnished as a separate residence for Dr. Vaughan. He remained there, however, but a short time. He had observed what might be made out of the beautiful college of St. John, in the Sydney University; and his desire being for some sort of community life, arrangements were made by which Dr. Forrest resigned the Rectorship, which the Coadjutor-Archbishop assumed, resigning it on Dr. Polding's death to Father Anselm Gillett. At St. John's he settled therefore, and there he lived throughout his stay in Australia. His rooms in the college were as simple as in a monastery. In his sitting-room, an uncarpeted floor, the walls hidden by book-shelves, a crucifix, his writing-desk on which was a skull—no other ornament whatever.

Good feeling
between
Catholic and
Protestant.

His bedroom, the walls and floor bare, a bed of the commonest description, a plain table, a washhand-stand and a wardrobe, a Mater Dolorosa and a large rosary. These things indicated the simplicity of the man, and the poverty of a monk. As a son of St. Benedict, his robes, even as Archbishop, were black not purple. He could not rise very early in the morning, on account of the weakness of his heart, but he was up by six o'clock. Many a time, especially after one of his long arduous discourses in the cathedral, the beatings of his heart made his bed and room actually vibrate for hours after he had retired to rest. He said Mass daily in his private chapel, attended by Father Gillett. He breakfasted at 8.30, and in the morning he transacted business at the cathedral, or worked in his study till he dined at two o'clock, generally alone with his secretary, sometimes with a priest or two, rarely with any one else. In the afternoon he would perhaps drive out, and if necessary pay visits of ceremony; or if a priest were sick, he would visit him and remain by his side. Much of his writing for the Press and of his Roman correspondence was done in the evening by the help of a typewriter. His letters to his friends in England were very infrequent, especially after the death of his father. At ten o'clock he retired. Such was Dr. Vaughan's ordinary horarium. . . . It is not too much to say that for almost the whole period of his sojourn in New South Wales he held the Australian people in the hollow of his hand. His flock, clergy and laity alike, idolised him; non-Catholics admired and respected him; his opponents—and they were very bitter—feared him, and felt that he wielded a force that had to be reckoned with, possessed a will that could not be coerced, and plied them with a logic that was merciless and irresistible. . . .

Devotion to
Archbishop
Vaughan.

Archbishop Vaughan, then, was a man whose name will go down to posterity as a great prelate, whose like may not be seen again for generations; of whom his flock, his Benedictine brethren, and God's Church may well be proud. . . .

Cardinal
Moran.

The Metropolitan See of Sydney was vacant. The sequel may be told in few words, and those shall be given from the pages of Cardinal Moran's *History*. Patrick Francis Moran, Bishop of Ossory, in Ireland, was, at the request of the Bishops of the Province, by Brief of the Holy See dated the 21st March 1884, translated to Sydney. He was accorded a most enthusiastic welcome on his arrival in Sydney, the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, the 8th of September following. A few months later he was summoned to Rome, where on the 27th of July 1885 the Cardinalitial dignity was conferred upon him, the first

time that this privilege was granted to the Australian Church.

Dom Norbert S. Birt, O.S.B.
Benedictine Pioneers in Australia.
 Herbert and Daniel. By permission.

ABOUT the year 1897 an Australian Bush Bishop, Bishop Dawes, **A.D. 1897.** at that time Bishop of Rockhampton, in Queensland, and an English Bishop, the famous Bishop Westcott, of Durham, agreeing between them that no young English clergyman ought to be asked to undertake so impossible a task, devised a new plan. Instead of one clergyman living as rector alone, several clergy were to live together in a home which was to be built for them in a suitable place. They were to be called a Bush Brotherhood, and one of their number was to be head. In their home they were to have a library where they might study, and a chapel where they might worship together. They were to go out from this home, and travel over even greater areas than the old parishes, but to return from time to time to their Brotherhood home to meet together again to talk over their difficulties, and to pray together about them, to help and encourage one another in their difficult work, and to escape in this way the loneliness which so often leads people to become downhearted. The result of this idea was the founding of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, at Longreach, in the Rockhampton Diocese. Since then a similar Brotherhood has been formed at Dubbo, in New South Wales.

**The founding
of Anglican
Bush
Brotherhoods.**

Rev. C. H. S. Matthews.
The Church in Australia.
 S.P.G. By permission.

OUR original board of directors, consisting of the principal and vice-principal (both *ex officio*); the Rector of Dubbo (also *ex officio*); **Dubbo**
Brotherhood. E. H. Burkitt, Esq., M.B.; Craven H. Fitzhardinge, Esq. (chairman), W. V. Dowling, Esq., and W. M. Thomas, Esq., has remained unchanged as regards its lay members since the origin of the society. These lay directors—respectively a doctor, a solicitor, a squatter, and a land surveyor—are all of them exceedingly busy men, and, of course, as directors of the Brotherhood, they receive no remuneration of any kind whatsoever, and from the first day until now their devotion and thoroughness in managing the affairs of the Brotherhood, often involving matters of the greatest delicacy and difficulty, have been absolutely without bounds. What it has meant to the clerical members of the society to be associated with

a body of laymen of such zeal and practical ability no words can say.

Rev. C. H. S. Matthews.
Parson in the Australian Bush.
 Edward Arnold. By permission.

The Brotherhoods at work are as follows :

1. The Brotherhood of St. Andrew, in the Rockhampton Diocese in Queensland, with headquarters at Longreach. Very special prayers should be offered for this Brotherhood just now, as it is in a critical condition for lack of men.

2. The Brotherhood of the Good Shepherd, in New South Wales, in the Bathurst Diocese, with headquarters at Dubbo, and a branch house at Brewarrina.

3. The Brotherhood of the West, in Queensland, in the Brisbane Diocese, with headquarters at Charleville, and some brothers stationed at Cunnamulla.

4. The Bishop of North Queensland hopes eventually to work almost the whole of his diocese on the Brotherhood system, and the head of this (the North Queensland Brotherhood), the Rev. E. T. Crozier, is working from Cloncurry. Several men are at present training in England with a view to joining this Brotherhood.

5. Another new Brotherhood is in process of formation for work in the diocese of Bunbury, in Western Australia.

All the Brotherhoods need a constant supply of fresh men for the work. It is a work which will naturally appeal to the manly instincts and love of romance of the boy—the kind of instincts to which the bushranging stories, which all healthy boys love, make their appeal. I have elsewhere spoken of Bush Brotherhood work as a kind of ‘clerical bushranging’—and so it is, and bushranging of a far healthier and more truly romantic kind than that of the bushrangers of old.

Rev. C. H. S. Matthews.
The Church in Australia.
 S.P.G. By permission.

WHEN we entered the room—after the usual warm Australian greetings, to which I was growing accustomed—we proceeded to make arrangements for the service. At one end of the room a table served as a reading-desk, and on it was a large family Bible, and a water-bottle and tumbler. In front of this table were some thirty chairs arranged in rows, and near it was the piano, on which one of the congregation was to accompany the hymns. Outside,

sitting on their heels on the verandah, were a couple of navvies from the encampment, who had just before come out of the bar.

Evidently they had not previously realised the spiritual uses of a public-house! I went up to them and invited them to come into church.

'No fear!' was the prompt reply, followed after a pause by, 'If I was to come into a church now, the bloomin' roof 'ud fall in. . . I haven't bin inside a church for seven years.'

'Well,' I said, 'I didn't notice anything happening to the roof when you went into the *bar* just now. I think you might risk it.'

'That's a different thing, guv'nor; and I can't come in now, anyway. Why, I haven't even got a coat to come in!'

'Oh,' I said, 'if that's all the trouble, I've got to put on a cassock and surplice: you can have my coat.'

'Blow me,' came the reply, 'if you can't take "no" for an answer, I'll have to come.' And come he did.

His mate—whose name (Mickey Doolan), features, and brogue betrayed the land of his birth—did not come in with him, but stood in the passage, outside the open door, throughout the service.

My friend, once safely within, showed himself completely at home. He knew all the hymns by heart, and sang lustily.

He told me later that he had been a chorister in Canterbury Cathedral years ago. Drink had been his undoing, and the colonies his refuge, as they are of so many in like case.

After the service he came to me. 'Look here, guv'nor,' he said, 'don't you have a collection at your service?'

'Yes,' I said, 'we had one.'

'Well, they never came to me, and' (putting his right hand into his left trouser-pocket—he only had one arm, poor chap—and taking out a handful of coins) 'I like to pay for my church as well as for my beer, so you can put this in for me.' And he handed me half-a-crown. Then he turned to his mate.

'Look here, Mick,' he called, 'we've had our service, and now we've reached the collection, and it's "up to you" to stump up something.' Mick promptly produced a shilling, and handed it to me with the words, 'I'll be havin' noinepence change out o' that, if ye plaize, sorr!'

I was for complying, but Jack—that was my friend's name—wouldn't hear of it.

'No, you don't, Mickey,' he said. 'You can afford a bob as well as me, and it's better where it is than spent on beer.'

'That's roight,' said Mickey; 'ye'd better be stickin' to it, sorr. And stick to it I did.

Mickey and Jack were my friends from that day forward.

Rev. C. H. S. Matthews.

A Parson in the Australian Bush.

Edward Arnold. By permission.

A.D. 1910. It was January weather when early morning, with a keen freshness and sudden burst of sunlight unknown to Europeans, swings ravishingly into being. Then with molten richness the native magpie wakens echoes, curlews circle out of sight, resonant, companionable, and the cheerful chatter of the laughing-jackass, snake-killer, and chicken-thief, voice the joy of living. Outside a small mining-camp, an English priest was bidding farewell for a month to that part of his huge charge which only twelve times a year he could visit. There was no church nor house large enough to hold a congregation; nor much need for either in that perfect, sun-bathed air. With a fallen giant eucalyptus for altar, with thinnest surplice and cassock drawn over cord riding-breeches and stout gaiters, a six-foot tall priest was celebrating the Holy Mysteries for fifty men and women. It was five o'clock of the morning. They must finish their farewell, get their breakfasts, and be at work by six. They would begin with the Eucharist.

So always, he told me, was the fashion since ten years ago he had come into the lonely mountains and begun his mission. There were several other such camps beside the three townships in his charge, and the simple faith of the miners was the greatest joy of all the work.

True, he was something outside the ordinary, the curly-haired young giant. To the bank smash at Melbourne, when the boom broke, he owed it that his hospital training was cut off short, and he must needs shoulder a swag and tramp across Australia seeking his living as mine-engineer. The rough training had but deepened his character, made him more than ever single-hearted in devotion of all his best to his fellow-men. It had been an uphill climb to prepare himself for Holy Orders: catechist, deacon, priest. But now, deep knowledge of many wild sides of life, his acquaintance with surgery and mining, did much to make up for insufficient theology. A woman's tenderness and childlike purity did the rest. And Government, recognising his value, had supplemented his tiny stipend by making him district surgeon. On winter nights his classes on mining engineering were attended by seventy men and

boys, and no penny charged for the teaching. Was it wonder that the main work of his life was appreciated?

Around the neighbourhood he was known for driving better-bred horses than any other man. This, again, was occasion for just pride in the people who loved him. Do we sometimes fail to perceive that a clergyman wins prestige from non-priestly accomplishments? In this case there was need.

The dwellers in these mountain villages and low-lying farmsteads will not die without the blessing of the Church. They must have the last Sacrament when city Christians think only of the doctor. It is part of his training, but partly due to their never having mixed with men in the cities, nor forgotten their Old World traditions. And there is a price to pay. Two horses have broken their necks as he rode them down the mountain sides all slippery as glass, he himself only saved by he knows not what miracle. Once, in the darkness of a drenching winter's night, he must saddle and off and away to a farm he did not know. Twenty miles of a strange road, the flooded streams to swim six times in deadest gloom, but the Viaticum to administer, and a brave heart to cheer him. Not often could he meet such dangers and incident among fishers of men! But also there is the present reward of whole-hearted devotion and gratitude.

By a Colonist.

A Bush Surgeon Priest.

Church Times. By permission.

THERE is something of a deeper meaning perhaps to us who think of the England awaking nine hours later than ourselves, than to others, when we sing as an Evening Processional

‘The Day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at thy behest.’

There is a more real sense, in them who dwell in Britain beyond the seas, of the sentiment of home, of the solidarity of the race, of the kinship of all Anglo-Saxons, than among those who have never torn themselves away from moor and fen and grassy down. Eyes here are turned to the birthplace of the Empire. With longing almost every Churchman and Dissenter desires to see the churches and cathedrals which you visit so rarely, and most of all that storied square

‘Where the Abbey makes us one.’

Much more the man whose friends of school and University are

making themselves names in Church and State tingles all through
with pride and longing and wild desire when the words

‘As o’er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day ;

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren ’neath a western sky’

touch the chord of memory and sympathy and co-operation. His conditions are other, his climate is far different, traditions are non-existent, ecclesiastical prestige almost absent, but his Gospel of the day is eternal in its identity as in its freshness. ‘Whatsoever was, was life in Him.’

Rev. Arthur G. B. West.

An Australian Easter.

Church Times. By permission.

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